THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HARRY F. RUDD

Beginning **ONE MAN'S LIFE—By Herbert Quick**

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ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

My Father Was a Typical Dutchman of Medium Stature, and in His Youth an Able Wrestler

IN SPITE of the fact that there are very few autobiographies extant, compared with the vast number which have been published, which are worth the paper on which they are printed, there is an urge upon many otherwise well-instructed people to commit them. I wonder why. It may be the work of the great adversary of man tempting us through our vanity; or perhaps it is the fact that a really good autobiography always fills a need on the part of the reading public and becomes in the hands of posterity a mine of—more or less—precious metal. There is much to be said on both sides. A perfect biography of the man who can scarcely read, working today in my orchard, a person who has never been fifty miles from the mountain farm on which he was born, would be a priceless treasure. So would be a similar story of the life of almost anyone else. The thing, however, which should throw into a panic the person undertaking such a task is the daunting fact that none of the persons mentioned could write such an autobiography.

Our Frontier Cabin

NEITHER can I. But having passed through a historic epoch such as none except Midwestern Americans have, in all the world's history, ever seen, having moved in many circles and observed numerous events, having had a thought or so occasionally about these things, and being persuaded thereto by those willing to take the responsibility of publication—and it may be by the adversary and the argument of possible utility mentioned above—I am celebrating my sixty-third birthday by this beginning of my memoirs. To him who says I am old enough to know better, I can only suggest that he leave my reply to the event. The statistics are all in favor of his contention. The panic is mine.

I was born at midnight or thereabouts on the night of October 23, 1861. There was so much doubt as to whether it was the twenty-third or the twenty-fourth that when I was about fifteen I went into the matter as thoroughly as possible and decided that it was the twenty-third. In a matter of so much importance, the bad time kept by the clocks in the frontier cabins in Iowa in those days was a matter of some embarrassment; but the nearness to midnight has been useful to such astrologers as have cast my horoscope, in which they have, so far, been at least 75 per cent wrong. The place was in Grundy County, Iowa, though Hardin County was just across the imaginary line, which afterward became a road. The house has long since disappeared; but there was a huge glacial bowlder close by which, when I saw it in boyhood, looked as if it might be carved into a durable monument. On land which has sold for from four to five hundred dollars an acre within the past few years, one can scarcely expect that the bowlder has been allowed to remain. If it has yielded to dynamite, the spot is unmarked. But the same thing is true of the place of Homer's birth.

Pioneer Parents

AT ANY moment after I was born, my mother would unhesitatingly have died to preserve me had it been required of her. I never for a moment doubted this. Yet, as she told me in after years, I was not a child whose coming was desired. A swarm of children was not looked upon as a blessing in the circle into which I was born. I should not mention this, notwithstanding that I think it is a matter of interest, were it not for its social and historical significance. For it was typical of the reaction to childbearing which had begun to prevail among the descendants of our American pioneers.

The fact is that these American women had come to regard the bearing of many children as a part of the primal curse which they were, in large numbers, resolved to avoid. Their conversation among themselves, their advice to their daughters, their whole mental attitude was against the large family. They recognized no binding force in the command, "Multiply and replenish the earth." They were becoming intelligent. No race ever gained in intelligence amid poverty as did the people of the stream of immigration which for two centuries was engaged in threading the forests, to emerge at last upon the prairies. It kept pace in this with those left behind in the East and Middle States and the South. All over America there was a new attitude toward the large family.

My mother was a typical woman of the old American stock. She told me truly of her attitude as to my coming; but like other American mothers, when the little guest once pulled the latchstring of this world, he received a welcome, a devotion and a wealth of love which could not have been greater if he had answered a want ad.

The Others Ran—and Were Always Blamed for It by Everyone But Grizzly Wright

My ancestors all came to America in Colonial times. They were, with one or two exceptions, Dutch, and came to New Amsterdam. I have never investigated the matter as to what sort of people came to New Amsterdam and went out to develop farms, or why they came. To avoid the charge of eccentricity, however, I am bound to imply that whatever they were, my ancestors were superior to the rest of them.

All the earlier names are lost, to me at least. They seem to have migrated up the Hudson to a point where they were blocked by the great patroons' estates; and there, unwilling to pay rent to those excellent people, the

With a Garland of Mrs. Mittelagle's Young Turkeys in Each Hand

Van Rensselaers, the Livingstons and other landlords, but having their Dutch heads set on getting land of their own, they turned to the left at Kingston; and passing up the Rondout Valley on a line almost parallel to the Hudson, which they had ascended, by the time my family's oral history begins, they were established in Orange and Sullivan counties, New York; Sussex or Passaic County, New Jersey; and even in Eastern Pennsylvania.

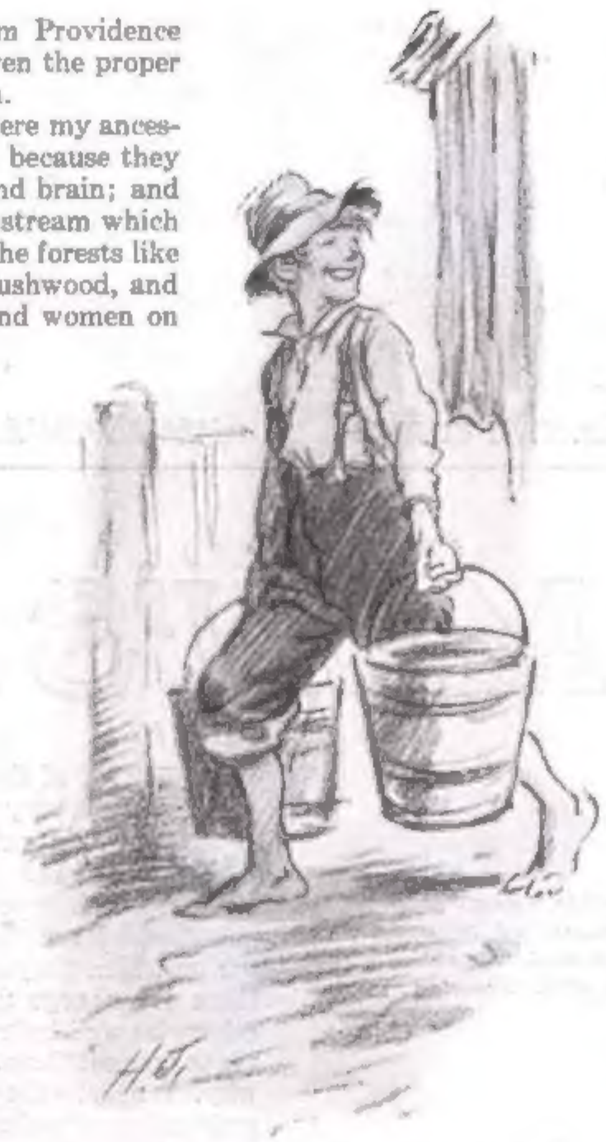
They and their neighbors had ceased to be Europeans. They had yielded to that environment which has made Americans what they are and America what it is—the frontier. They had hewed their way up the Rondout and Wallkill valleys and over the watershed from farm to farm, taking generations for the work, clearing the forests, building their cabins, erecting their churches, fighting Indians, slaying game, planting orchards and fields. All the Dutch left in them was the sturdy character and a somewhat altered language. This was one of the first frontiers in North America.

Readers of history are prone to forget how slowly our forefathers learned to live in the wilds. Sir Walter Raleigh planted two colonies on the Carolina coast. The first came to starvation, and the defeated settlers were rescued and taken back to England. The second, left for three years without supplies, vanished from the face of the earth. Six out of every seven of Jamestown's settlers starved the first winter, and half the Pilgrims in Plymouth did the same. They seem, if that be possible, to have been too dependent on their faith in God. These settlers were helpless even while living by waters teeming with fish, in forests full of game, fruits and nuts, and on fertile land from which to grow food. The Rondout Valley Dutch of a generation or two experience, or the British born in the wilds, would have laughed at the conditions under which the first comers perished.

Qualities That Made Frontiersmen

IT TAKES time to make frontiersmen. We learn of no serious want among the Dutch, and I therefore claim for my ancestors that they were better settlers than the British, who had one quality which made them almost hopeless failures—their pig-headed slowness of adaptation. I have seen the same thing among the English settlers in Alberta and Saskatchewan and even in Iowa in my own day. Almost hopeless, but not quite; for they possessed also another trait which redeemed those who did not allow themselves to starve—their splendid determination. Enlightened very gradually by their experiences in the New World through the solution of its problems, they staggered palely from winter into spring, better able each season to win through to the next, and were hammered by adversity into the finest people to whom Providence ever gave an empire, especially when given the proper intermixture of Dutch, German and Irish.

Among those Rondout Valley Dutch were my ancestors. They belong to my autobiography, because they bore the cells which make up my body and brain; and they were the first trickle of the human stream which for two centuries seeped slowly through the forests like a flood held back by fallen leaves and brushwood, and at last burst forth in a freshet of men and women on the prairies when I was new. Some fifteen-sixteenths of me is Dutch. How this works out in the matter of chromosomes I have no idea; and must leave the matter, important as it is, to the biologists, merely pausing to notify those whose brains are absorbed in the matter of race that I am Nordic. They will concede that this is a thing which I planned well.



I Grew Up a Clumsy, Pale, Awkward Boy

I find on tracing up my paternal line such names as Denis—or Dennis—and Winfield. "Winfield" looks British too, but it is Dutch. How my forbears spelled it—such of them as were able to spell at all—I do not know, but they pronounced it "Winfield." I have seen a Low Dutch book in which the battle ground on which Arminius, in the year 9 A.D., destroyed the legions of Varus is called Winfield, or the Field of Victory. Mr. Creasy, who puts this great slaughter among the Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, by some strange oversight fails to mention the deeds of valor done by my ancestors in that engagement by which they must have got their name. As for some of them, their names were Dennis. On my mother's side we have the names of Krom, or Krum—now corrupted to Crumb—Van de Marck, or Vandemark, Rapelje, Koms and Coleman. Coleman is Irish. Bardeen, or Bardin, and McAndree, or McKendry, are other names in the maternal line, which run back to New England, I believe, and away from the Low Countries.

The Irish ancestry is derived through John Coleman, who was in the British forces in New York in Colonial days. He was a soldier of the king—or queen; I am a little uncertain which—and met and courted a Dutch girl, Hannah Koms, as is the soldier's way. He little knew, which is also the soldier's way, what he was doing for me. He, aided by those dim-seen Bardeens and McAndrees, has given me a non-Dutch strain—preponderantly Celtic, I think—which I feel sure has much the same effect as a little yeast in grape juice—it has acted as a ferment and perhaps communicated a kick. I hope the Volsteadists will not accept this statement as an admission against interest. Hannah Koms and John Coleman were married. He went away on some expedition to attack Havana—or it may have been Louisburg—where, having his leg shot off by a cannon ball à la Ben Battle, he was carried aboard a hospital ship, got gangrene in the wound and was buried at sea. So much for the delay in the invention of aseptic surgery. A son named for him, but whom he never saw, was born to him after his departure; and there was a John Coleman in the family in every generation down to and including my maternal grandfather, whom I dimly remember.

The first John Coleman has had a very brilliant military career since his death. He is now, in the opinion of the genealogists, an officer. In fifty years more I feel sure he will be the commander of his expedition, even though only a common soldier when he sailed away. Moreover, Hannah Koms was a member of the royal family of Holland. Her first Colonial ancestor was of royal birth and was secretary to old Governor Peter Stuyvesant of New Amsterdam. Some branches of my family have found out this gratifying fact through the labors of the tree specialists, of whom, more than of any other scholars of whom I know, it may be said that they aim to please.

When the writer meanly suggested, on hearing of this, that there was no royal family of Holland at that time, and that a member of any great family who was brought down to the position of working in any subordinate capacity for that passionate old tyrant, Peter the Headstrong, must have done something perfectly terrible in Holland, my contribution to the investigation of family glories was received with such ill favor that further information was denied me.

A Concession to Ancestor Worship

THE life of the skeptic is not always an easy one. Therefore I have adopted a policy of believing henceforth everything the family ascertains. I believe that we are descended from the royal family of Holland, whether there was one or not. I believe John Coleman was a colonel anyhow. I believe that my father's grandmother's people received the name of Winfield because they so slaughtered Varus' troops in the Teutoburger Wald as to wring from the Emperor Augustus the cry, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" But Varus could not give them back, because Arminius and the Winfields had got them. And whatever of good report is offered for acceptance in the future regarding my great forbears, I now pledge myself to believe, and I shall reject every calumny which links my blood with evildoers—unless aristocratic ones—or with mere hard-working, industrious folk who simply earned their living and paid their debts.

This confession of present and pledge of future faith is almost a necessity for everyone, as a confession to that universal weakness of mankind—ancestor worship. I suspect that the average man is as well born as the average king—which is saying mighty little. But ancestor worship demands its fables.

All my ancestors then living took part in settling the second great frontier of New York. They had acquired the traits which urged them from one struggle with the

(Continued on Page 153)

Yet Still They Pressed On, Toward the Hope Which Had Preceded Their Fathers for Two Hundred Years

THE MAN OF SCIENCE

"Narrin!" He Said. "The Fool." He Paused. "Drink This!"

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THERE is a point which is as nearly the pivot of Europe as any other which you can mention. It is at the intersection of the Friedrichstrasse with Unter den Linden, where stands the great café which never closes by day or by night. Throughout the changing years its broad windows are alive, shedding their mild allure upon the handsomest street in the world. Yes, we Allies beat Germany; we outfought her and outmaneuvered her; we capsized her Emperor off his throne and fetched her representatives to mock us at Versailles; but none of us have found the time to beautify our great cities with a road like Unter den Linden—two parallel avenues of traffic, with between them an average road's width of grass and flower beds and trees. We were too busy for that.

It was under the awning of this café that Professor Conradi sat, after his busy morning at the asylum, awaiting the niece who was to lunch with him. The day had a mild benignity of sun and air; the incessant traffic streamed in the roadway with the effect of life poured through a pipe. With his little glass of kirschwasser upon the iron-topped table beside him, the small professor watched that spate of activity. A small black bag was on the ground at his feet; he sipped his drink and from under the brim of his black hat his eyes twinkled upon the motor cars, the hurrying men, the splendors of the women, as they flowed past him. Wealth, power, purpose, went by; defeated Germany promenaded in the sunshine as glorious and as challenging as a peacock; there was nothing else in sight so trivial and meager of effect as the professor himself. Yet if any had cared to watch him and analyze the quality of his regard as he contemplated the flow of the street, some, having vision, might have detected in it a character of mildly benevolent possession, a touch of the kindly autocracy of the father of a large family; as if, in short, he suffered them to run about and play at being free human beings till it should suit him to teach them otherwise. And so sitting and looking forth, he beheld the arrival of his niece.

She was easily recognizable across the nearer roadway as she stood at the farther edge of it, awaiting a chance to ford the current of its traffic. She was a girl of that make and manner which the Germans—with good warrant, too—have idealized.

She was of the middle stature, neither thin nor stout, and blond, of course—that gold-tinted blondness which reminds one of harvest-ripe corn. And from hat to heels she was clad in black, the stern and bitter black which is the ensign of mourning and bereavement. For somewhere upon the Somme—shattered or shot, bundled into an unmarked grave—lay the twin brother who had halved her life with her.

She saw her chance to cross the roadway, stepped from the curb and started over. She caught sight of the professor under the awning as she came, and raised one hand in a gesture of greeting; it was thus that she failed to see the great car that came booming down upon her, sluing across the road as the driver, roaring blasphemies, jammed on his brakes. She knew only that someone suddenly caught her from behind and threw her forward, so that she fell on her knees in the roadway. Then turmoil piled up about her; there were passionate howls of protestation from the driver of the car, a jabber of comment from the throng which automatically collected, the staccato official bellow of the inevitable *Wehrmann*, the street policeman, and one answering voice—precise, prompt, but unhurried—in German that was fluent and correct, which yet, in a certain exotic delicacy of accent, was not German.

No, there had been no accident; there was nothing to report. A lady had become involved in the traffic and had been pushed clear of an imminent car.

"Nichts ist geschehen; alles ist wohl! Es braucht hier keine Untersuchung!"

It was a clear voice, with a marvelous and inimitable character of modulation. Upon the curb the young woman, with mud upon her skirt at the level of her knees, turned to look at what was happening. The little professor looked also. He had not moved from his chair. His set face of clay did not break into expression; but the eyes had their twinkle.

"Ach!"

She had not yet greeted the professor. She had turned upon the refuge of the sidewalk to look upon the scene in the roadway. The throng was dissolving under the urgency of the policeman; the essential motor car, its driver still muttering curses, was moving on; and forth from the disorder of it all there limped toward her, with one long brisk leg and one which dragged and failed, a tallish young man. He, too, had been down in the road, and his clothes, of conventional blue serge, bore the signs of it. His hat had disappeared somewhere under the feet of the crowd, but his black hair, plastered upon his head like a coat of paint, discounted that loss. For the rest, he showed a high, indifferent and comely face; he was, perhaps, thirty years of age, or thereabouts; there was a small smear of mustache under his nose; and despite his dragging leg, his limp, there was that in the general set of him, in the mere poise of the head, in the fashion in which he made his way

through the scattering throng—something which betrayed him for what he was.

He was an officer.

He joined her on the curb, where she stood watching. He raised a hand in salutation toward the hat which he had lost, remembered and dropped it again. He smiled, as if at his own inadvertency. He had a queer smile; there was in it a casual mirth, a pleasant and not cynical worldliness; and with them both there was twisted in a strand, like the red strand in the ripping cord of a balloon, of bitterness.

"*Gnädiges Fräulein*" —he bowed to her—"I trust you are not hurt. I had to act quickly. I hope I need not say I had no intention of throwing you down."

She smiled faintly. She was as tall for a woman as he was for a man; large in the frame, in the German manner, yet without bulkiness. Her face was a wide oval, with very pale-blue eyes set deep under gold-tinged brows; and upon it there was a character of gravity as though an experience had brushed it in passing and left its stain of knowledge and sorrow.

"I am not hurt," she said. "But you ——"

She stopped. The little professor had risen from his chair and was now beside them.

"My dear," he said; he had a voice with no more tones in it than his face had smiles, a voice that ran upon a rigid level like a train upon rails—"my dear, if you will ask this gentleman to sit down with us for some moments, we can thank him comfortably."

The girl—she was perhaps twenty-three years of age—made a little obedient gesture of invitation toward the triple rank of small tables which bordered the sidewalk.

"*Ich stelle mich vor*—I introduce myself," supplemented the professor. He drew his feet together and bent in an absurd bow, and in doing so he had the effect of burlesquing the German formality of polite observances, as a dog on his hind legs burlesques the gait of a man. "Sigismund Conradi," he announced himself. He moved a jerky hand toward the girl. "My niece," he said, "Fräulein Lohr."

The young man bowed in his turn, of course; you can do nothing in Germany without either bows or blows.

"I am Charles Benest," he said.

The glitter in the little professor's eyes quickened for an instant.

"Ah, yes," he said. "French, of course? I had already guessed it. But all that business of French and German, of friend and foe—that is an old story now. We can sit down and drink a bitters together—not?"

His flitting glance did not miss the swift look at the girl's mild serious face, its inquiry and the acquiescence of her answering regard.

"I shall be delighted, Herr Conradi," said the younger man.

There is no privacy so complete and agreeable as that which one can obtain in the midst of a throng. Three people, seated at a small table upon the *terrasse* of a café, with indifferent fellow customers concerned only with their own affairs, the easy current of the sidewalk drifting past, the spate of the roadway boiling by, are folk in an oasis. Deserts burn about them; let them burn!

The Herr Professor—let him have the title! Who cares?—had the place of honor, facing the street. The girl was at his right hand and the young man at his left, opposite to her. She spoke:

"I saw you were limping a little. Your leg—I hope it has not been hurt?"

The young man smiled that queer rueful smile of his.

"Thank you," he said. "I, too, hope it has not been injured. It cost a lot."

"Cost ——" She did not understand. The Herr Professor twinkled.

"*Ach!*" he exclaimed. "Of course! Is it by any chance a *Leichtglied?*" The young man made a motion of acquiescence. "Because," said the professor, before he could answer in words, "if anything is wrong with it, I can put it right for you. You see ——"

His lips did not soften as they widened. They only, for a moment or so, changed shape.

"You see," he said, "the *Leichtglied*, with the aluminum bearings at the knee joint and the special articulation at the ankle, and so forth—well, I can put it right for you if it is damaged, because ——"

He hung on his effect like a trained actor tantalizing his audience. He picked up his glass, drained it, and bent on his two companions a face that was meant to be patronizing and—so to speak—paternal. His littleness was ratlike; in every aspect he was mean and small; yet he achieved for the one moment his attitude of triumph. It was a pity that he had drained his glass already, for he lifted it as he spoke, to emphasize his words with a debonair gesture. " —— because," he went on, with a grimace of momentary discomfiture at his empty glass—"because I invented it."

"Allow me!" begged his guest. "If the *gnädiges Fräulein* permits." He lifted a finger to a hovering waiter. "I think I should tell you, to avoid misunderstandings, that I am a French officer on the Disarmament Commission. So perhaps ——"

He moved in his seat as though he volunteered to depart, to relieve them of his company. His eyes were on the girl; they were very steady eyes, which yet were eloquent in the trained composure of his face. She met them with her own still earnest regard.

"*But They Took My Brother; They Took Him and They Kept Him*"

"But"—she was eager and uncertain—"we ——"

Her uncle, the little professor, supplied the needed words.

"*Aber was*—what is all this? Disarmament Commission! It is my hope that you will break or burst every gun in Germany. Guns and rifles and shells and bombs—what are they?"

The hovering waiter had refilled his glass. The gesture was effective this time. He lifted the thimble-sized glass and drank flamboyantly. Perhaps the previous draught had touched him. For he laughed; he actually laughed! His death mask of a face collapsed into a humanity of mirth.

"Toys!" he chuckled. "Toys in the hands of big children! Give a child a knife and it will cut something—itself as likely as not. Give a man a gun and he will kill somebody, or be killed by another man who also has been given a gun. Imagine trusting the ordinary man, the common man, the man in the street, with the means of compulsion, with the means of power, with the means of death! Imagine appointing a silly old general, who has been kidnaped into a cadet school at the age of fourteen and taught nothing but *Dreck*—muck—about drill and trash like guns—and giving him a thousand guns or so and expecting him to regulate the affairs of a seething continent! *Ach, was!*"

The younger man was watching him as he spoke. His look moved at moments to the quietude of the girl's face, but came back always and at once to the professor's.

"I am not a gunner," he said. "But I have been taught to break up guns. I belong to the *génie*—I am in the engineers. My leg—I lost it when a mine, which I had laid myself, went off prematurely. So, you see, I am not entitled to heroic poses. I am merely an expert with guncotton and dynamite and such stuff."

The girl spoke. When his eyes had traveled from the professor's face to hers she had met them each time with that steady gravity of regard which was in the manner of her. He was comely, in a sober masculine way; when he spoke of his abandonment of heroic poses her eyes kindled a little in sympathy and approval; but what should have been chiefly evident to a front-row observer, one in the position of the professor, was that contact had been made; two spirits had touched and each had left its mark upon the other. There are such perceptions, happily for mankind; the soul knows its home.

"Then you did not fight upon the Somme?" she asked. "In 1916?" she amplified.

Her face and her gaze intensified as she put the question. The little professor turned mirthful eyes upon him and spoke before he could answer. "It is this," he said: "My niece, here, had a twin brother. He was a lieutenant of Kaiserjäger, and in the Battle of the Somme he vanished. Some fool at the breech of a gun—possibly a brute, possibly a saint, but a fool, nevertheless, for he knew not what he was doing when he did it—pulled a cord. A shell forthwith traveled a mile or two and burst, and my niece's brother—my sister's son—disappeared. There was nothing left of him. And that is what disgusts me. If he had been clever, and therefore dangerous, and had been picked out for slaughter for that reason, there would have been a leaven of sense in it. But he wasn't clever; he wasn't dangerous; he was just a weak obedient fool."

The girl stirred. His pale, malicious and merry eye switched round upon her and quelled her. The young man, too, moved momentarily in his seat. He answered her question.

"I have never fought, gracious young lady," he answered. "I never shared that privilege with your brother. He was more fortunate than I. I only blundered."

The girl warmed to a glow that shone in her look.

"He only moved a wagon train on an unscreened road in broad daylight, with aeroplanes watching him," the professor said. "Fool! He went to meet that shell as though he had an appointment with it."

He held up his finger again to the waiter. The young man shook his head as the menial—in a café an uplifted finger can make a cringing slave of six feet of flesh and blood in one second—came behind his shoulder.

"Perhaps he had," he said. "When I was serving at the Front I used to think 'There is a bullet somewhere with my name written upon it. I shall travel from sector to sector, from one command to another, from town to town and from road to road, but that bullet will not be too early or too late, and I shall not fail it. I must keep faith with death.'"

He smiled his narrow smile at the girl as he concluded. She had heard him intently. She nodded now.

"Yes," she said only.

"But come!" the Herr Professor struck in with his dry briskness. "I have a committee meeting this afternoon; and, my dear, it was for lunch we met here. If our young friend ——" He waved a hospitable hand. "After all"—he practiced again that trick he had of widening his mouth to the shape of a smile which was not a smile; it was, as medical witnesses say at inquests, a rictus—"we must keep faith with appetite." His unfailing twinkle was in his eyes as he looked up at the young man. "You will join us?"

The other rose.

"Forgive me," he said. "The *gnädiges Fräulein* will easily believe that I excuse myself with extreme regret. But it is true that I have already an appointment for

lunch." He looked down into her face. "With some colleagues," he added; and then—unnecessarily—"I am staying at the Adlon."

And then the formalities of farewell achieved themselves. In Germany this can be as involved as a rite in some lodge or temple of a secret society; to meet a German is painful enough, but to part from him civilly involves calisthenics. They shook hands, they clicked their heels, they bowed.

The young man had his cigarette case to hand.

"My card," he said, laying it on the little table.

The professor swung an instant's glance on the girl. She had not moved or craned forward to look; she was yet still in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, her tiny glass untouched before her.

But she was peering at the card.

"Thank you." The professor groped in his waistcoat pocket and extracted a pasteboard, the large kind of thing which ladies use in civilized countries, which men also employ in Germany.

"And my card," he said blandly.

The young man picked it up and read it. He had a good poker face, for his expression did not change. His eyes passed to those of the girl for a moment. He did not say in words, "I have met you; I cannot rest till I meet you again."

He spoke no word at all to her; yet her pale-blue eyes widened; she got it.

Upon the card he had deposited was his name, Le Capitaine Charles Benest, with the address of his hotel and of the French headquarters of the Disarmament Commission. But upon the professor's card was no address. There were two words only, "Sigismund Conradi."

II

MAJOR BURKE—the Honorable Phelim Burke—of the Guards and of the British section of the Disarmament Commission, sat at lunch in a corner of the great restaurant of the hotel. Opposite to him was Stanley Post, an American special correspondent, with the manners—when required—of an ambassador and the brain and the experience of a statesman. Major Burke was bottle nosed; he grunted; he did not pretend to pretty manners. He was the last of a long and noble line of hard-working soldiers; he wore the Victoria Cross; and he knew his job.

There was a third seat at their table, preserved to privacy by the chair tilted forward upon it. It was to this seat that Captain Charles Benest advanced.

"Good morning," he said as he sat down. His English was as good as his German, with the same delicate spice of accent.

"'Morning," answered Major Burke. He was eating goulash, and goulash does not go with conversation. Stanley Post responded with his ear-to-ear grin.

"Welcome to our city," he said. "Glad to see you. The major has got all four hoofs in the trough, and as a light and chatty companion he'd make a mighty good dog butcher."

The major looked up formidably—and he could look formidable too. The grizzled muzzle of a face, with its set of a lifelong habit of authority, its self-sufficiency and sheer disdain of the graces—that mark of the invincible caste which was the doom of Bolshevism before Bolshevism was born, which his two invalid children had seen and over which they had rejoiced him with their baby jeers at its grimness, which the enemies of his country had seen and not jeered at all, when he carried it over their parapet at the head of his men—it softened to the grin of Stanley Post.

Captain Benest dropped into the reserved chair and picked up the menu.

"Try this goulash," urged the major.

"Don't you try it at all," put in Stanley Post. "For the love of Mike, eat something that'll let you talk while you're mangling it! Dammit, I've helped you a hundred times. Haven't you got anything to tell me? I've not cabled a dispatch for four days."

"I will have an *omelette aux fines herbes*," said Captain Benest to the waiter. "Send me the cellarer and I will order some white wine."

Then he turned to Stanley Post. One knows that delightful little manner with which a Frenchman accedes to a demand for attention, that quick smiling surrender to the request, that gentleness and alacrity of courtesy.

"A hundred times, at least," he said. "Not less! Let us make it a hundred and one!" He was fishing in his waistcoat pocket while he spoke. He found the visiting card for which he searched, drew it forth and handed it across to the newspaperman.

"Who is that?" he asked.

Stanley Post was famous—he was even notorious—for knowing everybody who was anybody in Europe. He went into courts and into clubs, into stock exchanges and other hells. He knew what queens said about rouge and lipstick, and he knew what their maids said about it too. He picked up the card.

"Sigismund Conradi," he read aloud. He looked at Charles Benest. Then he read the card again.

"No," he said, "I don't know him. I want to know him though. I want to the worst way. That lad could tell me a lot. Tell me ——" He paused and considered. "Telling me isn't everything," he said. "There's something doing, an' he's in it.

"Look here, I only set eyes on him once. He was goin' upstairs in this very hotel. Scrubby little skunk, he looked, all in black, with a face as white as a piece of paper and as stiff as the sole of a boot. That your man?"

Captain Benest nodded.

"That sounds exactly like the man," he answered.

"Well, that's all I ever saw of him," said Stanley Post. "O' course, I wanted to know who he was an' where he was going. The head porter here doesn't lose anything by answering my questions. He pays a thousand marks a week for this job and I help him to pay it. He couldn't tell me anything which he thought would interest me. But it did interest me, all the same. That little black-clad walking corpse was going up to the suite of old Baron von Steinlach." He grinned; when he grinned he showed his dog teeth; he wasn't beautiful at any time; he was only good and clever. "That mean anything to you?"

The major had abandoned his knife and fork and resorted frankly to a spoon. Goulash calls aloud for a spoon, but it needs courage in a crowded and superfashionable restaurant. He uttered one word: "Yes!"

Stanley Post nodded and turned again to the Frenchman.

(Continued on Page 122)

This, Held Up Before Them in a Puny Fist, Was Death! He Said So; and Such Was the Manner of Him That They Believed

SAY IT WITH WORDS

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

WHEN I put up the sign in front of our house, Marilla Holinshed, Opportunist, everybody in Portbridge laughed, and someone threw an overripe vegetable, so that I had to climb up with soap and water and a rag and wash it off. Marilla would not even hold the ladder.

"If you fall off the top," she said, "what good will it do for me to be holding on to the bottom?"

There is no point in arguing with Marilla when she has one of those reasonable spells.

At first no one came, or just a few, and those only to be objectionable; and I must say that I was discouraged.

"This idea of yours may be all right as an idea," I said; "but the way things are now, it won't put any butter on our bread."

The minute the words were out of my mouth I regretted them, for butter is always a slippery subject between us. Marilla is forever harping on my weight and my diet, as if I weighed five hundred pounds instead of what I do weigh; and as if everyone did not know that there is a thin type like Marilla and a plumper type like me, and that what you eat has nothing to do with the type you are born with.

There was no use in arguing with Marilla about the sign, because when she has an idea she believes in it and nothing shakes her belief. She sat there every day in the gray tweed suit she always wears, with the white tailored shirt waist and black tie and flat black shoes, and read books on psychology and astronomy and business administration and metaphysics as calmly as if she did not know the state of our finances as well as I did.

Marilla is not a woman who changes. She has changed in no way since I knew her. Her hair is just as dark and neat, and her eyes as bright and deep behind her bone-rimmed glasses; and there are no wrinkles in her face, only those three straight lines beside her mouth that are the marks of character and determination and, if I must say it, bossiness. I don't know how old Marilla is. She never said. Personally, I am thirty-nine—and have been for years. I hate the thought of getting into my forties.

She was sitting there just the same the afternoon that Jeremy Smythe came. Of course, I went to the door.

"No," I said, without waiting for him to speak, "Miss Holinshed isn't a piano tuner. She isn't a religion or a cult or a cure. She is an opportunist. She practices applied common sense."

I stopped then, because Mr. Smythe was just looking at me gravely and holding out his card.

"How do you do?" said Marilla when I had taken him upstairs. "Sit down."

And Mr. Smythe bowed and sat. Marilla eyed him quizzically. He was a thin, dark young man, with a high forehead, emphasized by a hair line peaked above the temples, and self-controlled lips and chin, betrayed by a curious little twitching of one eyebrow. He kept his hands locked on one knee as if afraid of what they might do if he let them have their own way.

"Are you any relation to Alexander Smythe?" Marilla asked him.

Alexander Smythe was a synonym for the Peerless Pen and Penpoint Company, which was Portbridge's largest industry.

"Nephew," said Jeremy Smythe briefly.

"And you want to see me professionally?"

"Yes."

"A love affair?" I marveled at Marilla's boldness.

"No."

"Money then? Debts? Some kind of scrape?"

"No—and yes."

Marilla has never been a patient woman.

"For heaven's sake," she burst out, "are you dumb?"

"Yes," Smythe said. "That's it—dumb."

Jeremy Smythe, it appeared, had never been a talker. Shy, maybe; tongue-tied; damn clam, his Uncle Alexander called him. Uncle Alexander brought him up. No, not here—school—college—Europe. He had come back expecting to go into the pen business. Uncle Alexander was disappointed in him. Uncle Alexander said the pen business was a place for a man with a tongue in his head, not a damn clam. Kicked him out. He wanted to get back—prove he was fit for the business. Pride, maybe; maybe rather fond of Uncle Alexander after all.

"If You Fall Off the Top," She Said, "What Good Will It Do for Me to be Holding On to the Bottom?"

Marilla pulled these facts out of him one at a time, and I must say that every one was like pulling a parsnip out of a two-year-old bed. She sat then soundlessly drumming on the table in a way she has when she is thinking. She spoke at last abruptly. Marilla was always an abrupt woman.

"Do you know," she asked Smythe, "how many words there were in the Gettysburg Address, or in Coolidge's speech to the Massachusetts Senate in 1915?"

Jeremy Smythe was startled. I should have been startled, too, if I had not known Marilla. When Marilla has an idea she never walks right up to the front door of it; she creeps upon it from the rear. When she spoke again it was with deliberation. Marilla never hurried.

"You're certainly not much of a talker," she said. "But you have two good points. You don't stutter and you don't blush." And then—"I never believed in trying to do what you can't do. I believe in looking for a chance to do what you can do. That's why I call myself an opportunist. Do you see my idea?"

"By Jove," said Smythe, "but I believe I do!"

It was more than I did, and I began to say so.

"Angeline," said Marilla, "don't trouble to wait."

"It's no trouble."

"Angeline ——" said Marilla.

And so pretty soon I went. That was how it happened that I did not hear what financial arrangements were made, nor how a sensible young man like Smythe ever happened to come there, nor exactly what the plan was anyway.

It was at supper that night that Marilla looked at me in a way she has across the top of her cup.

"Angeline," she said, "I have a thought."

I took another muffin. I knew I should need it, for when Marilla says that, in just that way, it always means trouble ahead for me.

"Tomorrow morning," said Marilla, "you'd better go down to the Peerless Pen and Penpoint Company and get a job."

"A job!" I cried. "I! A Tredenick work in a factory!"

"You will be my source of information."

"But a Tredenick work in a factory!"

"Your wages, too, will come in nicely."

"But a Tredenick work in a factory!"

Marilla shrugged her shoulders in a way she has.

"Angeline," she said, "be reasonable."

There is no point in arguing with Marilla when she begins to talk about reason.

II

THE next morning I applied for a position at the Peerless Pen and Penpoint Company, and of all the undignified situations in which I was ever involved, that one had the least dignity. If you'll believe it, there were mental tests.

"Slow," the examiner whispered to the employment manager when he had finished. "But accurate. Dependable, but no originality. Would not do for piecework. Would not do for the offices."

"We need a timekeeper."

"The very thing," said the examiner.

And so I became a timekeeper. The timekeeper's office was at the right of the employes' entrance, and after the big iron gates had closed, promptly on the stroke of eight and one, late comers had to enter through it and have their time taken by me for the docking office. People going in and out of the factory during hours also had to pass that way, so that first and last everybody came there.

It was not a bad job, either, once you were used to it. People gave me candy and fruit every day, so that I always had something by me, and after their time had been taken they would stop a while and talk. First and last, I found out a good deal. I am not naturally curious, but anyone likes to know what is going on.

The queer part of it was that the very day I got my job Jeremy Smythe got one, too—right there, if you'll believe it, in his own uncle's factory. Of course, he was not recognized, because no one there had ever met him except his uncle; and if you saw the layers of ceremony that old Alexander Smythe kept wrapped round himself up in the front office, you'd realize that he would be the last to know anything about it. I heard Jeremy when he gave his name to the employment clerk.

"Smith," he said.

"What first name?"

"J." And the man wrote it down: Jay.

After a great deal of discussion they made him a janitor.

Jeremy spent the first week in a cloud of dust. He swept the whole of the first floor of the plant, which covered several acres, and he swept it fast and well, and touched his cap in silence when people spoke to him, instead of stopping to talk over the election.

"Can't What?" Inquired Jeremy. "Go—or Walk?"

Toward the end of the week, when the second floor janitor began to be ailing, Jeremy helped him; and when he was taken suddenly worse, Jeremy did all the second floor in addition to his own. When it was known that he was doing two janitors' work, they gave him two janitors' pay, and sent a man up to see him from the efficiency department.

"How do you get so much done?" he asked.

"I sweep while others talk," said Jeremy, and went right on sweeping.

They transferred him to the box department.

It was at about that time that Jeremy made the first remark I had heard from him except in answer to a question. He was with Marilla in her study one night when I went in after The Ship of Love that I had left there, and he turned round to me with a face like a perfectly wonderful-looking wooden Indian's for expressiveness except for that little flicker of the eyebrow.

"What do you know about Ann Devon?" he asked. I told him.

"Ann Devon," I said, "is a sweet, pretty, nice young lady, and Bailey Bridges will be lucky if he gets her; and if you want my opinion, he'd better look out for Lawrence Amidown. I don't see how she happens to be in a factory anyway. She isn't like the others. You can't imagine her sticking a wad of gum under her typewriter or chewing up her hair in a permanent wave. She's too much of a lady, if you want my opinion, with that slow soft voice and that quiet way she has."

"Tell me something I don't know."

I took a breath and did so. "She is Bailey Bridges' secretary. Bailey Bridges is the sales manager. I guess he's done a lot for her in the way of salary, and so forth. I understood at first that she was engaged to him, but I asked her one day and she said 'Not yet'; so then I asked her if she was engaged to Lawrence Amidown—he's the general manager and he got her the position in the first place—and she said 'Not yet' again, so I can't tell, really. But I can see that she likes them both. They're both wild over her, and I don't wonder, what with those eyes of hers like two purple pansies and that braid of hair she wears round her head like a gold crown."

"Angeline," said Marilla, "you've been reading love stories again."

I don't care if I had. I am not ashamed to say that I like love stories, whether in books or real life, and that was why I had taken a particular interest in Ann Devon and her two suitors.

Bailey Bridges and Lawrence Amidown were rivals in more ways than one. They were both favorites with old Alexander Smythe and it was rumored that some day there would be a partnership looking for one of them. You would have thought that there were reasons enough for jealousy between them, but Bridges used to say that all was fair in love and business, and they seemed to accept things on that basis; they worked together in many ways and were good friends.

Alexander Smythe had discovered them both himself, and he was proud of them. He told his secretary that either could wag a wicked tongue.

If Bridges and Amidown were rather pleased with themselves, they had every reason to be. Bailey Bridges was as sleek a blond young man as you could find in a day's travel, with a little fair mustache perched on his upper lip, and eyes as bright and blue as two glass marbles. He could have told you—and often did—that he had run away from an unsympathetic home when he was twelve and had fought his way upward one step at a time against tremendous odds. Now he wore silk shirts to work and drove his own car; and the gesture with which he handed Ann Devon into it could not have been surpassed by Raleigh, flinging his coat in the mud before the queen.

Lawrence Amidown was as smooth and dark as Bridges was smooth and blond. His hair was black and shining above a shining forehead, and his eyes shone too—rather piercingly—as if in anticipation of more good things to follow. He, too, had made himself what he was today, and he was not dissatisfied either. He, too, drove his own car, and it was a better car than Bailey Bridges'. He told me that if he took a girl out to dinner he would be ashamed to spend less than ten dollars. His acquaintance with Ann Devon must have cost him a fortune. I thought Ann Devon was a lucky girl.

"I don't see how they do it on their salary," Marilla said when I told her about them.

"Perhaps they get more than I do."

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"Do You Know," She Asked Smythe, "How Many Words There Were in the Gettysburg Address, or in Coolidge's Speech to the Massachusetts Senate in 1915?"

American Cooks From Way Back

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THERE is a little boy of my acquaintance whose chief diversion is that of whacking people's shin bones with a hammer; and his grandmother, who is hampered by years and withheld by dignity from leaping to and fro or perching on the grand piano for refuge, receives the most of his attention. Some day he will hit her where she lives, and there will be no more grandma to pound. Taken by itself, this is not remarkable. The little terror is reliving, as the bygollygists tell us, a period of our racial depravity. As a phase, is it not observable even in kittens, which evince ferocities of similar inclination about the time they leave off certified milk and take to raw mouse? And then the mother cat gets in some of that lively paw work that puts Carpentier in the paralytic class.

But the parents of the above-mentioned little human pursue an opposite course. They let him take the hammer to bed with him so that no repressions shall disturb his infant slumbers. They say that self-expression is worth many shin bones, and that his overbearing nature, plus his love of pounding, forecasts no less a career than that of Speaker of the House. They lately received—as I hope—a night letter reminding them of another career, having to do with a guard with a gun, a high wall, steam-cooked victuals world without end, a heavy hammer and a right smart pile of stones.

But He Wouldn't See That He Was a Chef Au Cordon Bleu

Self-expression! How many people have ever expressed what others thought they were going to, anyway? Take Senator Thunderjaw down in Washington. Old Thunderjaw, one of the finest cooks God ever put in front of a French range, a chafing dish or a clambake, the very prophet, if such there be, of the renaissance of American cookery—and does he think he is? But wait a minute. He illustrates two points on this self-expression stuff, and before we come to him and his incomparable Delaware muffins, his pound cake candied in a crock, his soft-shell crabs in *sol-au-vent* of terrapin, sugared loin of pork pounded on a stump, and his cider sauce, his salad of melons with an ambrosial dressing, fruity, suave and of a nature to make a jack rabbit hit a hound; before, indeed, we allude to his traditions, harking from the galley of the Mary Hamblin and other luxurious steamboats of the Mississippi and from clay-daubed hearths of cabin kitchens in the lower South, let us tear the veil of pretense from the outrageous old hypocrite, and show him for what the most of us are, a serio-comic case of self-deception.

The Prince and the Pumpkin

OF WHICH cases, the worst is not his, as I am forced to remind myself, in view of a vivid recollection of what took place only a few months ago in a New England cellar I could locate, and I were pressed to do so. It was an explosion at dead of night. Or rather between one and three in the morning, that hour known to the Japanese as the hour of the rat, the hour of creakings and a pause and more creakings, of the turning over of the dog, of the warping of old timbers in the cold, for the Wain was curving westerly over the peak of the barn, gaunt and solitary in its frozen yard. And in the cellar a pumpkin, overwrought with a sense of its importance, disgusted and full of self-pity because of its humbled situation between two jugs, a coal hod, a bag of mere potatoes and a bin of turnips, utterly self-deceived as to its real career, its destiny in pumpkin pie, striving for self-expression of the wrong kind, went splush—doing so noisily and at a most unseemly hour. And all because it had met the Prince of Wales, which august and unpretentious child of Nature and the British Empire had come—horses, hounds, cameramen and all—to the very corn patch where the pumpkin grew, on a certain tawny day of autumn, and had said out loud, "What a jolly old pumpkin! Quite the finest I have ever seen."

And the outcome of it—pitiable. Yet, ask yourself how many pumpkins have you not known whose whole life was ruined by a too sudden success or an accidental exaltation. Perhaps it is better to explode and be done with it. Perhaps those squat old jugs up and killed the pumpkin, whose continual harping on the great event had become insufferable. There's many a jug whose homely bearing conceals a priceless interior, a quality that has come to be all too rare. Even with the dregs of a proper spirit, such a jug might find the pumpkin an upstart unbearable.

Thunderjaw was first cousin to that sort of pumpkin. Cocksure that he was a political whingdinger; always sure that he was to be the next dark horse in an election; always writing long thunderous speeches and endless letters to Presidents, opponents and bosses; never accorded the slightest attention by anybody who wasn't trying to collect a bill—Thunderjaw held himself a reformer, a politician, a Demosthenes. But he wouldn't see that he was a chef *au cordon bleu*.

The sun streaks down over the apartment housetops into the leafy backyards of the residences on his avenue. It pours into his kitchen, a room made out of two kitchens thrown together in the adjournment of two houses in the block to make this semi-hotel—a boarding house that is too gazook to call itself by that name. It calls itself a transient residence. There are two parlors, a double dining room, two stairs. Everything is double. Even the lives of its tenants. Windows are open. The avenue, New Jersey, is being swashed by men with a hose. Water-bright asphalt, the tracery of horse-chestnut trees and linden, mounting cumulous masses of tree tops and accents of dark boles, green cool lawns—mark the swerve of the avenue to a vista closed by the colonnaded station. Washington of a July morning at 5:30. Athens in Windsor Forest with a light as of dawn upon Capri.

This is a Wednesday, which may be of no moment to anyone else, but to us it means breakfast with double omelets. What? Yes, just that. A pan omelet, rolled up around a puffy little soufflé with the flavor but scarcely with the fact of chicken. It is one of Thunderjaw's prime dishes. Its preparation demands explanation. No, it demands Thunderjaw. And where is he? He is upstairs, writing another letter to the President. Probably it begins, "In the name of that freedom for which our fathers bled, in consecration to that fraternity of ——" And so on. His wife is curling her hair. The boarders, as you can tell by the ruckus in the hot-water pipes, are taking forty-'leven simultaneous baths. It is seven o'clock. The grocer comes, the milkman, the ice—and no chef. But at last! Just as four pans of muffins come out of oven and the coffee urn is beginning to say bubble or bust, there is a slow, important tread upon the stair.

He stands in the doorway. Huge. Pot-bellied. His Websterian eyes roll as though their sockets were a hindrance and they would roll out on the floor if they could. He reaches for a vast white apron hanging on a peg by the kitchen door, and assumes it. You and I would just put it on. "The pans for the soufflés," he says, and glances toward the range. "And are those two hams boiling—and the sweetbreads?"

From Oratory to Cuisine

HIS eyes rove around the kitchen, yet they have a peculiar look. He is really trying to bring himself down from oratory to cuisine. Yet one of his masterpieces is under way—his double omelets—and his chief concern is for the ovens. For his soufflés in muffin cups—which are a just proportion of egg white frothed and egg yolk beaten with a bit of rice flour—require an easy temperature and then a volcanic one. He does not hold with a high oven for puffy things until they have adjusted themselves to the fact that they are in the oven. He uses only a big spoonful of the mixture to each cup, and each cup is cold buttered. Make what you will of that. D'Alençon from Geneva would have them hot as a coal from a blast furnace. But Thunderjaw is out for a yellow, not a brown crusted soufflé.

I make his omelets. I lay them one by one on a board. He puts a soufflé in the middle of each, cuts diagonally with a sharp knife outward to the corners, splashes it with melted butter, sifts chicken meat—white meat absolutely powdered—over it, then folds the omelet package-wise, splashes it with bacon grease and pepper. With a big spatula he carefully lays each one on an earthen platter. Into the oven with it. Right up under the hot metal. They sizzle. Brown. The platter goes on to a silver platter—and so to the table.

"One day," says Thunderjaw, "when Paul Morphy was playing seventeen games of chess against General Beauregard, down in New Orleans, my grandfather's cook made seventy-two of these *omelettes* for the

chess players' breakfast. They played all night—in the Boatman's Club, long since demolished, down between Carondelet and the levee. Morphy was sixteen years old. They blindfolded him and he defeated Beauregard and twenty other players. He lost only three games out of twenty-four."

And all the time he is talking and doing those omelets, the second element for this salver of delicacies is going forward. Under the gas broiler is a threefold layer of the utmost that a pig can produce plus the artistry of certain smokehouse experts down in Anne Arundel County. Thin, lean, tender slices, taken from a parboiled ham, lie between layers of bacon in slices cut diagonally of the chunk, in order to get the greatest possible width. The watching and turning of that bacon is a great worry off his mind since he feels it can be intrusted to me. It leaves him more free to ponder on his important affairs. Perhaps on history—for he is writing history. Yes, just that. He has eleven hundred typewritten pages of resounding words upstairs—all on Democracy. The slices must be crisp, not dried, and the ham within must come out wet, tender and smokier than smoke. The arrangement of the omelets in a frame of these bacon-ham slices he reserves to himself.

Thunderjaw's Daydreams

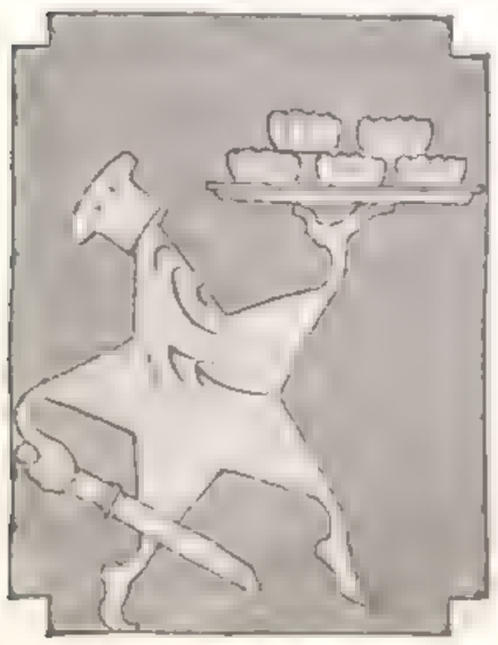
AND all this time he keeps ejaculating, "I am completely at a loss!" Or he pauses and stares out to the yard and says, apparently addressing a tomcat in the center of that area, "To this end, gentlemen, we have been ordained, put, put, ordained ——" He stops, leaving "ordained" hanging in the air, while, raising one arm, he waves his big griddle-cake spatula and turns on me. "Would you say 'put' or 'ordained'?"

My back is turned, but I hurry to answer, "Oh, by all means 'ordained.' It has a richer taste."

"You have an acid soul and a very unresponsive one," he mutters.

But he comes off his perch for a few minutes and we get down to business, starting all sorts of dishes that before night will be ready for dinner or are actually the beginnings of tomorrow's breakfast.

"Of course, a real cook," he would say time and again, "has everything lined up hours—nay, even days ahead."



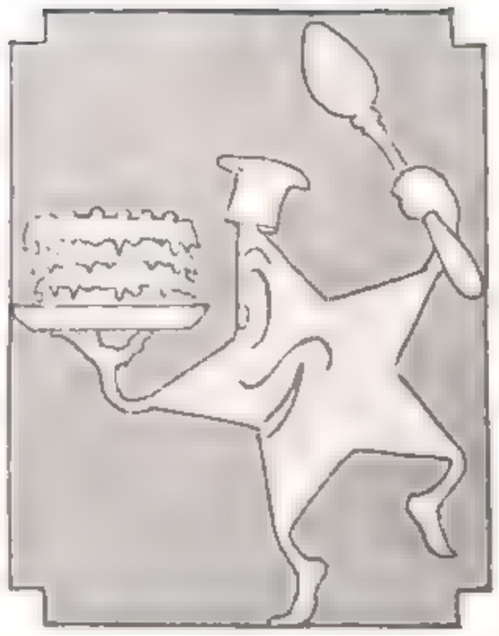
Nevertheless, I don't know how we ever achieved the miracles that went forth from that kitchen. Thunderjaw's mail was prodigious. Letters littered the tables; of circulars and pamphlets there was no end. One day he was way up in the clouds over the appearance of his communication to the editor of the Muggs Landing Gazette, and over a reply from the chairman of a House committee on the Cultivatron of Edible Frogs in the Yazoo Valley the next. And I never did find out what "Bill double X 931" was. He was its parent anyway. His day was divided between his kitchen, with sleeves rolled up and apron on, and his strolling the avenues, haunting the Capitol, committee rooms, hotel lobbies; whither he went forth with a flappity frock coat, loose collar, flowing tie and a top hat whose brim rolled in the shape of a sugar scoop, but whose high light would burn your eyes out.

Birds of a feather. Everybody in the house except myself and the Japanese butler had a pet scheme by which the Government was to make him rich. There was the old lady with two canes. Every boarding house has an old lady with one cane. We had one with two canes. Her claim was for practically the whole Ohio Valley. And Señor Ipecac, who, clad in spotless white, matutinally paraded his equally white poodle up and down the block. His claim, geographically and in point of time, might be said to have come down the ages from Cortés to Coolidge.

All in a beautiful daze and daydream as Thunderjaw might be, however, with only half his mind on his cooking, that half aimed at and achieved perfection. Consider fried crabs as Thunderjaw did them. He transcended every association of yours and mine in regard to that Lucullan, that prime delicacy, the soft-shell crab, not omitting the connoted background which they bring to mind. Maryland itself is a magical name. So is Chesapeake. And the soft-shell crab brings to mind the two extremes of elegance. The elegance of old manorial supper rooms, rooms ultimately perfect in their pilastered fire breasts and wainscots with fluted trim. The other elegance that of clean-sanded tavern floors and oyster houses set on wharves where is the gurgle of water between piles, the gurgle of pepper sauce in bottles; the raw, rich, salty air of estuaries, smelling of timber turned black with iodine, mingles with the odors of shipping and incoming tides blown by a westerly half gale from the Virginia shore. That—and more—is the background of soft-shell crabs as Thunderjaw did them. They came in a crate of seaweed that stood on the kitchen floor. There were one hundred and fifty of them. We put them in a tub of water and rock salt, so that the chloride glory of them, lost in transit—even a three-hour journey—should be replaced. Old Maryland cooks cleaned them in ocean water. We tore away their aprons, their little fringy lungs and sandbags, and they were dropped in a big sieve filled with flour and pepper. The sieve was slowly motioned back and forth and left them white—the very ghosts of crabs. One by one they went into beaten egg and then into the finest sifted crumbs of stale cornbread; these crumbs were one of the treasures of our kitchen. They were fried in smoking lard.

"My Reputation? As a Cook? A Cook!" Thunderjaw Did His Finest Sneer

He had three ways of trimming these exquisite things for the sideboard. Thunderjaw never spoke of the table. He said that was where you sat. The table to him was a furnished area of linen, silver and candles, possibly of decorations. But the sideboard, loaded with delicacies, plus waiters to dispense therefrom, was his idea of service as it should be. Thunderjaw put these fragile, sea-smelling, corn-redolent, juicy, tender crabs, crimpy, with claws caught in their last act of invocation, in a circle about the platter. Then he poured in the center a sauce of terrapin meat in a veal liquor with wine, or of green turtle fat in a similar sauce, with the addition of broken yolks of hard-boiled eggs. Triangles of puff paste sprinkled with pepper garnished the edge. It took three silver platters of thirty-six inches in their extreme measurement to carry the full serving of these crabs.



Crabs at Home

ALSO I recall a frequent ringing of the telephone, of the doorbell, of the rumbling away of disconsolate limousines, because he would not, could not serve more guests, and if they wanted soft-shell crabs Lord Calvert they would have to wait until next Thursday. What set these fried crabs apart from those commonly seen was the cornbread crumb and the luxurious accompaniment of turtle meat; but his outstanding achievement was Crabs at Home. He called them that. Just how much at home the crabs felt, I cannot say. Perhaps you and I can scarcely put ourselves in their place until we, too, have been fried in batter.

The dish was a remarkable piece of culinary scenery; the crabs, very realistically tangled in a mass of fragrant lobstery fritters, appeared for all the world like one of these museum groups gotten up to show how friend crab crawls around among the aquatic wonders on the sea bottom. And it was all an edible trick, a playful *tour de force*, which Thunderjaw performed only for an inner circle that forgathered with him on occasion. It was a lobster-fritter batter, let through a little funnel into deep smoking fat in small saucepans, with the soft-shell crab dropped in with judgment so that the curling, entangling fritter would trap him. Finished, it was a picture of the home life of our dear crab, all fragile as blown glass, and twice as digestible.

Perhaps the fritter, shortened only with lobster fat,

(Continued on Page 138)

BREAKFAST WITH BETTINA

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Paris

THEY met in Paris, at one of Bettina's charming little breakfasts. She was famous, even then, for her breakfast parties. They were considered *très Américain*, and as it was the fashion at that time to be *très Américain*, Bettina's drawing-room was always crowded. She served wheat cakes and maple sirup at eleven o'clock in the morning to an entranced circle of the internationally jaded, and her coffee was delicious. She had got the recipe from her maid, who had got it from her sweetheart, who had once been a cook in a restaurant in New York. But even her Parisian friends said that it was delicious; and Halve, the French modernist poet, wrote a poem about it, which was published on coffee-colored paper, and made a great hit.

It was Halve who introduced Gerald Brown to Bettina. Gerald was an American artist, a painter, who lived in a studio in the Rue Daguerre. He was thirty years old, six feet tall and had money, which, as Halve once remarked, was original of him.

"I've brought a friend," said Halve to Bettina, on the occasion of that particular breakfast party. "He's an American like yourself; and like you, mademoiselle, he is filled with vitality. He paints vital pictures. His name also is vital. It's Brown."

"Heavens!" said Bettina. "Is he attractive?"

"The only way you can find out is to flirt with him."

"I never flirt on Fridays. It's bad luck. Where is he?"

"Standing by the window, mademoiselle, talking to Lady Calverly, who looks extremely English in that light."

Bettina glanced across the room and saw a tall man gazing over Lady Calverly's head in her direction.

"He's got red hair," she remarked.

"No redder than yours, mademoiselle. In fact, I should say that you both had the same subtle shade of auburn."

"I see him as a red-headed man," said Bettina thoughtfully. "Bring him over. After all, I'm not superstitious."

So the Frenchman brought his American friend to the table where Bettina sat pouring coffee.

"Mademoiselle Morgan—Gerald Brown," murmured Halve in his polished, unceremonious, modern manner, and left them.

"I've been wanting to meet you," said Gerald, sitting down beside Bettina. "In fact, I've something to tell you, but as it's rather awful, I don't know how to begin."

"Is it so very awful?"

"I'm afraid you'll think so."

"In that case," she said, "you'd better plunge right in—like taking a cold bath, you know."

"Yes. Very well, here goes. I ——" He sat up straight in his chair and said firmly, "I'm in love with you, Miss Morgan."

"Go on," said she encouragingly.

"That's all."

"I thought you said it was something awful."

"But it is," he protested. "It's frightful. Why, I've seen you only three times—no, four—and yet I've fallen desperately in love with you. Or rather, I've fallen in love with my own mental image of you, which is much worse."

"Oh, much," agreed Bettina.

"I'm an idiot. We'll admit that to start with, and dismiss it as inconsequential ——"

"Just a moment," interrupted Bettina with a charming smile. "Do you mean that you're an idiot in general, or just because you fell in love with me?"

"Because I fell in love with a woman I don't know."

"Ah!" murmured Bettina.

"Are you bored?"

"No, I think it's thrilling."

"Do you? Good! Then it's understood that I adore you—my image of you?"

"Dear Gerald," She Sighed, "I Was So Lonesome Crossing Without You"

Bettina's eyes were brown. They had a luster like chiffon velvet; they glowed and were veiled by auburn lashes that had a silky luster of their own.

"I'm afraid we're going too fast," she said. "I feel dizzy."

"That's encouraging—from my point of view," said Gerald.

"But not from mine. I think we'd better stop talking personalities."

"What else is there to talk about?"

"The cabinet crisis," suggested Bettina; "or the weather. Paris in springtime ——"

"Paris in springtime is Paris adorned for love," he said, being inspired. "Which brings me back to what I was saying."

"Do have some coffee," she urged hastily.

"With cream, thanks. And two lumps."

She poured his coffee. He sat watching the play of her hands, admiring her grace and assurance, the delicate certainty of her movements. She was obviously in her element seated at this table, behind this bright rampart of silver and china, with all these well-dressed people buzzing about her. He realized that his problem would be to disassociate her from her background; to isolate and discover her essential personality—that final lovely ego which is the last thing a woman surrenders.

"Cream and two lumps," she repeated, and gave him his cup. "What was I going to say? Oh, yes! The weather——"

"We had finished with the weather," he reminded her somewhat sternly.

"Yes, so we had. Then let's talk about the recent discoveries in the Arctic zone," said Bettina; and added immediately, "Tell me when and where you first saw me."

"At the opera. You were in a box with a lot of people. You're always surrounded by people," he complained, disgressing.

"I collect them," she said, with rather a helpless gesture. "I seem to have a gift for it."

"So I've noticed. Well, I saw you in the box—I saw your profile against a man's black dress coat—and fell in love with you, like an idiot. I pointed you out to Halve, who was with me. Halve said he knew you and offered to introduce me. I said no; I didn't want to meet you in that crowd. I knew you'd say something meaningless and silly."

"Thanks."

"Oh, I'd have been silly too! One always is in a crowd. I don't like crowds. I'm too big to hide in them. I stand out, and get stared at, and feel like a fool."

"How unfortunate that you came here today! Why did you come?" asked Bettina.

"I couldn't wait any longer. You were beginning to haunt me. You were actually interfering with my work. I said to myself, 'I'll get Halve to introduce me and have it over with. I'll probably find her disappointing, hopelessly frivolous, older than she looks.'"

"I am," said Bettina. "I'm twenty-six."

"It isn't your age that matters," he muttered. "It's your profile, and your hair. I keep trying to memorize the exact color of it."

"It's auburn," said Bettina. "Rather an unusual shade, my hairdresser tells me."

"It has," considered Gerald, "a good deal of red in it."

"Like yours."

"I haven't got red hair!"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure you have!"

"That's not the point," he said, putting down his coffee cup. "The point is that I had to meet you in order to——"

"—— to destroy the illusions with the reality," finished Bettina sweetly.

Gerald laughed. He had a nice laugh, she thought. Like a boy's. But he was worried.

He said, "The reality's clever. I don't think she's going to be so easily destroyed."

"What a lovely compliment!"

"Look here, may I —— I simply must see you alone. Please tell me when I can come ——"

"Here? But I'm always surrounded by people here."

"I live in a studio on the Left Bank," he told her. "Number Seven, Rue Daguerre. Will you come some afternoon to look at my pictures? I'll give you some tea."

"I'm afraid all my afternoons are taken for some time," she murmured regretfully.

"Then another time—anywhere—anywhere at all. The Ritz—Napoleon's Tomb—the Bois—Notre Dame ——"

"If I met you in Notre Dame, you'd get an entirely wrong impression of me. I'm not in the least angelic."

"Well then, where—where in the world?"

Bettina studied him for a moment. He was attractive, she decided. He had a nice laugh and nice blue eyes and a nice clear skin. He was nice. And his hair was red.

"I'm going to London the end of next week," she said finally. "I'll be stopping at the Savoy. Come and have breakfast with me there."

London

WHEN he entered her private drawing-room at the Savoy, a week later, Gerald instantly felt duped and cheated. There were at least thirty people in the room. The confused chatter, the breeze of talk, fell with a kind of indignity upon his ears. He had expected something quite different. All the way north from Paris and across the Channel he'd been anticipating a quiet tête-à-tête with Bettina; a delightful hour of coffee and conversation, during which he might form a definite opinion of the young woman who had stirred his imagination.

And now——

"You've deceived me," he said, stooping over the breakfast table to shake hands with her. "I consider this nothing less than a base deception. I'd expected to have breakfast with you alone."

"So had I," said Bettina; then, with a lift of her silken shoulders: "But what could I do? Lady Calverly insisted on coming, and of course that meant a crowd. She's been talking, you see, about my American breakfasts. She says they're barbarous, but fascinating—'singular' is the word she——."

"My objection to them," said Gerald, "is that they're so infernally plural."

"Well, but you really can't blame me, can you?" she pleaded. "All these people are her friends—at least, most of them."

"Oh, I don't blame you. I've no right to blame you. But if you were shipwrecked on a desert island," he said gloomily, "you wouldn't be alone ten minutes. Crowds of cannibals would come rushing down from the jungle to share your morning coconut."

"They might eat me," said Bettina.

"Not at all. They'd simply join your collection."

"That would be nice. I've never collected cannibals. Can you see me arriving in Paris—or London—or New York—surrounded by a bodyguard of woolly-headed savages in feather dusters? I'd make an impression, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "But you must forgive me for saying that I'm much more interested in the impression you might make without a bodyguard. That is to say, alone."

"But there's no impression to be made if one's alone. It's like the old problem of the falling tree in the forest. If the tree falls, and no one hears it, is there any sound?"

"Are you ever serious?" he asked politely.

"Sometimes I think I am, and then again I'm not sure. But I'm comparatively honest, and I've a temper, if that means anything to you. Will you have some coffee?"

"Cream. And two lumps."

She poured his coffee with such gestures as he remembered vividly. He was at once fascinated and appalled by the clarity of these incidental memories. It was absurd that he should recall so exactly the turn of her hand and wrist, the lift of her shoulder as she gave him his cup. On the contrary, the precise color of her hair evaded him even while he looked at it. There was a good deal more red in it than he had supposed.

"I'd like to paint you," he said. "Will you come and sit for me when you get back to Paris?"

"I'd be delighted. But, you see, I'm going to Italy the last of this month. A friend of mine has offered me her villa in Florence. At least, it's on a hill overlooking Florence. The walls are covered with bougainvillea, and I believe there are olive trees. It'll be frightfully romantic. I like to be romantic in May, don't you?"

"I prefer to be romantic in June," said Gerald, rather irritably.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you might come to Florence and have breakfast with me"

"Thanks; I wouldn't consider it."

"May I ask why—or why not?"

"Because if I did," he said, firmly putting down his coffee cup, "I'd find all Italy congregated on your terrace."

"But I don't know a soul in Florence—not a soul, except the Comtessa——"

"The friend who is offering you her villa?"

"Yes."

"That's enough."

"You're a bit stubborn, aren't you?" sighed Bettina.

"I'm not in the least stubborn. All I ask is that you let me see you alone—have dinner with me—go to a show."

"I'm afraid I'm dining out every night this week," she said apologetically. "But perhaps next week, when I get back to Paris——"

"It's no use," he groaned. "In Paris, you invite me to London; and in London, you invite me back to Paris. The truth is I'll never see you alone. It's Fate. I want to make love to you, and I'm prevented by the entire floating population of Europe. My rival," he said, "is a hydra-headed monster with a passion for wheat cakes."

He Found Bettina Serving Breakfast to Some Twenty or Thirty People of Various Nationalities

"And sirup," said Bettina. "I really think it's the sirup that attracts them."

"If it was only another man," he went on, "I wouldn't mind half so much. I'd know what to do. I'd outwit him, or poison him, or get rid of him somehow. I——" He stopped and looked suspiciously at Bettina. "Perhaps there is another man!" he exclaimed.

"Let me see," said Bettina. "No, I don't think there is at the moment."

"But there has been?"

"Oh, yes, there has been."

"In fact?"

"I was going to say that there was a man once who—— But that was a long time ago. I'd almost forgotten him."

"Did you love him?"

"I never could tell," she answered with a frankness that was both charming and maddening. "But as I say, it was a long time ago."

"You don't seem to realize," he burst out with sudden vehemence, "that you're torturing me!"

"I don't mean to," she protested. "Really I don't mean to. Please don't think I'm heartless, Mr. Brown."

"You may as well call me Gerald."

"Gerald, then."

"Thanks," he said unhappily

"You don't think I'm heartless, do you—Gerald?"

"Oh, how do I know? Here I've chased across the Channel, and you refuse to do the humane thing."

"What is the humane thing?"

"To put me out of my misery."

"Tell me how."

"Why," he said, "by giving me a chance to make love to you! I'll never be disillusioned about you till I've had a chance to make love to you."

"What a nice theory!" said Bettina. "But are you sure it would work? Are you sure your recipe for falling out of love is infallible?"

"It always has been."

"Oh! Then you've been in love before?"

"Yes, of course. Who hasn't? But previously I've always managed to get over it."

"Bydiscovering that your pretty ladies had clay feet?"

"By discovering," he said morosely, "that they hadn't."

Bettina smiled.

"I have beautiful feet," she murmured. "At least, so my shoemaker tells me."

"Siren!" he accused her; then: "I can't go on like this, making love to you in the presence of all these animated appetites. It'll drive me mad. I dare say I'm a fit subject for pathological treatment right now. My mind is hopelessly divided. The sane half of it tells me that the chances are a thousand to one you're not the most perfect woman ever created, but the other half insists that you are. So, you see, it's your duty—it's positively your duty—to disillusion me."

"I'm sorry," said Bettina, "but the very thought of duty chills me; especially in England, where duty is considered a virtue."

"Have you no pity?" he asked.

"Of course I have. But I don't see how I could disillusion you this week. Lady Calverly has arranged——"

"Drat Lady Calverly!" said Gerald. "Will you or will you not dine with me alone?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Next week—in Paris."

He rose abruptly.

"That settles it," he announced. "That convinces me——"

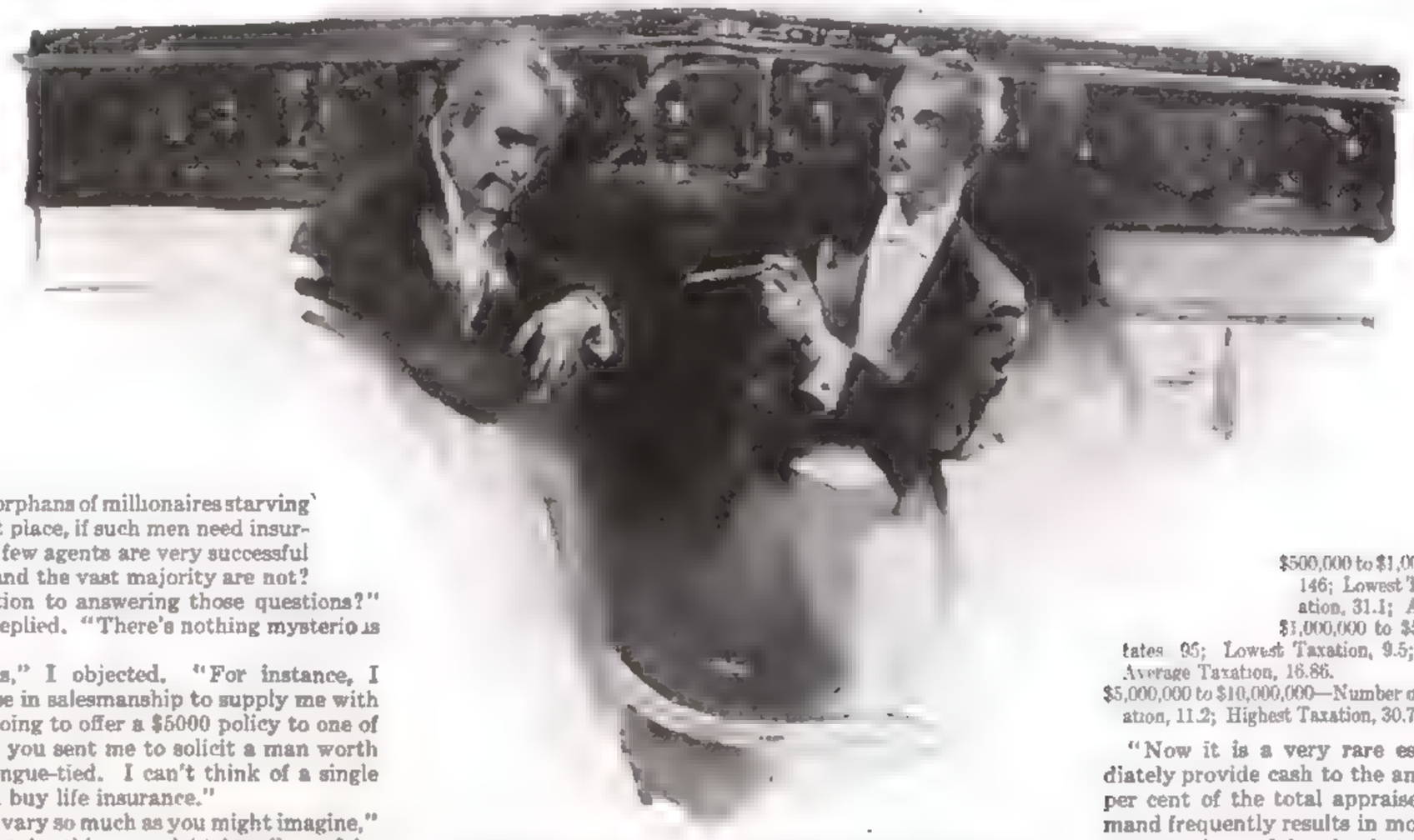
"Of what?"

"Of your fundamental elusiveness. You're a phantom. You'll always remain a phantom—a bewitching ghost—a beautiful promise that I'll not be fool enough to think will ever be fulfilled. So I must get you out of my mind as best I can. Good-by. I shall never see you again."

(Continued on Page 56)

THE RICH MAN'S INSURANCE

By Chester T. Crowell



"This Banker Felt Reasonably Certain There Would be a Contest of His Will"

NOW what I want to know is this," I said, after we had arrived at the salad and become fairly well acquainted: "Why does a man who is worth $1,000,000 or upward buy life insurance? I know, of course, that many rich men do take out large policies; also I have been told that you are a sort of wizard at selling them. The whole thing is mysterious to me. In the first place, I don't see much danger of the widows and orphans of millionaires starving to death. In the next place, if such men need insurance, why is it that a few agents are very successful at selling it to them and the vast majority are not? Have you any objection to answering those questions?"

"None at all," he replied. "There's nothing mysterious about it."

"Oh, yes, there is," I objected. "For instance, I wouldn't need a course in salesmanship to supply me with arguments if I were going to offer a $5000 policy to one of my neighbors; but if you sent me to solicit a man worth $10,000,000 I'd be tongue-tied. I can't think of a single reason why he should buy life insurance."

"The reasons don't vary so much as you might imagine," he remarked. "Now take this case right here"—and he unfolded a morning newspaper. "You'll notice that this fellow dropped dead. That way of passing out is becoming almost popular in this country nowadays. You'll also notice that his fortune is estimated at between $3,000,000 and $12,000,000. Now just stop and think a minute what a ridiculous spread that is. It means, translated into plainer English, that the man's friends, associates and family didn't know just what he had. In all probability he didn't know either. Most rich men don't know; they are busy making money, not counting it. When a man is cut off in the midst of his activities his estate will generally lapse into a very unsatisfactory condition almost at once. As a matter of fact, it never has been what you might call easy for a man to hand down a large estate to his heirs; but since the inheritance tax has been in force the difficulty is greatly increased. The number of large policies in force has been growing at an astounding rate since inheritance taxes came into being. We have now, you may know, both Federal and state inheritance taxes. They hit the big estates terrific jolts, and these taxes have to be paid in cash before the heirs get a cent."

When Taxes Take the Widow's Mite

"BUT before I go into that subject very far I want to dispose of the legend about some of us fellows being wizards. I'm no better salesman than a dozen other life-insurance men of my acquaintance. The only advantage I have over them is that I know something about inheritance taxation; consequently I can advise a man how to protect his estate against sacrifice sales to meet taxation. I very seldom solicit rich men; they send for me. One man traveled 1000 miles not long ago to get me to place his insurance for him and tell him how much he needed. I lost that business because agents back in his home city resented his going away and demanded that he purchase through them. They didn't know how to advise him about it, but they were determined to have the business anyway—and they got it. He paid me a fee for my advice. The time has come when every life-insurance agent ought to understand such matters, but a lot of them don't. For instance, look at this"—and he produced a telegram which read as follows: "What would inheritance tax be on half-million-dollar estate?"

"I can't think of a more ridiculous question than that," the insurance man continued. "He might just as well have asked me how tall is a man named John. The tax will vary according to the nature of the estate. I wonder that more life-insurance men don't wake up to the importance of this subject, because thousands of men with only $10,000 or $12,000 need insurance just as imperatively as the big fellows to protect their holdings after death.

"You said a while ago that you don't see much chance for the widows and orphans of millionaires to starve to death. Well, you are mistaken about that. Some time ago an expert on this subject of inheritance taxation worked out an imaginary case just to show what could happen. I have some notes on that case. It is highly improbable, of course; but it will give you an idea of the subject. Our imaginary rich man in the hypothetical case is worth $10,000,000; he is an American citizen residing in Manila at the time of his death. The inheritance taxes under certain circumstances could amount to 104 per cent of his estate; if his property consisted partly of corporate securities representing property in Wisconsin, the taxes would total not less than 144 per cent; if this corporation were incorporated in West Virginia, the taxes would be 179 per cent; if the certificates showing his ownership happened to be in a safety-deposit vault in Seattle, the taxes would be 219 per cent; if the transfer office were in Denver, the taxes would be 235 per cent; if the corporation were also incorporated in Idaho, the taxes would be 250 per cent.

"Well, there is a lot more of it, but I think that is enough. It runs on up until the total tax becomes 305 per cent of the estate; but, of course, you see for yourself that this is an extremely imaginary hypothetical case. Nevertheless it ought to indicate that a $10,000,000 estate is not an absolute cinch for the heirs.

"But now let's get down to realities, such as almost any estate might encounter following the death of the owner. I have here a tabulation showing what happened to a number of estates, some of them not very large, in quite recent times. This tabulation was originally printed in the New York Times, so most of the estates mentioned are probably along the Atlantic Seaboard. I can't be sure about that, because they are identified only by the initials of the deceased owners; but I have checked some of the figures and I am sure they are accurate. They show first the gross estate, then the net, and the shrinkage, of course, is then a matter of arithmetic. Under the head of shrinkage are included various administrative expenses in addition to the inheritance taxes; but, after all, it doesn't make a great deal of difference how the money went if there is only. It is more to the point with reference to inheritance taxation, because no other items are included under the head of shrinkage. Also it includes very many more properties, with every part of the country represented. Here are the figures:

$100,000 to $250,000—Number of Estates, 105, Lowest Taxation, 7.6; Highest Taxation, 20.6; Average Taxation, 11.38.

$250,000 to $500,000—Number of Estates, 152, Lowest Taxation, 8.3, Highest Taxation, 44.5; Average Taxation 13.31

$500,000 to $1,000,000—Number of Estates, 146; Lowest Taxation, 9.1; Highest Taxation, 31.1; Average Taxation, 14.76

$1,000,000 to $5,000,000—Number of Estates 95; Lowest Taxation, 9.5; Highest Taxation, 34.7; Average Taxation, 16.86.

$5,000,000 to $10,000,000—Number of Estates, 12; Lowest Taxation, 11.2; Highest Taxation, 30.7; Average Taxation, 20.14.

"I haven't worked out the percentages on those estates, but I have another tabulation which gives percentages

"Now it is a very rare estate that can immediately provide cash to the amount of 10 or 20 or 30 per cent of the total appraised value. Such a demand frequently results in mortgages or sales of the very stocks and bonds that the owner had been salting away for his family. The result is that the Government takes the widow's mite and she is often left with the sort of property that needs experienced and expert management—that is, of course, unless the rich man in question has provided her with an insurance policy. In that case she has the cash for immediate payment of taxes and administrative expenses. The whole affair is cleared up promptly and she is left with her property."

How Large Estates Can Shrink

"IN THIS connection I recall a case that may interest you. There was a friend of mine, a banker, who had a large estate represented principally by securities of various sorts. It just happened that at the time of his death these securities—for they changed from time to time—included quite a lot of railroad paper, and the railroads ran through states where the inheritance taxes are especially severe. I don't want to go into the details of what each state collected, because it's too much trouble; moreover, what I started to tell you is that this banker felt reasonably certain there would be a contest of his will. As a result he tinkered with it frequently and was always uneasy about any bequests for charitable institutions. There was a hospital that he wanted to leave some money to, and he didn't know whether to name the sum in his will or not. One day we talked it over and I suggested that he take out a policy for $25,000, naming the hospital as beneficiary. He did that. About three days after he died the hospital received his bequest of $25,000.

"Shortly thereafter it developed that the inheritance taxes on the rest of the estate were much heavier than had been expected. Stocks and bonds assigned to certain relatives had to be sold to meet the Government's demands. This threw the whole estate into confusion and made it very difficult for the executor to follow the instructions given in the will. Under the circumstances about the only thing he could do was appeal to the courts. That threw everything into litigation. It had been the old man's intention to leave something to about twenty different persons and institutions, including the hospital I have already mentioned. When the legal smoke had cleared away his heirs had almost nothing; several of the other bequests were paid in part; the only one of the whole list of intended beneficiaries that was promptly paid the entire sum promised was the hospital. Things of this sort have happened so many times that nowadays it is not unusual for rich people to take out life-insurance policies naming churches, foundations, schools and a dozen other kinds of institutions as beneficiaries. In other words, the rich man isn't as well off as he used to be.

"Inheritance taxation is in an awful jumble, it seems to me. However, I'm no statesman, and that problem is

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Is Common Honesty Common?

By CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

A TALL weather-scarred man in loose flannels approached the credit desk. "Are you the credit manager?"

The gentleman at the desk replied, "Yes. But at the moment you see that I am engaged." He glanced at me.

"My business will wait," I put in, and started to rise.

But the stranger stayed me.

"Keep your seat, lady," he said. "I just want to pay a bill." He drew from his pocket a faded slip that bore in small letters the name of the merchandising house. "I have been in China for twenty-five years," he explained. "I did not have a cent when I left, so I had a few accounts against me. But I kept them, every one; and now I am home again. Your bill was $75. I know how interest mounts, so I am paying you $150." He counted out carefully seven twenty-dollar bank notes and a ten and laid them on top of the 1900 statement.

"You have probably made a fortune," remarked the credit man pleasantly, as he receipted the bill.

"Why, no," answered the stranger. "I did make money, but I was sick too. Illness costs heavily in the tropics; that is why I plan to stay here. I have just enough to start me in a small business."

When the man had left, I asked if many such payments were made.

"Not many," was the reply. "Perhaps half a dozen in a year. But the other side of the question is that there are not many possible. Most people pay their bills as they make them. We could not do business on a money extension of a quarter of a century."

"Most people," I repeated—"about what per cent?"

"About 95 per cent pay regularly," he said. "Of the other 5 per cent, 4 per cent are slow pay. The other 1 per cent is composed of skinflints, sharpers, swindlers, rogues ——"

"I have the idea," I interrupted, "you are giving more time to the 1 per cent than to the 99 per cent."

"They take more time too," he justified himself.

Self-Serve and Self-Charge, Too

I FOUND that bankers, restaurateurs, doctors, merchants, railroad men, indemnity companies, hotel men, lawyers, grocers and others who serve the public in a professional or business capacity gave as high figures on general honesty as the credit man. Many gave the 99 per cent without the qualifying 4 per cent. But the divergence of opinion came in the application of the principle of trust to a workaday business.

There were a few who felt that the more persons were trusted the greater was their response. A young woman who owns and manages a lunch room cited her own case.

"We have prices plainly marked above the various foods," she said. "We have no waiters, no checks, no spotters. People come here, serve themselves, eat, and on the way out tell how much they owe and settle."

"But you could not estimate how much an individual did eat if he chose to misrepresent," I countered. "I should think you might have pretty heavy losses."

"I know we might, but we do not," was her response. "Although everyone who comes here is not above cheating. Only, he seldom tries it on us. Many a time a man has pulled out a bad coin, noticed it and said, 'I wonder where I got that. Well, I can use it somewhere else.' Then he would slip it into his pocket and bring out a good one. But he was planning to pass that coin just the same—only not to us, because we trusted him."

Her words had the authority that would go with a self-supporting young person who served 1200 persons a day between the hours of twelve and two P.M.

Giuseppe makes a still greater concession to his customers' honesty. He, with his wife and two sons, has a small restaurant across from the campus of a university that houses 15,000 students. His sandwiches and fruit and ice cream are very good, if the students can be regarded as authorities. Between the hours of 11:30 and four his place is the scene of unimaginable confusion. Young college people are crowding the counters, helping themselves to paper, string, sandwiches, ices, cigarettes, and shouting, "I am charging until Wednesday, Giuseppe." "Here's my fifty cents; I bought a quart of cream." "I can't find the tongue sandwiches. Are they all gone?"

To which the small dark proprietor replies, "Yes, yes, a'right!"

There is no bookkeeping whatsoever, and charging is done on all sides. I saw no opportunity of talking with the manager at the busy hours, so I returned about 4:30. Then I asked him how he kept track of accounts.

"Why should I?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I have plenty to do, and my boys remember what they buy, and pay me."

Even as we talked, a thin stream of wide-trousered youth was trickling in and out of the shop. Their words were brief: "I owe you $2.80. This makes us square." "Take $1.35 out of that two-dollar bill; it is what I owe you." "Giuseppe, I am putting my dollar on the counter. I will pay the rest tomorrow."

Yet two tea rooms that are within a stone's throw of the small lunch room have difficulties in collecting some of the bills that are due to them from the students.

A couple of brothers who had an installment business had an experience that would bear out Giuseppe's attitude, but with a different class of people. There was a strike in a coal mine and hundreds of families faced the hardships of a salaryless winter. The two brothers had a credit house by day, but by night they were professional musicians. In the latter capacity they were provided with union cards. As soon as the strike was called, they put a full-page ad in the local paper:

WE ARE UNION MEN AND WITH YOU. BUY NOW, PAY WHEN THE STRIKE IS OVER. DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT; YOU HAVE IT.

The miners took full advantage of the offer and purchased more than $125,000 worth of merchandise. The strike lasted for six months, but more than 90 per cent of the merchandise was paid for before the end of the year.

Little Danger of Petty Thievery

"IN THIS case, that was an extremely high average," explained the partners. "Some people were forced to move, others never regained their positions, still others paid in part after the year was completed. But 90 per cent of the money was brought to us personally within the time I have mentioned and paid over our counters. Incidentally, that concession was the best advertising that we have ever had."

Leaving the customer group and turning to the employe, there are notable instances of the same complete confidence in the assistant's integrity.

A chain system which includes in its number 11,500 stores that reach from coast to coast and serve 12,650,000 customers a week is careful to give its young men who manage the single stores a feeling of full responsibility. They handle the money without the aid of cashiers, they do all their own ordering from the central district warehouse and they can sell to their own families and relatives. The greatest proportion respond to their employers' expectations, with less than 1 per cent failing.

"I should think it would be impossible for you to tell from your periodic inventories whether a few dollars' worth of goods was missing," I said to one of the executives. "Then a good many might be taking small amounts."

"You might think so," was his answer. "For it would be possible to steal in small quantities and we would never find it out. But the fact is that a man who takes a little can never stop at that stage. Before long he is taking more and more and more, until he almost convicts himself. Fortunately, such a one is very rare in our business experience."

A man in the management of an insurance company gave a similar bill of health to his agents.

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It is Quite True That the More Complex a Civilization Is, the Greater the Range of Temptation to Dishonesty

THE WHITE HORSE

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

UNCLE CHARLIE, the rubicund, freshly shaven and as pink as a scraped hog, had come down the hill to peddle from door to door a wagonboxful of suckers which he had dipped out of the sluice of Pruyn Pond with a potato hook. They were good, as suckers go, in August, if one politely overlooked what Jason Selfridge called their pinfeathers.

But he had found the market oversold. The Forest Products Company, Inc.—Ed Sparrow—had recently installed an eel rack, unbeknownst to Uncle Charlie, who lived way back behind the sun, to screen these pestiferous sons of animated rawhide out of the turbines—and eels were hopping on every hot griddle in town. So much for fish. Then Orlo Sage, the town constable, exercising his care of the common peace with cognizance of contracts concerning deeds of arms within the realm, had taken a three-tine buck deer in the act of depredating his pole beans by moonlight. The authorities—Orlo—having viewed the remains and certified to the facts on a blank provided by the state, the carcass was dismembered and distributed as a warning. So the tang of roast venison hung about many kitchens.

Noon arrived, and Uncle Charlie had accumulated nothing for his pains but a cloud of flies and some gatepost gossip. The gossip was mostly of a faunal nature: The Ives' red heifer had twin calves; Byron Woods' dog, Nip, had been vanquished by a porcupine and was visiting a vet; pickerel were biting in Spectacle Pond; Al Johnson's old mare had died; Burley had beefed his steers—they weighed thirty-one hundred—and so on.

There was one item of historical interest to Uncle Charlie—someone had been seen in the old Mott house back of the reservoir; they were thought to be Motts. The house had stood empty and crumbling, shunned for two generations by the countryside as the scene of one of those eerie country catastrophes—a family found at morning slaughtered by a half-witted boy.

Uncle Charlie was born just beyond there, in the days when the ridge was good farm land. The mere mention of the name Mott made him dream of his boyhood, of the days of hatchel and loom, when he trudged to school over meadows now gone back to forest.

Jake, the horse, paused for a long pull at the iron kettle in the Hawley woods, where the road runs through a cool tunnel of trees by the river. The fish peddler was gazing mournfully up through the dappled canopy of leaves, above which soared a noisy family of black hawks dining on the wing. He was brought back to earth by the Miner boy, who wanted Uncle Charlie should give him six suckers for nothing.

"Who is in the Mott house?" demanded Uncle Charlie, pursuing his thoughts.

"Dunno. Some says they're Motts," said the boy.

"There ain't no Motts!" said the fish peddler decisively.

The boy wrote elaborately with a toe in the dust.

"There's a dog howling in the woods!" he exploded.

"Whose dog?"

"Dunno. None I ever heared. Guess he's caught in a trap."

"Why don't you go look for him?"

The boy wrote some more with his toe.

"Orlo looked for him, but I guess he didn't find him," replied the Miner boy, much ashamed of himself.

Uncle Charlie was looking him over doubtfully.

At Their Head, Laden With a Shotgun, and Carrying an Ax in His Belt, Walked an Old Man Oliver Recognized as Harley

"What you want I should give you six suckers for?" he demanded with some asperity.

The boy opened his mouth and his eyes wide.

"That city fellow—at the hotel—he's fishing the river!" he confessed.

This of course was tautological. Only a city fellow would fish the river in August. Uncle Charlie's eyes wavered in a twinkle; the pair were suddenly on a par, in a conspiracy. Uncle Charlie selected six of the most promising of the suckers. He went further: He got down and cut a forked little branch and strung the fish on it in lifelike attitudes.

"You want to sell him some fish?" said he. "Well, tell him they are rainbow trout," said he craftily; he patted the boy and sent him on his way.

Now Jake, being finally convinced one horsehide could contain no more water, suddenly backed up with so much vigor as to crash the tail of the wagon through the guard rail into the river; and the boxful of shopworn suckers automatically dumped itself smartly into the turbulent water. Here ended the miracle of the fishes—except for the six the Miner boy was using. As a matter of fact, Charlie confessed to himself as he induced Jake to pull the wagon out, the suckers had been merely an excuse to mollify his excellent wife. He had planned to visit Jason today, and he had artfully produced the suckers as a means of evading the potatoes that needed bugging for the last time.

With mind and conscience free, thanks to old Jake, the strong backer, he turned into the old De Wolfe meadow, and in the shade of the river bank he ate his dinner from a seven-pound flour sack he had concealed under the horse blanket on the seat. He was dusting off his hands when his woodsman's ear caught the long-drawn whir of a reel in the hands of someone who knew how to use it. He crept into the thicker cover and waited.

Shortly the city boarder at the hotel appeared around the bend. He was in hip boots and the full regalia of a city sport on a vacation. But he was casting, no matter how futilely, with the precision of an adept; Uncle Charlie himself could not have dropped a fly with more delicacy. He shook his head, vaguely puzzled.

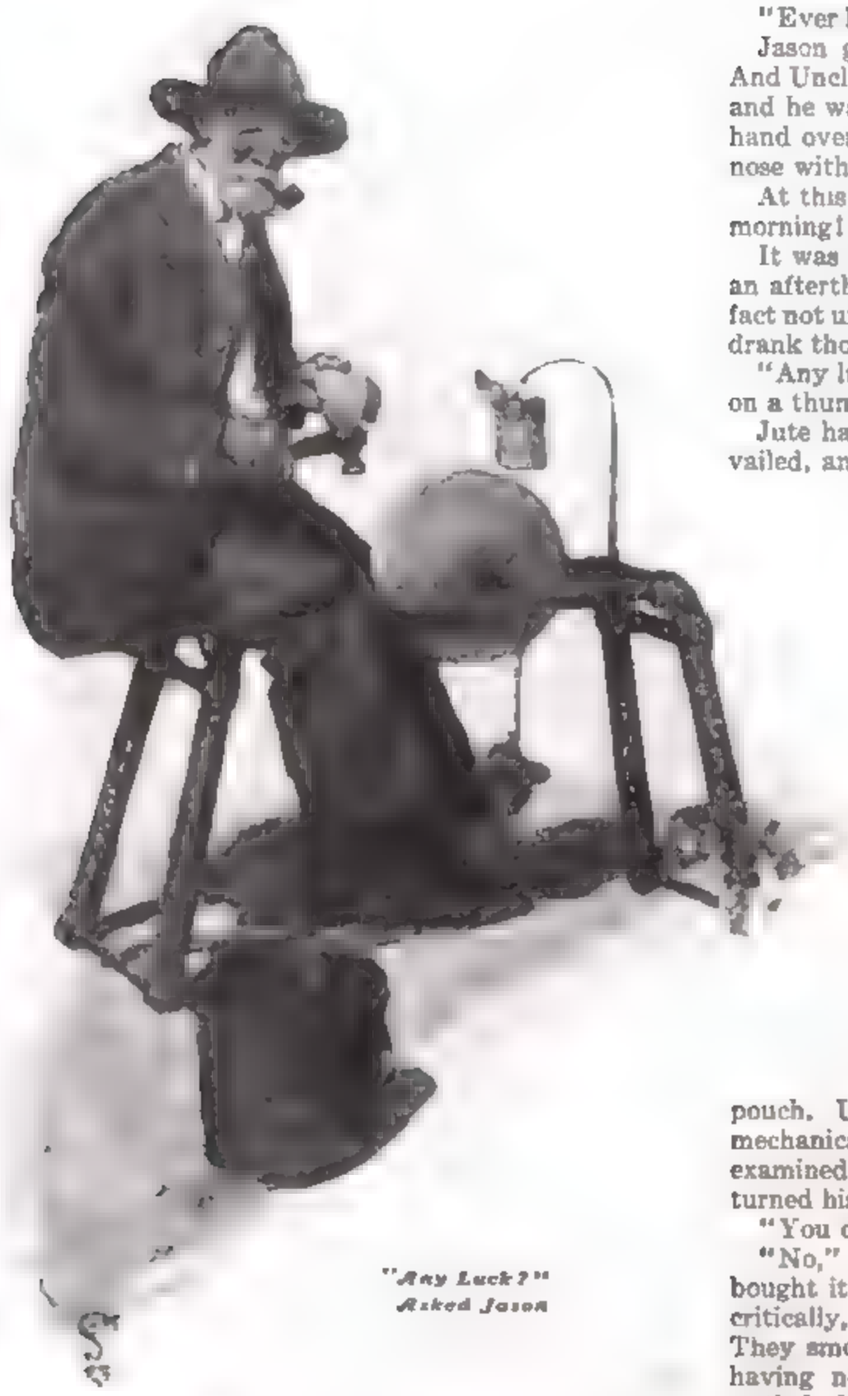
Suddenly the primeval silence was rent by a loud yell. It was the Miner boy downstream, who seemed to be struggling with some monster in the bottom of the river. The city fisherman excitedly reeled in his line and plunged to the rescue. But before he could reach the spot the Miner boy exultantly held up for all the world to admire one of the dead suckers. Even then the battle was not over, for the fish, apparently resuscitated in mid-air, put up a terrific struggle. The boy, heartened no doubt by the encouraging cries of the fisherman, won; and he settled the dispute for all time by hammering the poor fish on a sharp rock.

Uncle Charlie from his cover watched the proceeding. Part of the bargain seemed to be that the Miner boy would show how he had caught the monster. Half an hour passed. Uncle Charlie lost interest. He and Jake started up the road.

Charlie noted with complacency that the meadows of the Selfridge place were as neatly barbered as so many bridegrooms—even the brush in the stone walls had been trimmed—with a jackknife. The haying was over. It was well—for Jason had an embarrassing way of impressing labor in haytime.

Jason himself was grinding a hand ax in the barnyard; and Oliver Armiston, a city neighbor, was comfortably framed in the barn doorway, reading his morning paper. Charlie, with the air of one come for a long visit, unhitched Jake and turned him out.

"What's the news?" he inquired, fitting himself in the doorway by Oliver. Oliver half-humorously considered what might be news to this man: A crown prince had taken



"Any Luck?" Asked Jason

a warship to go visiting; a big murder trial had opened with the principal witness kidnaped; the President at Washington had just had his shoes half-soled; the Monday Opera Club was about to entertain a queen. These affairs might agitate the world outside, but not Uncle Charlie. His region maintained no diplomatic relations with the world outside. Oliver put down his newspaper, yawning. What if the police of forty-eight states were looking for a missing squealer in the most atrocious murder of the decade? It didn't matter up here. Nothing mattered, what with a bright sun and soft lazy air, and Uncle Charlie come a-visiting—Uncle Charlie, who should have been born a hundred years ago when these woods were young.

"Ever kill a bear with an ax?" demanded Uncle Charlie.

Jason grinned. Oliver expressed polite astonishment. And Uncle Charlie was off. One bear story led to another; and he was in the middle of his pet yarn, where, inching hand over hand up a cliff, he was to find himself nose to nose with the biggest, the blackest bear, when ——

At this moment a sophisticated city voice said "Good morning! Would you mind if I helped myself to a drink?"

It was the city fisherman at the watering trough. As an afterthought he mentioned that his name was Jute, a fact not unknown to the countryside for the past week. He drank thoughtfully, like Jake.

"Any luck?" asked Jason ceremoniously, testing his ax on a thumb.

Jute had a little struggle with modesty, but pride prevailed, and he opened his creel and displayed the six defunct suckers. He eyed the admiring audience craftily, as if longing to detect envy.

He asked, "Would you call them wild trout?"

Jason resumed grinding.

"They look pretty wild," said Uncle Charlie. Oliver held his peace; city men were apt to be more or less subnormal.

Jute closed his creel and buttoned it. He was still eying the three sharply, with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes.

"How long do you reckon they been dead?" he asked suddenly. He chuckled, then roared with laughter. "I bought them off a boy down here. The little fellow was so earnest I couldn't bear to disappoint him." He looked wryly at the basket. "Now I suppose I've got to skin them out and try to eat them."

He sat down on the edge of the watering trough and filled his pipe from a patent pouch. Uncle Charlie, always fascinated by objects of mechanical ingenuity, took the pouch out of his hands and examined it with childish pleasure. From the pouch he turned his interest to Jute's hat.

"You didn't fetch that hat from town?" said he.

"No," said Jute. He passed the hat to Charlie. "I bought it at the post office." Charlie examined the felt critically, and passed it to Jason for his inspection. They smoked in silence, a curious atmosphere of amity having now, for some reason Oliver could not divine, settled down on the barnyard. City sports were not usually made to feel at home quite so readily. Jason sat down by Jute and whetted his ax with a hand stone.

"You seem mighty particular about that edge," remarked the city man, breaking the spell. "What are you going to do with the hatchet?"

"I'm going fishing up to the reservoir," said Jason.

The man eyed him dubiously.

"What do you do with the hatchet? Gaff them?"

"No," said Jason. He looked up at the sky. The wind was backing around to the west. There was rain in the air, for all this soft sunshine. "No," he said, resuming his whetting. "We walk along till we come to a good spot; then we cut out a square of sod and fish through the hole."

Charlie had hurried off to the tool house. Now he reappeared with a hand ax of his own to be ground. Jute smoked for a time. He was knocking the idea about in his mind, as an old trout will knock about a lump of bait before biting—there was a hook concealed in it some place! He seemed to recognize in Oliver one laboring under the same mental deficiencies as himself.

"Do you get this at all?" he asked comically.

Oliver shook his head; he did not. Jason chuckled.

Uncle Charlie, treadling vigorously, said, "Let's take them along, Jase!"

"No," said Jason. "They'd fall through; we'd have to stop and dig them out."

"I'm going!" cried Jute. He swept aside the jocular. They looked at him curiously. Then, as if he felt a certain doubt in their regard—"You can tie a board across my back," he laughed.

Jason still had a reservation—Jute couldn't go in those mail-order clothes; they'd scare the fish. Jute agreed to wear anything if they'd show him how to catch fish with a hatchet. Jason led him to the milk room, and got down a chore-boy outfit—blue jeans, a pair of soft shoes speckled with milk inside and out, and a haymaker's hat; and he shut the man in to change. He and Uncle Charlie backed out the faithful old flivver, hero of many a bog hole, and loaded the gear—soap boxes, buckets, blankets, lanterns, axes, what not.

"What's he after?" asked Uncle Charlie, under his breath.

Jason shook his head. He was wondering.

"Did you ever see him cast a fly?" continued Uncle Charlie in the same soft tone.

Jason had; his eye glistened; he knew an artist when he saw one. Oliver was making a to-do about helping.

"Who drives a white horse around here?" asked Charlie out of one corner of his mouth.

They were stooping to lift a heavy box.

"There's one over in back—on Blanford Brook."

Oliver pricked up his ears. Just when a white horse had walked into the picture he didn't know. But Jason and Charlie seemed to assume there was a white horse in the cast. The situation was perfectly obvious now to Oliver—that is, the theme of it, not the plot. These two countrymen, Jason and Charlie, had a deft way of picking up

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Now the Road Pinched Itself Almost to Nothing. On a Little Rise They Caught Sight Through the Trees of the Old Mott Homestead on a Terrace a Hundred Feet Below

FINGERPRINTING BULLETS

The Silent Witness—By Wesley W. Stout

Part of the Revolver Section of the Reference Collection of Small Arms Gathered by Waite and Goddard

IF YOU find yourself staring down a gun barrel tomorrow in your place of business or on the street—as you may very well do if you are a paymaster—that barrel, more likely than not, will have been manufactured in Eibar, an obscure town in the Basque Provinces of Spain; an automatic, or a cheap and frank counterfeit of an American revolver, laid down in New York and Chicago for as little as $1.87. Something like 1,200,000 small arms of foreign manufacture, 80 per cent of them Spanish, have been dumped into the United States since the war, exclusive of smuggled weapons and the arms the A. E. F. brought home.

In 1919, when Charles E. Waite began the task of collecting a sort of rogues' gallery of the measurements and family peculiarities of all makes and models of revolvers and pistols, in the hope of better identification of bullets in murder cases, it seemed a relatively simple enterprise. There were fewer than twelve manufacturers of small arms in America, all ready to coöperate. Had Mr. Waite known the true extent of the completed job, he would have left it to a younger man.

He began his quest at Springfield, Massachusetts, where the Smith and Wesson Company threw open its books to his inspection. The records, however, proved to be concerned only with current models. The firm had made and discarded any number of models since 1857, when it began, and some of each of these obsolete types presumably were scattered about the country and might be used in the commission of a crime. Moreover, every manufacturer from time to time may make minor changes in the rifling of a model. Neither the heads of the firm nor the ballistic engineers ever had seen or heard of any data on the obsolete types, and the factory records did not show the dates and serial numbers where minor changes had been inaugurated in current models.

Waite poked about the plant, talking with workmen, and eventually encountered a veteran foreman.

"I know what you want," the foreman said. "I've seen it; it went back to Gun No. 1, before the Civil War, but it has been years since I laid eyes on it."

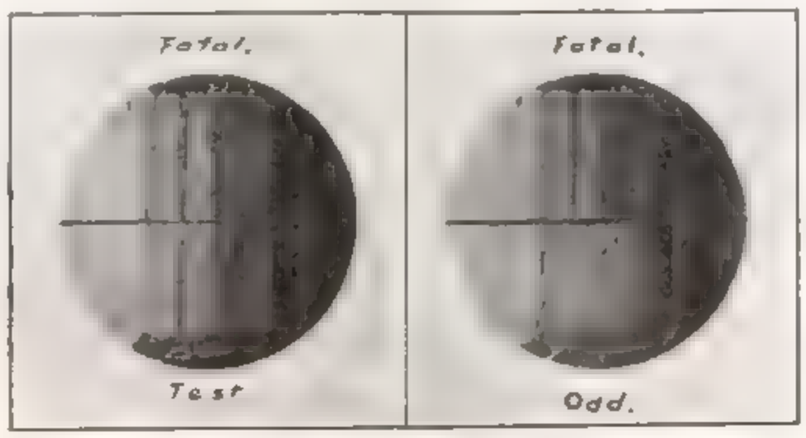
The Guns of Song and Story

THIS promised little, but the foreman rummaged about his home, and appeared several days later with a notebook, its pages yellow and brittle with age. It contained the missing records. Other foremen supplied the dates and serial numbers, marking rifling changes in current models, from pocket-notebook memorandums made at the time.

At the Colt plant, Mr. Waite had a similar experience. Samuel Colt first brought out his famous single-action revolver, the six-shooter of the cowboy and the bad man of the Western frontier, in 1873 and 1878, in five calibers, ranging from .32 to .45; and the company still is manufacturing them in quantities. This and the Winchester .44 rifle are the guns of song and story; they exterminated the buffalo, shot up Dodge City, dropped Billy the Kid, and drove the Sioux and the Comanches off the warpath. They still spit lead along the Rio Grande and blanks on the lots of Hollywood. But other early Colt models long ago were dropped and the records were not unearthed without long search.

These records gave, primarily, the various models, the first and last year of their manufacture and the range of their serial numbers; the calibers; the bore diameters, which vary considerably from the calibers; the depth of the groove cuts in the rifling, the width of the grooves, the width of the lands, the number of lands and grooves, the rate and direction of the twist, and the tolerances from standard permitted by the factory.

From the fourteenth century, when arms first were used, down to the period of our Civil War, most firearms were smoothbores—that is, the inside of the barrel was a smooth, polished surface. A bullet from a smoothbore traveled with fair exactness for 100 yards; after that it wandered off at tangents, and armies fought at quarters only a little less close than in pre-gunpowder days. As far back as 1500 it began to be perceived that a bullet would move more truly to its mark if it could be given a spinning motion, and that a spin could be imparted and controlled by rifling, or grooving, the interior of the barrel. But for nearly 300 years after the principle of rifling had been stumbled upon, it continued virtually unused because of the difficulty of loading a bullet into a grooved barrel in those times of muzzle-loading, ball and powder, flint or matchlock weapons.



What the Comparison Eyepiece Reveals: Left, Marriage of a Fatal and a Test Bullet; Right, Divorce

In the American colonies, where range and accuracy were more important in Indian fighting and game killing than rapidity of firing, the rifle steadily grew in use after 1700. The British Army had encountered the rifle in the French and Indian War and the American Revolution; but with true military conservatism, it continued to use the smoothbore, in common with all European armies. It took the rifle shots fired by Jackson's men at New Orleans in 1815 to be heard and heeded in Europe.

Rifling

LAY students always have been puzzled by Jackson's triumph at New Orleans. He commanded 3000 men, ragged and undisciplined militia. Pakenham attacked with 9000 veterans of an army that had just whipped Napoleon and sent him to Elba. Yet Mr. Bryan's sturdy American yeomen who leaped to arms overnight routed the campaign-hardened British professionals.

Historians have been inclined to credit it to the superior marksmanship of the American frontiersmen, but there was more to it than that. Pakenham planned to charge at 100 yards and clear out the Americans with the bayonet—sound European tactics. But Jackson's rough-and-readies and their rifles began to cut down the advancing British at 300 yards, and stopped them before they could come within smoothbore, let alone bayonet, range. Pakenham, a brother-in-law of Wellington, and his next in command were killed. The British lost 2600 men in less than half an hour, while only seven Americans were killed and six wounded. That most decisive of battles doomed the smoothbore musket in Europe. America, as Thomas H. McKee says in his Gun Book, had taken a cast-off European experiment, and by thought, invention and skillful handling brought it to such efficiency that the world was compelled at last to adopt it as the standard firearm.

Virtually all firearms, save shotguns, are rifled today; but there has been no standardization among makers. There is no assurance that the bore diameters of two makes of a .32 caliber weapon, for example, are the same. Originally .32 caliber meant a bore diameter of .320 of an inch, but today it is merely a trade name. A .32 is more likely to have a bore diameter of .301 or .299, varying according to make.

The depth of the groove cut, its width, the width of the lands, or spaces between the grooves, and the number of lands and grooves in the barrel, all of which leave an impression on the bullet, differ widely between makes.

This was generally understood by everyone familiar with firearms, but there was no certainty of it until Mr. Waite had completed his codification of the factory standards. He found no instance of the number, depth and width of grooves and lands corresponding in two independent makes of guns; but he did find that the differences were so fractional in a few cases as to come within the tolerances, or

errors, permitted by the factory, and therefore of dubious value for his purposes

There is, however, another factor that leaves its impress on the bullet — the pitch. That is the rate or degree of twist or spin given to the bullet by rifling. Sometimes the pitch is right, or clockwise; occasionally left, or counter-clockwise. Colt is the only modern American maker using a left twist. These canted grooves grip the bullet in its progress up the barrel and start it turning in its flight.

Every ballistic engineer has his own formulas for pitch. Some rifle their barrels at an angle that causes the bullet to turn as often as once in eight inches, others in as little as once in thirty-two inches. Nor is there ever any variation, or tolerance, in the pitch, as in other rifling dimensions. It is exact and constant for any given make or model, and two models of revolvers or pistols have yet to be discovered in which the rate of pitch and the other rifling measurements correspond even approximately.

In plants making cheaper small arms Mr. Waite found no such exactitude as is enforced by the makers of higher-priced weapons. No tolerances have been fixed; no plug gauges were used to test the accuracy of the bore diameter; there was no testing of the completed gun before it went on the market, with relatively large variances between individual weapons of the same model and make. But here again the rate of pitch was the always fixed and constant factor.

When Mr. Waite had completed his tour of the American arms plants he had the exact measurements of every make and model of small arm then being produced in America, many of obsolete models still in occasional use, and some of disused types encountered no more outside of collections. He believed he was able now, with precision, to identify a given bullet to the pistol or revolver that fired it.

The first step was to determine whether the twist was right or left. If right, all left-twist models were eliminated. The caliber known, all guns except, say, a .32 of right-hand twist were disposed of. Even if the bullet had mushroomed badly, a micrometer still would give the bore diameter. Only once in his experience has he encountered an exception to this rule. The bullet which killed a man in Bridgeport a year orsoagosplintered into fragments that defied the micrometer.

Accuracy

THE lands and grooves now were counted. If they numbered five each, all rifling of three, four, six or seven lands and grooves was out. The depth and width of the grooves and lands next were measured by the micrometer. The accuracy of these observations was checked easily by adding the width of all lands and grooves and dividing by pi. If the micrometer had been read accurately, the result of the division by pi would equal the diameter of the bullet.

The chase now was growing hot. But a defective barrel may have escaped an inspector's notice, or the gun may have been a cheap one from a factory with no fixed tolerances. In such case the measurements would not give the exact equivalent of any shop standard, leaving the bullet resting between four or five models.

The final step was the measurement of the degree of pitch. If the now-completed record corresponded with a shop standard in his files, Mr. Waite could say with entire certainty what make and model of gun had fired the bullet. This was an unprecedented achievement in itself.

It remained to tag one particular revolver or automatic with the bullet's parentage. Several hundred thousand guns of some American models have been sold, all without presumable variation between guns of the same model. It is an axiom that there is no duplication in Nature. No two objects of the same species ever are precisely the same; the difficulty is that the variance is often too minute for discovery.

A rifling cutter is made of the hardest of tool steel. It comes from the honing machine with an approximately perfect cutting edge and is dragged through a reamed barrel of steel only less hard. It grinds its way slowly in a bath of oil, pulling ahead of it the shavings of steel it has cut. The life of a cutter, before it must be rehoned and reset, is only half a day, or perhaps ten revolver barrels, in a factory of high standards.

It does not groove these ten barrels alike. It does not even cut the various grooves in the same barrel alike. In some factories each groove is cut separately, in others a multi-edged tool completes the rifling in one operation. But in either case the cutting edges wear constantly and can no more be the same in two successive operations than a razor blade presents the same edge on the first and second shaves.

Two Typical Cheap Spanish Automatics

Pistol Personality

THE steel shavings, pulled ahead of the cutter, revolve inside the barrel and scratch its surface in chance patterns never the same. Moreover, the physical structure of the steel in the gun barrel never is identical in two barrels, and therefore offers a varying resistance to the cutter and the shavings. The bullet gets its final impress from the last few millimeters of the barrel at the muzzle, and there these minute but critical variations are fingerprinted upon the soft lead or metal jacket of the bullet, where by modern microscopic and photographic apparatus they can be readily detected, measured, compared and reproduced many times enlarged. The unfired bullet is slightly larger than the bore of the gun. Driven through the barrel by a pressure of from 8000 to 20,000 pounds to the square inch, the hot lead is forced into the grooves. As one bullet may vary from another by some thousandths of an inch in diameter, it will set more deeply or more lightly into the grooves. The impression left on bullets from the same barrel will vary accordingly in strength; but fainter or stronger, the markings will correspond exactly in number, position and direction.

Thus every revolver or pistol comes from the factory with a personality all its own, which it passes on to a bullet. The more often the gun is used the more vivid this personality becomes. If fired and neglected, rust and powder incrustation further fingerprint the barrel interior. If fired and cleaned, another sort of record will be left. There are other and supplementary clews, of course, such as bulges in the barrel that have developed after the gun has left the factory, minute adherent particles of lint and pocket dust, traces of lubricant, the percentages of antimony and bismuth in the lead, and the like. The shell tells a tale of firing pin, ejector block and ejector hook peculiarities. There is one foreign-made automatic which contains, for no discernible reason, two ejector blocks, and accordingly leaves an unmistakable fingerprint on a shell.

New York State has an unusually severe statute against the carrying of concealed weapons, the Sullivan Law. No revolver or pistol may be sold in New York except to a buyer holding a permit, and these permits are supposed to be hedged about with restrictions. Actually, however, a man

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Microscopic, Photographic and Other Technical Equipment Used by Waite and His Associates in Fingerprinting Bullets

WORTH THEIR SALT

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ON THE third day at sea, outward bound to Taltal with general cargo, there was a stir aboard the ship Hiogo. Stirs aplenty had marked almost every mile she had sailed so far; she had an easy-going master, a youthful second mate and an old-time hard-case mate. She had been taken to sea by a tug, and her working canvas had been set after a fashion by a gang of longshoremen who had returned in the tug. There had been just one man of all her shipped crew who was able to stand up at the wheel and steer. He was a pitiful object, yet a cheery soul, and he had scandalized the skipper, amused the second mate and enraged the mate, who dared not attempt reprisal since somebody must steer. Captain Trew prided himself upon knowing how to select a good first mate; and he always left everything between ports, except the actual navigation, to that mate.

"Mr. Hart," he often said, "when I was mate I made it a point of pride that my captain should not be worried by trifles. You have a capable crew. It only requires tact in order to shape them properly."

Sam Porter, the cheery sailor who hung to the wheel for support and steered like a wizard, overheard that remark the first time it was uttered on this particular voyage, and when Captain Trew had left the deck the mate was astounded to hear hilarious chuckles from behind the binnacle.

"Ca'ble crew! Tack, tha's th' stuff, Mr. Hart! Tack's th' stuff fer sailors! Hard tack, sof' tack, port tack an' starb'd tack. Betcha!"

Sam was swaying with the wheel, his eyes bent with ludicrous gravity upon the compass. The mate glared at him. But he could hardly assault the helmsman; particularly since the helmsman was the only man sober enough to steer at all. The crimp who had supplied the Hiogo's crew had made sure that none of the gang should jump the ship at the pierhead. Whatever they had been dosed with had rendered them as useless as they were harmless. Sam had obeyed the order to go to the wheel, delivering himself of sage remarks all the way aft.

"Haul Him Out While I Hold the Weight!"

"Shame th' way sailors get that way," he boldly told the skipper in passing. "Look a' me now. Don' shee me dumped aboard like a pig. I gets drunk hones' and genelmanly. An' I bet I have to stan' twelve-hour trick at th' wheel f'r it."

Which proved true. Both mates tried every half hour to stir life into the sodden derelicts in the forecastle. Only with the grumbling assistance of the steward and cook, with dignified Captain Trew himself hauling on a rope, did the ship get topgallant sails set over her topsails so that she might at least win clear of the land with her burden. Now and then one of the mates succeeded in dragging out a man who could stand up and keep his eyes open for a little while. By the time Sam Porter had actually stood twelve hours at the helm, muttering comically all the time when he wasn't singing, there were enough of the crew on deck to select a relief for him. And by the third day out the whole forecastle crowd was discovering by painful process Mr. Hart's notion of tact. There were few decent sailormen among them. Sam Porter was the only man who had not experienced the mate's adeptness of fist and foot. Black eyes and cockbilled noses were marks by which the watches might be identified. Mr. Nebbs, the young second mate, was not quite so handy or so ready with his corporal discipline as Mr. Hart. So, after the first round-up, during which Mr. Hart had managed to place his sign manual upon every man but Porter, and the watches were divided, the port watch received frequent physical admonishment, while the starboard watch were permitted to let their bruises heal.

Any man sporting two black eyes or a freshly cut lip on that third day out could be known with certainty as a member of the port watch.

It was during the forenoon watch that the stowaway was discovered in the vegetable locker on deck. Mr. Hart was in charge. The men had managed to get all plain sail set, so that the ship was reeling off the knots smartly; and in the bright sunshine were now helping the steward and cook open out and restow the cabbages and onions, potatoes and carrots, so that the air might circulate among them and keep them fresh as long as possible. Sam Porter found the stowaway under a heap of cabbages, surrounded and festooned with carrot tops. He was a skinny, dirty, furtive rat of a lad; and he had obviously fed himself upon raw carrots.

"Me son, you sure have queer ideas of comfort," said Sam, hauling the lad out. "You ever heard tell o' trouble?"

The stowaway's teeth gleamed behind drawn lips, and his eyes were beady like a rat's. He was ragged, his small wizened face was scarred and misshapen. He weighed no more than a hundred pounds with all his dirt.

"Trouble?" he snarled, twisting impotently in Sam's strong grasp. "You make trouble for me? Try it, an' I promise yuh ——"

"Don't be afraid, me son. I ain't that sort. But wait till th' mate hears about you!"

Four bells was struck just then. It was Sam's trick at the wheel. The cheery sailor let go of his captive, preferring to leave it to somebody else to inform Mr. Hart that a stowaway had dared to enter his ship. The mate was at the taffrail, reading the patent log, and Sam glanced dubiously at his broad back as he took over the helm.

Mechanically repeating the given compass course, he shifted the spokes of the wheel once or twice in order to get the feel of the ship, wondering if the stowaway would have sense enough to stow away again. But the steward came running onto the poop, all fussed with importance.

"Found a stowaway in the spud locker, Mr. Hart," he reported, and Mr. Hart's weather-beaten face darkened. A red rag to a bull; a stowaway to an old-time windjammer mate; perfect synonym. Mr. Hart strode to the forward rail of the poop and glared down at the gang by the locker. They, in turn, stared curiously at the queer ragamuffin they had unearthed.

"Bring that critter up here!" barked Mr. Hart. And to the smirking steward: "Run down and tell the captain."

Captain Trew appeared ponderously. He had been working on a thrums mat, and carried it in his hands. He looked as unlike a shipmaster as possible, and he puffed in displeasure at being interrupted in his pleasant pursuit.

"Stowaway? Why don't you wash him off before bringing him on the poop? What's your name, my lad? What're you doing in my ship?"

"Make this feller leggo o' me, afore I bite him!" snarled the urchin savagely. The man holding him hurriedly let go; but the mate swiftly seized him in a grip that made him scream.

"Answer the captain!"

"You wait! I'll show yuh!" the stowaway yelled. But Mr. Hart's grip tightened, and the agonized information was given:

"Me name's Hawkes, and I come in yer boat becos I was hungry. What's this guy breakin' me arm for? I'll work for me grub, but nobody ain't goin' to strong-arm me. Leggo, you big stiff!"

"Take him forward and have him washed," ordered the captain. "Put him to work, Mr. Hart. Use tact with him, but see that he earns his whack."

Sam Porter tried to follow with his eyes the little procession as it passed forward. But he could not see after the mate had urged his prisoner forward of the mainmast. It was none of Sam's business, anyhow. He was to steer the ship for two hours, not to concern himself with the fate of a stowaway. Yet, knowing Mr. Hart's ideas of tact, Sam felt painfully interested in young Mr. Hawkes. So when he heard the swishing of water far forward at the head pump, and above other voices heard a shrill cry of human suffering, Sam's clear gray eyes darkened almost to black and his lips tightened. He tried to concentrate upon his steering; but that yell arose again, several times; other men's voices were hushed, and Sam sweat in helpless anger.

Now that three days of clean sea air and good hard work had overcome the sordid stupidity of sailing day, Porter was the complete able seaman; he was fully aware of what it meant for a sailor to oppose himself to a chief mate. Yet when Mr. Hart stumped aft again, wearing a grim expression that was more than half satisfaction, Sam was gratified to notice that he was sucking a ragged wound on his left wrist which seemed to afford him an amount of anxiety about even with the satisfaction.

When Mr. Hart returned from a brief visit to his room, he sported a bandage on the wounded wrist and there was a strong odor of iodoform about him. The satisfaction had gone from his expression and the anxiety was about doubled. Sam stuck to his steering. He would only have asked for trouble had he dared to comment. But when the skipper came up just before noon to take the meridian altitude of the sun, there was a brief conversation between mate and master which sent Sam forward immediately he was relieved at eight bells full of dismal expectations which were all too fully realized.

"Where's the stowaway?" he demanded of the first man he met.

The man nodded silently toward a dark bunk. Sam went to it and peered at the whimpering wastrel huddled there.

"What did you bite him for? What did I tell you about trouble? Let's look at you, m' son. Manhandled you, didn't he?"

Sam put his hand on what seemed to be an arm as he spoke. Hawkes screamed, shrinking away.

"I never bit him till he bent me fingers back and broke 'em," he sobbed.

"He told the Old Man he was afraid of hydrophobia. Let's look at you. What's he done to you?"

"He'll be scared all right! Wait till I get on me feet again! I'll cut his ——"

"You'll cut nothing!" snapped Sam, using gentle force to unhuddle the man and examine him.

"Come get your dinner, Sam," his shipmates grumbled.

Sam let his dinner go; for, as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom of the forward end of the forecastle, he saw injuries which brought his heart up to almost suffocating him. There were three broken fingers, and all the toes of one foot were crushed into a pulp. Hawkes could never have been called handsome; but now his pitiful face was so drawn and wrinkled with agony and animal savagery as to be positively repellent. Yet Sam Porter spent a full hour of his watch below, and let his dinner get cold and greasy, while he bandaged the mangled toes and set the broken fingers. It was his own scanty store of clothing which supplied strips of underwear for bandages, his own dinner which provided the grease with which he anointed the hurts. It was his own cold soup that he frightened a surly cook into warming up and fed with a spoon to the vicious little ruffian who had bitten the mate like a dog.

"Now you lay doggo, Hawkes. Don't talk to nobody but me, then you can't get into trouble with that sharp tongue o' yours. I'll ask the Old Man for some proper gear to fix you up in the first dogwatch," said Sam.

Captain Trew was standing at the poop rail when the watches were changed at four o'clock. As Sam approached the ladder, Mr. Hart appeared to take over the deck from the second mate, and, with all hands temporarily on deck and in sight, the skipper was looking for somebody.

"Have you put the stowaway to work, Mr. Hart?" he inquired.

"He's sick," grinned Mr. Hart. "You suggested I use tact. I have, and I don't think he's fit to work today."

"And he won't be fit to work for a month, you man-killer!" roared Sam, unable longer to restrain his anger. He shook his fist in the mate's suddenly purple face, from where he stood midway up the ladder. "I hope that bite poisons you!"

"That'll do, that'll do!" the skipper interjected hastily.

Such a breach of discipline could never be permitted. The mate stepped toward the ladder as if about to leap upon the angry seaman. Sam was worked up beyond stopping.

"It won't do!" he cried. "That poor critter for'ard lies in a bunk with toes and fingers broken and smashed. And that man did it. Sick he is, says he! Tact he used!" Sam blazed straight into Hart's face. "That lad never bit you until you broke his fingers!"

Sam had brought aft a tin pannikin to hold ointment if he succeeded in getting some from the medicine chest. Now, as he shouted, he hurled the pannikin hard at the mate, off whose high-bridged nose it bounced with a sharp metallic clang. Almost as soon as it fell to the deck, the mate had recovered from the surprise, and with both hands on the handrails he launched himself feet first at Sam. His boots struck the sailor in the breast, hurling him heavily down to the main deck; and before Sam could get to his feet Mr. Hart was upon him. Captain Trew turned away; but not so that he could not see.

With the breath knocked out of him and the mate's hands at his throat, Sam Porter found himself in hard case. But he was a hard case himself, given half a chance. Throwing up one knee, he held his assailant partly away, until with a squirm and a heave he was able to roll sideways. And with desperation helping his muscles, he wrenched free from the mate's clutching hands and delivered two stiff punches to his chin which slowed him up a lot. The skipper stepped a pace toward the ladder again when his first officer crashed against it. But Mr. Hart was not whipped by any means. He had the moral support of his position; and years of being top dog had given him assurance which no two blows on the chin could entirely offset. Only when Sam ducked a punch and stepped in close with

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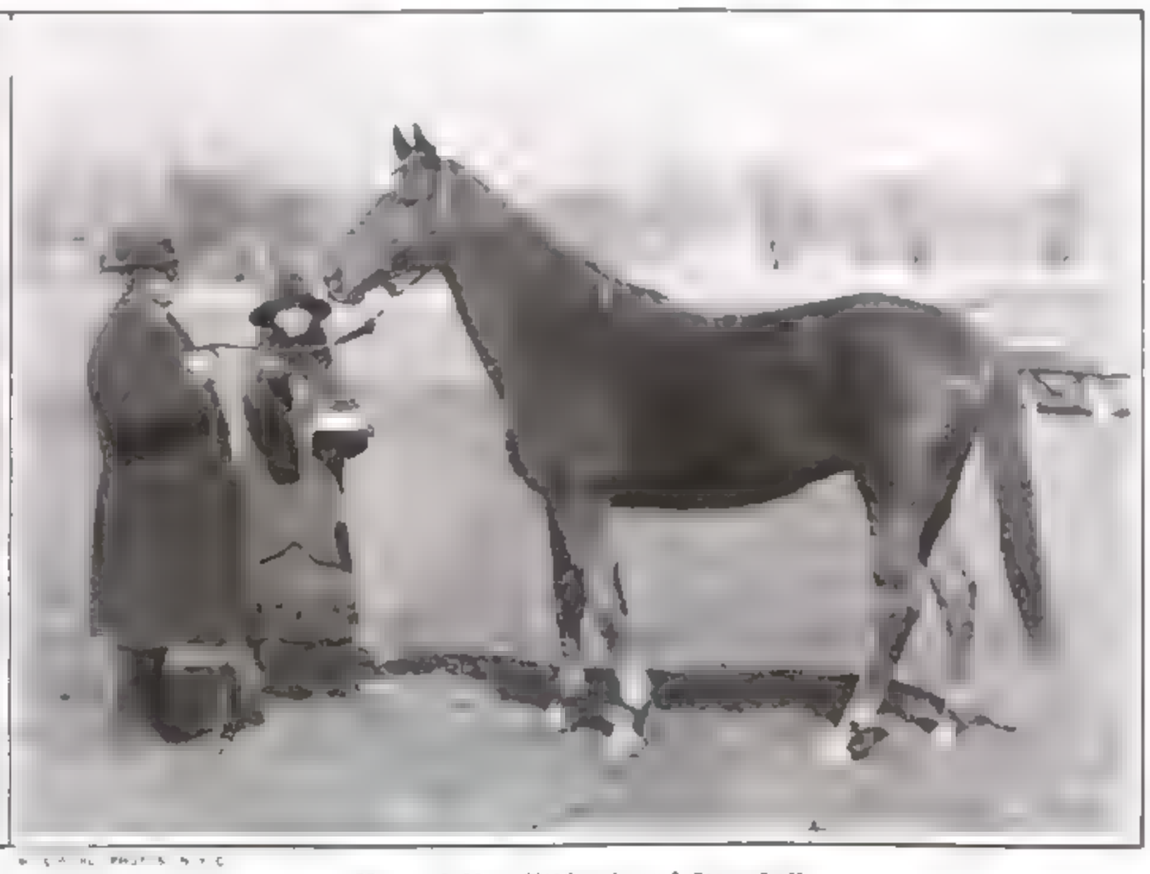
The Strong Winds Came and the Hinge Foamed South, Leaning to the Pressure Until the Brine Spurted Halfway Across Her Decks

DOWN THE STRETCH

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

Iroquois, 1878, With Fred Archer Up



Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth and Stromboli

IT'S high, low, up and down, here today and gone tomorrow, when you race horses. In the fall of 1896 I was down—until the street car jumped the track, spilled me and I tumbled into a winning streak. And only the year before, I had been sitting pretty as the trainer for the stable of E. J. Baldwin—or Lucky Baldwin, as everybody knew him the country over. Frank Taylor was with us at the time I took over the Baldwin horses. We were running some of our own, but Taylor didn't have a regular job, and when the chance came for me to go with Baldwin I told him to take our string and I would go to training. My arrangement with Baldwin called for straight wages of $500 a month and 10 per cent of the winnings. His stable was at Louisville when I took charge. When the season was ended there Taylor shipped my horses to California and I came East with the Baldwin string.

Lucky Baldwin was another of those characters that are passing out of racing—and, for that matter, out of life itself. He was the kind you never forget, once you'd laid eyes on him, with his Prince Albert coat and large fedora hat and a look about him that comes only to the fellow who has been a pioneer on the other side of the Rockies. Baldwin had gone West with the forty-niners and had fought his way through all the hardships that confronted the early settlers of the Pacific slope. He was a game man. The people he knew in later days were acquainted with his history and they used to get him to retell the stories of his fights with Indians. I reckon Baldwin would sometimes get fed up on the questions they asked. I remember one day he was talking to a group of women and putting it on a little thick about his adventures with the redskins. He was telling about an especially tight corner he was in.

"What did the Indians do to you, Mr. Baldwin?" gasped one of the women, who couldn't wait for the end of the story.

"Oh, they killed me," he drawled.

Farmer and Horse Racer

SANTA ANITA RANCH was the property Lucky Baldwin laid out in Arcadia, near Pasadena, after he had grown prosperous. There was every imaginable kind of fruit and vegetable growing on its innumerable acres—grapes, lemons, oranges and great fields of wheat. The wheat was one of the things he took most pleasure in. It tickled him to think he had more wheat on his ranch than anybody else had on other ranches. When we used to go horseback riding together over the ranch—the most beautiful place of its kind I've ever seen—we would come to an elevation and he would sit there on his horse, straight as an arrow and reminding you of a general.

"Look at that wheat, Sam! Just look at all these acres of the finest wheat in the world!" he would say; and then a twinkle would come into his eyes; he liked to have his little fun. "Why, do you know, there's so much wheat growing here that pretty soon I'll have to be buying another ranch like this to store it on."

Santa Anita Ranch was the biggest thing in his life. He loved it even better than he loved his horses, and he wouldn't part with a foot of it. Thirteen years later, when I was again in the West with a string of horses, headed by King James, he invited me to the ranch for a visit. The place was in my blood too. I thought I'd like nothing better than to buy a small part of it and have it as a place where I could always go. I told him so.

"Now that's fine, Sam," he said. "There's nothing I'd like better in the world than to have you for a neighbor. Let's take a ride around the ranch and you show me just what part you'd like to buy."

Almost any portion of it would have suited me. There wasn't much to choose between one part and another, it was all so beautiful.

"This section will do fine for me," I told him, with a sweep of the arm to fix on a definite locality. "Tell me the price and I'll pay you this minute."

Dick Clawson After Winning the Futurity

"Oh, yes, the price," he replied. "Now as to the price—the price. Why, man alive, when you talk about price, that means you're talking about my selling part of Santa Anita!"

He looked to the north and to the south and the east and the west. It was a picture that filled the eye—a broad expanse of rolling hills and flowers in bloom and fruit bulging from the trees and vines, and his wheat. I could see what was going on in his mind. After a long pause he said:

"I told you, Sam Hildreth, I would like to have you for a neighbor. I meant it and I still say it. But I don't guess I can sell any part of Santa Anita -not to anybody. It was a desert when I came here, and I've watched it grow up."

Training for Lucky Baldwin

THERE were some fine race horses in the string I trained for the master of Santa Anita. He had won the American Derby with Rey El Santa Anita before I took over his horses, but this fine Thoroughbred was still in the stable when I began to train for him. Emperor of Norfolk was one of the best that ever bore his colors, and there was also Rey del Carreras, a son of Emperor of Norfolk from Clara D, a slashing bay with a star on his forehead and sixteen hands in height. He was one of the flashiest colts I've ever seen and was built a good deal along the lines of Purchase, the best horse I ever trained. Lucky Baldwin sold Rey del Carreras to Richard Croker for $40,000. Croker raced him in England under the name of Americus with great success, though he got to acting so mean at the post that they had to start him behind the other horses. But even with this handicap, Rey cleaned up over the shorter routes in England. He was about as fast a trick for six furlongs as America ever sent abroad. He could travel a distance, too, but his speed was so great Mr. Croker entered him chiefly in the short

In our campaign on the Eastern tracks we had great luck. That season we picked up about $65,000 in purses and sold part of the stable for $102,000 before Baldwin went back to California. And when I parted company with Lucky Baldwin, after six prosperous, happy months, he still had a good string of horses in his barn. We hadn't figured on possible sales when I made my contract with him. I was sorry I had overlooked the 10 per cent I could have picked up just as easy as not through the sales we made in the East.

Three other horses come to my mind as doing big things on the turf in the years just preceding 1900. They were Ben Brush, by Bramble out of Roseville, by Reform; the great mare Imp, by imported Wagner, a son of Prince Charlie, out of Fondling, by Fonso; and Hamburg, by Hanover out of Lady Reel, by Fellowcraft. All these names are written large in turf history; Imp's because of her consistent running and the affection the racing public had for her, and Ben Brush's and Hamburg's because of their fine performances on the track and what they have done in sending a line of splendid sons and daughters to the races. Like so many other

A Group of Famous Old-Time Jockeys. From Left to Right, Top Row: Cash Sloan, Tod Sloan, Skeets Martin, Cody. Bottom Row: Marty Bergen, Charley Thorpe, Henry Shields, Hennessy and Billy Martin

great race mares, Imp left no progeny to take her place in the turf world.

Of all the things Ben Brush did, none will be remembered more distinctly than the fact that his mating with imported Elf produced Broomstick, who in recent years has stood at the head of the Whitney stud and has sired many fast and courageous Thoroughbreds. He was of the same type as Broomstick, small and compact. When Mike Dwyer first bought him from Eugene Leigh and Ed Brown for $18,000 he started his Eastern campaign in a way that made many believe he was a flash in the pan. He had been the star of the Western tracks, but in the early part of his Eastern campaigning he was a thorough disappointment. Later in his two-year-old form he showed his real speed, though it was not until the next year that he really got his name in the hall of fame. Then he won the Kentucky and Latonia Derbys and followed these successes up, as a four-year-old, by winning the Suburban, Brighton and other important stakes. In his career on the turf he started forty times and won twenty-five races, for a total of more than $65,000.

Imp was a black mare and a great favorite with the public. When she appeared on the track the band would strike up a popular tune of the day, My Coal-Black Lady, and the crowd would go wild. She was a remarkable campaigner. In all, she ran in 171 races and won 62. She was bred by D. R. Harness at Chillicothe, Ohio, and was handled by C. E. Brossman. Her first attempt to win the Suburban was a failure, but she returned in 1899, as a five-year-old, and won that turf classic from a good field, beating Bannockburn among others.

Mr. Vosburgh, the official handicapper, tells of a smart trick played by Nash Turner in that race. There was a long delay at the post. Imp was next to the rail, and while the starter was trying to catch the field in line Imp's jockey raised himself slightly from the saddle by resting his foot on the fence, so that the weight would be taken off the mare's back. She carried 114 pounds and was 7 to 1 in the betting. Turner's cleverness undoubtedly kept her fresher than some of the other horses and helped her to win the race. When she returned to her home town after these successes the people of Chillicothe suspended business for the day to join in the celebration held in her honor.

Futurities

IT IS the uncertainties of racing that help to make its hold on you so strong you can never get away from it once you've gone in deep. There is a little story about Hamburg that explains what I mean. John E. Madden bought this son of Hanover from C. J. Enright for $1200, the price you'd pay for a cheap selling plater. It wasn't much of a gamble for him to buy at that price, but it was for Enright to sell for so low a figure. See what happened: Hamburg won about $40,000 in stakes and purses, and when he was at the top of his career he was sold to Marcus Daly for another $40,000. Madden's investment of $1200 had netted him close to $79,000.

As a six-year-old, Hamburg was bought by William C. Whitney and retired soon afterward to the Brookdale Stud, where he again showed his worth. Among his get were Hamburg Belle and Artful, winners of the Futurity in 1903 and 1904; Inflexible, Dandelion and Burgomaster. Artful was one of the great fillies of the American turf. In the Futurity field she beat Sysonby, the Keene colt, whose name must be placed in the very front rank of the great horses that have raced in this country in the last 100 years, along with those of American Eclipse, Boston, Salvator, Hanover, Domino, Henry of Navarre, Colin, Purchase, Man O' War, Grey Lag and Zev.

Along toward the close of the nineteenth century I think it was 1898—I was racing my horses at Washington Park, Chicago. Ed Corrigan was still the big boss of racing through the Middle West. He had gone in for breeding as well.

One of the horses he had bred and raised on his farm was racing in Chicago at the time. This horse was Hurley-Burley, by Riley, out of Helter-Skelter. She was originally just a selling plater, but she figured in a little brush I had with Corrigan that season. About five years before this I had trained for Corrigan and I knew him well.

PHOTO. AND INSERT BY C. C. COOK, N. Y. C.

A Scene at Belmont Park. In Insert—Tod Sloan

Fair Exchange

I STILL owned Lucky Dog, the horse I had bought after my street-car accident in San Francisco. One day when Lucky Dog won a selling race at Washington Park, Corrigan ran him up and took him away from me. Now I've been through too much racing to mind losing a horse this way, but there are some horses you just don't like to part with. Lucky Dog was one of them. He had come to me in a peculiar way, and I liked to have him around because he was a reminder of how that one awful run of bad luck had been broken. When Corrigan led him away I determined to get square.

A few days later Corrigan had Hurley-Burley entered and she won, my horse Chihuahua running second. I had noticed Hurley-Burley a number of times and I thought Corrigan was underestimating her when he let her run in selling races. So I knew there would never be a better chance for me to square accounts with Corrigan than at that moment. I ran Hurley-Burley up to $1500 before Corrigan let her go, and as I had won $250 in second money, I actually got her for $1250. Corrigan was good and sore over losing his home-bred filly. I couldn't help taking a parting shot.

"How's Lucky Dog getting along in your stable?" I called out to him, as I led Hurley-Burley away. But Corrigan didn't answer. He just walked away boiling mad.

The filly turned out even better than I had expected. She set a new track record for six furlongs at Washington Park soon after she had come to my barn, and a little later ran the mile and twenty yards faster than it had ever been run before on that track. People were beginning to take notice of her. The name Hurley-Burley was becoming better

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SOLID MAHOGANY

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

IT WAS the black water which brought out all Linda's secret terror of getting back home. When she left Miami in the afternoon, with Willie Penney's weather-beaten old fish boat chug-chugging down the glitter of Biscayne Bay, with Willie Penney's gnarled black paw steady on the unpainted helm, with the exhilaration of shops and crowded streets still in her mind, she was braced for anything. If the crawfish or the bonefish and pompano had sold well at the fish wharf, and if she had had enough left over from Sydney's hair tonic and canned mushrooms to buy something for the children, perhaps a yard of mosquito netting for Jamie's old fly net and a string of cheap blue beads for the Pobble, because they would look so darling with her smooth little yellow head, she was almost happy.

When the gilt and rose of the afterglow stained all the vast fragile sky and all the sea between the green humps of keys and the westward line of the Florida mainland, she could fold her small hands in her lap, pull off her hat and let the sweet great wind pour against her uplifted face until her mouth relaxed into its old softness and the frightened eyes grew wide and gray again. In that lovely last lingering of afterglow some white yacht would drive past them with a thutter and rush of foam, coming from the smart Cocolobo Key Club, just opposite her own end of key, and she could lift her head proudly and wave, feeling that after all she was Mrs. Sydney Craddock, fully the equal of any of those laughing white-clad women. Not one of those lounging yachtsmen was as tall and blond and utterly patrician as Sydney. When he was in one of his rare good moods and not drunk, he had a right to sneer at them, being a Craddock. And she was Mrs. Sydney Craddock, mother of two Craddock children. That proud distinction nothing could take away from her. It was a marvel on which she fed secretly.

Before the light went, her loyalty and her pride drank deep and were renewed. The bitter humiliation of the knowledge that because Sydney had married her he had been cut off by his family and brought to this, burned within her, changing the iron of her desire to steel. Because of that she served only more passionately everything she could learn of the splendid Craddock family tradition, breeding, intelligence, culture, position. Her children were to be brought up in that tradition, even if they were cut off from it. She had worked to make them worthy of the heritage denied. That determination, in the hour before the thick dark, was always an exalted certainty. Then her head was high and unafraid. And yet for all of this, when Willie Penney curved the boat's nose nearer the shadow of Cocolobo, and then, through winding channels among smaller keys, braced the helm suddenly for the tide that ran in from the sea through Cæsar's Creek, all that in one quivering moment was wiped out. Around her, who had been a timid small-town school-teacher, the black night and the black water boiled, deep and swift and infinitely sinister. The sight and sound and relentless pressure of it, lying between her and her children, stripped her of everything but sheer panic.

All her fears, which she had stamped down with her passion of loyalty in the brave daytime, linked to this fear of the black water and became dominant. As the boat fought forward through the black, under the black sky, her fear was also her fear of Sydney, his sneering disapproval when he was sober, his heavy cruel hand when he was drunk. It was her fear of the unguessed things he did on his long unexplained absences in Nassau or Havana. It was her fear for the children, not only for their food and shelter and clothing, precarious enough considering how rarely Sydney threw a little money at her, but for their minds and their futures, brought up like this. It was her fear that some day, any day, they would be forced to give up even this last foothold on respectability, this flimsy shack on an out-of-the-way island, because of something he might do. It was, in the last analysis, her fear of her own ignorance, her own weakness, her own inability to solve all the problems that the dark flood of life relentlessly brought her.

From the black mass that was Cæsar's Rock, a handful of mud and mangroves full in the tideway, a drunken voice lifted a high quavering shout. Linda clenched her hands to repress the long shudder that always ran over her at those drunken bootleg voices, which meant that a laden boat had come in from Nassau, perhaps bringing Sydney. She strained forward to see if Jamie had remembered the lantern. With a little gasp she saw it, a yellow fleck of light held steadily. Jamie never forgot anything. Her body warmed a little with her rush of pride and thankfulness.

But the terror reached its worst moment when she sat still, while Willie Penney shut off the engine and stood up to catch a piling, in the murky shadows of the wharf. Looking up, she could see the warm light of

There Was Something in Jamie's Dark Gravity, Between the Two Big Blond Men, That Struck Her Into Her Old Mood of Wonder That She Could Have Borne This Boy

the lantern splashing Jamie's lumpy bare knees, with the unhealed Florida sore on the right shin; could catch a glimpse of his face in the upper shadow, with the square Craddock jaw and the eyes deep set under the bar of eyebrows, too old, too grave a face even for an overgrown boy of thirteen. He stood looking down at her and she sat mute, with a mouth too dry to let her speak, clinging to the last moment of respite before whatever he had to tell her struck again at her heart.

Yet when she had scrambled up the shaking ladder her face put on automatically its mask of calm cheer, the gray eyes narrowed to hide her terror, the soft mouth fixed again in a firm smile. Her cheek rested only a moment on the boy's bony shoulder as she slipped an arm about him.

"A good day, Jamie," she said lightly. "The crawfish sold in the first half hour and I got five dollars for the pompano. And what do you think? You know that bookstore where you saw the tree book you wanted? I took the leaf from your tree there and the nicest man was interested and said he might —— Jamie, what's the matter with your face? Is father ——"

"Yes, he's back," Jamie said, trying to keep the great bruise by his eye out of the light she held to it. "Don't, mothie. It's all right. Amartha saw the boat coming in and she hid the Pobble over at her house. Father passed out on the porch and I got him to bed. He's been laying there all afternoon."

Through the beginning of a quiver she repressed instantly, Linda remembered to say, "Lying, dear; not laying. After all, when father gets out of a heavy sleep like that he's so nice in the morning. Jamie, what are you looking like that for? Is there anything else?"

Jamie's dark eyes were still fixed on her as he held the lantern for Willie Penney to unload the boat.

"Listen, mothie. After I got father to bed, Cousin George came to see you."

"Cousin George Craddock?" Linda clutched his arm in utter shock. Jamie nodded.

"Cousin George Craddock—here? Did he see father? Oh, why?"

The boy shook his head again.

"I kept him out of the bedroom. I knew you wouldn't want him to know. He said he thought it was time the last of the Craddocks got together. He'll be over in the morning. He came in that yacht over by the Cocolobo wharf."

Beyond the wide reach of dark, where the sea poured, with a low sound of whirlpools, over against the black mass of distant key, against a sky faintly lit with a few great stars, Linda saw the slender poles of a yacht, a blue riding light and white flecks of deck lights gleaming again in dark water. Beyond that there were lights in the clubhouse, lights hung about the clubhouse lawn. Over there the dark was not sinister, merely a decoration to light-hearted people's gayety. Linda stared, even while Jamie swung the lantern up the path to the house. Over there were the Craddocks. Tomorrow she would see them.

"Quick, Jamie," she said. "Run over and tell Amartha she's got to help me clean house right away if it takes all night. It's got to look nice for the morning."

Sydney was lying as she had seen him so many times, sprawled across her bed, breathing heavily. She lifted the lamp high to gaze at him. Her eyes held no softening gleam, either at the relaxed goodly length of him, at the coarse yellow hair that fell away from his unconscious forehead, or the red and white of his cheeks that was somehow miraculously maintained in spite of the dissipation which scored hollows under his eyes or masked the Craddock jaw in puffiness. When she bent over him it was not to sentimentalize but to judge how sober he might be made in the morning. She knew so well every step in the process.

Then she looked about the room. It was not such a bad room, only flimsy, like the house. She had painted the cheap sheathing a soft green, hung cretonne that was at least not too blatant at the windows, covered with it a chair they had found on the beach, hung up the three framed photographs of the Craddock family that she had rescued early from Sydney's belongings. Now she moved over to the largest of these, the one that showed Grandmother Craddock and Father and Mother Craddock on the porch of the stately white house in Brookline, the one with Sydney on his pony by the steps and Cousin George standing by grandmother. She knew every line in every proud, self-contained face; knew every turn of hand or straightness of neck; knew best of all, of course, Sydney's debonair grace on the pony, his long curls tossed back, his roguish smile at its most fascinating. But now she looked closely at the sturdier figure of Cousin George, straining to read what he would be like, grown up, in the morning. She stared until the cold chills of panic ran down her spine, and then moved quickly from the room to tell Amartha about the cleaning.

After he had put the Pobble to bed in the little cubby-hole off the kitchen, Jamie came up to her suddenly.

"Listen, moth!" he said. "What's the use your staying up all night and getting all excited about these old Craddocks? You're worth ten of any of them, with father thrown in extra on the side. What's the use of ——"

"Jamie"—Linda's head was up—"I will not have you speak of your father or his family in that tone. Please understand me. What they stand for I want you to be proud of, all your life. Father isn't to be blamed. You

Of the Two Men, He Was, in Spite of the Mantling of Soft Fat at His Diaphragm and Under His Jaw, the Finer Figure

mustn't say such things. And besides—oh, Jamie, I'm thinking of your future."

The boy stood scowling at a knot hole.

"What's that got to do with them?"

"Oh, Jamie, don't you see?" Linda's face went radiant. "If Cousin George likes you—if he sees that you and the Pobble are really Craddock children—maybe he'll put you somewhere in a good school, send you to college afterward, provide for the Pobble. Oh, I'll do anything, even to giving you up, if he'd only do that. I can't bear this place for you—this desolate key at the end of the world. I can't bear to have you going around fishing and working with nobody but an old negro, messing with those stringy plants. You ought to have better teachers than I can be. You ought to play with nice boys, rich men's sons. You ought to have a pony."

A slow grin moved across Jamie's face and he patted his mother's shoulder that was hardly taller than his own.

"Me with a pony! Don't make me laugh! For the cost of a pony I could get a good microscope and a bunch of tropical-plant books and tools and enough fertilizer to make this place a real botanical garden, with just the stuff that grows here, if I could only find out about all of it. Why, that one tree ——"

"James"—she looked at him with something so fiercely passionate in her face that the boy's eager voice was stopped abruptly—"please, you've got to promise me—you've got to—never to say anything like that to Cousin George, never! You mustn't let him know you like it here."

"But, mothie ——"

"You must listen to me, Jamie. I tell you, you must. Tomorrow you mustn't go roaming off with Willie Penney into the hammock or start doing anything with your seeds or anything dirty and grubby. And you've got to promise me not to get interested in any kind of horrid bug. Do you remember the time the man from Cocolobo came over here and you cried like a baby because he stepped on a spider you had been staring at for hours and hours? Jamie, I tell you, I can't have you acting like that tomorrow. I can't!"

Before the intensity that shook all her slight body, flamed in her eyes, the boy's face grew a slow red.

"But, mothie, my tree ——"

"Jamie, if you talk about that horrid tree to Cousin George tomorrow I'll —I'll burn it. You've got to act like a Craddock tomorrow. You've got to. Now promise!"

As soon as he had mumbled some sort of acquiescence, she moved feverishly about the living room, starting old Amartha at scrubbing the floor, choking down the memory of Jamie's hurt face. Oh, why must everything be so hard, now that there was some chance of its all coming out right? She remembered suddenly that she had not finished telling him about the man she had met in the bookshop, the dry, quiet little man who had been so interested in what she had told him about Jamie and the key. He had said he was a tropical-plant man himself and maybe he could get down to the key some day and tell Jamie some of the things he was crazy to know.

As Linda moved about the room, straightening the sorry wicker chairs, mending a tattered curtain, arranging the books better in the bookcase, bringing out her two glass candlesticks and trying to disguise tin cans with crêpe paper to hold flowers, she thrust from her a growing sense of remorse that she had not told Jamie that. It would have made him so happy. And yet what would be the use? Cousin George must be made to see the necessity of taking the children away from here, giving them their rights. Even if she had to give them up, she would do it. That thought, recurring, made her wince with its cutting edge. But she would—gladly, fearlessly. The children must have their chances.

Amartha Penney, scrubbing the floor with leisurely sweeps of her skinny black arms, rolled the discolored whites of her eyes at Linda's ashen face. For once even Amartha did not dare to say anything. Late at night Linda lay down on the couch in the living room, her mind racing madly from one detail to another. Then even that was blotted out suddenly by utter emotional exhaustion.

Yet the next morning it was as if a miracle had come brilliantly into flower. From her immaculate, shabby porch Linda saw the day rise glorious into its most diamondlike perfection. The morning sky was one intense turquoise, from which the sheer radiance of the tropic light swam dazzling on every leaf edge, every palmetto point, every viny tangle glittering down the slope, and struck the wide flowing expanse of water into one million-flecked sparkle. Beyond Cæsar's Rock the sea was one burning azure. The massed mangroves were emerald against it. Northward, on Cocolobo, the clubhouse behind the palm trees, the green floor of the grass, the yachts, white and bright brass by the long wharf, made one clear-cut picture as festive as a fashion magazine, as crisply cheerful as a railway poster. Over there, dominating everything else, was Cousin George's yacht. As Linda looked at it something leaped in her—a thrill that was not only a thrill of pride in its patrician smartness but something deeper, the sudden recognition of complete beauty.

Cousin George Craddock's yacht was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen in her life. Its sharp whiteness rested lightly, like a great bird, on the dancing scintillance of the water. Its delicate raked masts reached up, with a grace that clutched at her, into the clean wind. Bright awning edges rippled on the after deck. The bow was one clear curve forward, under the bowsprit, as if the lovely thing sensed the sea beyond and fretted for it. Linda, filling her eyes with its utter harmony, felt her mind relax its too tight grip on her purpose. She took a long breath, held her smooth head high. On such a morning as this nothing could go wrong. And truly it seemed as if that rash faith were justified. The shabby little house shone, took on, with the flowers Jamie brought silently from Willie Penney's garden—pale blue tufts of plumbago, yellow marigolds and armfuls of deep blue sage—an air of almost expansive leisure. The bruise by Jamie's eye hardly showed at all, and Jamie himself, in unaccustomed shoes and stockings, clumped docilely about, with his unruly black hair brushed and his bony strong hands clean and unfilled with roots, looking, as Linda felt, very much the gentleman's son indeed. Her heart swelled at the thorough way he had kept his promise. Not even once had he so much as glanced at his beloved tree, which in the morning light shimmered and whispered near the corner of the porch; that nameless tree whose tiny, pointed, glossy leaves and strange smooth trunk had so fascinated him always. Jamie's Tree they called it, not knowing any other name, and he had made its shadow a kind of crude laboratory for his tree-snail shells and his dried beetle cases. He spent hours under it, drawing sponges from the outer beach, or studying the way a land crab's big claw grew again, or listing seeds and leaves from the deeper jungle. Instead, this morning, he brought her, from some secret fastness of his own, one great purple orchid, sacrificing it to her one vase without a tremor. Its strange color filled the room with richness and fascinated the Pobble, herself a smart fat thing in pink gingham, her round blue eyes solemn with the strange feelings of the day, her hair a Dutch cap of pale soft gold. She trudged carefully about after Linda, crooning interminably one of her private epics, not once getting into dirt or mischief. But these were minor. The greatest was the miracle of Sydney.

As Linda had known, after one of those deep, heavy stupors he generally emerged slow-moving, vaguely docile. But this morning, after the quick plunge she urged him to, he strode up the slope with quite an air of vitality, his yellow hair a glinting tangle, his face ruddy, his gray eyes almost blue. It was the news about Cousin George that had done it, of course, and the sight of the yacht. Recognizing that, Linda felt a little warming throb in the heavy stone thing that her heart had become in regard to him. Perhaps it was going to be true, what she had desperately tried to believe, that if his own proper background and family tradition were restored to him he would change back into what he had been when they were married. The thought of that possibility so fluttered in Linda's throat that when she saw the launch from the yacht cutting straight to their wharf she had to dash into the bedroom and clutch the dressing table with both trembling hands properly to compose herself. When she looked into the mirror she saw a wide-eyed girl, with soft, parted lips and cheeks that burned exquisitely. Her ash-brown hair was sleekly demure at her temples. Her clean blue gingham flirted about her as she turned. Oh, it was all coming right in the end! It must!

"Ah, George, my boy," she heard Sydney say as she crossed the living room. Even in her excitement she had time to admire the superiority of these Craddocks, bridging the years with a crisp word. The voice that answered Sydney was of the same caliber, older perhaps, more suave, more sure. Then she was on the threshold and Cousin George was taking her hand in a smooth large grip.

"This is Linda, I'm sure," he said. "Sydney, my dear old chap, what a lovely child she is!"

And Linda flushed under the cool brushing of his lips across her cheek.

While Cousin George was shaking Jamie's limp paw and picking up the Pobble, Linda had time to notice his tall, thick-set figure, the bald head burned a delicate pink above the gray tufts at the ears, the narrow eyes under thick-lensed expensive-looking glasses, the gray goatee that made all elegant. There was not much look of Sydney that she could see at first, glancing over at her husband, his clean white shirt collar open at the throat and showing the

(Continued on Page 62

Later the Pobble, Seraphically Calm Again, Was Coaxed to Cousin George's Knee Opposite the Hand That Held the Cocktail Glass

SAM IN THE SUBURBS

"Oh, I'm All Right for the Present, Thanks. I Pinched Close on Fifty Pounds From a Man This Morning"

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

IT IS not given to every girl who makes prophecies to find those prophecies fulfilled within a few short hours of their utterance; and the emotions of Claire Lippett, as she confronted Sam in the hall of San Rafael, were akin to those of one who sees the long shot romp in ahead of the field or who unexpectedly solves the cross-word puzzle. Only that evening she had predicted that burglars would invade the house, and here one was, as large as life.

Mixed, therefore, with her disapproval of this midnight marauder, was a feeling almost of gratitude to him for being there. Of fear she felt no trace. She presented the pistol with a firm hand.

One calls it a pistol for the sake of technical accuracy. To Sam's startled senses it appeared like a young cannon, and so deeply did he feel regarding it that he made it the subject of his opening remark—which, by all the laws of etiquette, should have been a graceful apology for and explanation of his intrusion.

"Steady with the gat!" he urged.

"What say?" said Claire coldly.

"The lethal weapon—be careful with it. It's pointing at me."

"I know it's pointing at you."

"Oh, well, so long as it only points," said Sam.

He felt a good deal reassured by the level firmness of her tone. This was plainly not one of those neurotic, fluttering females whose fingers cannot safely be permitted within a foot of a pistol trigger.

There was a pause. Claire, still keeping the weapon poised, turned the gas up. Upon which, Sam, rightly feeling that the ball of conversation should be set rolling by himself, spoke again.

"You are doubtless surprised," he said, plagiarizing the literary style of Mr. Todhunter, "to see me here."

"No, I'm not."

"You're not?"

"No. You keep those hands of yours up."

Sam sighed.

"You wouldn't speak to me in that harsh tone," he said, "if you knew all I had been through. It is not too much to say that I have been persecuted this night."

"Well, you shouldn't come breaking into people's houses," said Claire primly.

"You are laboring under a natural error," said Sam. "I did not break into this charming little house. My presence, Mrs. Braddock, strange as it may seem, is easily explained."

"Who are you calling Mrs. Braddock?"

"Aren't you Mrs. Braddock?"

"No."

"You aren't married to Mr. Braddock?"

"No, I'm not."

Sam was a broad-minded young man.

"Ah, well," he said, "in the sight of God, no doubt ——"

"I'm the cook."

"Oh," said Sam, relieved, "that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Well, you know, it seemed a trifle odd for a moment that you should be popping about here at this time of night with your hair in curlers and your little white ankles peeping out from under a dressing gown."

"Coo!" said Claire in a modest flutter. She performed a swift adjustment of the garment's folds.

"But if you're Mr. Braddock's cook ——"

"Who said I was Mr. Braddock's cook?"

"You did."

"I didn't any such thing. I'm Mr. Wrenn's cook."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Wrenn."

This was a complication which Sam had not anticipated.

"Let us get this thing straight," he said. "Am I to understand that this house does not belong to Mr. Braddock?"

"Yes, you are. It belongs to Mr. Wrenn."

"But Mr. Braddock had a latchkey."

"He's staying here."

"Ah!"

"What do you mean—ah?"

"I intended to convey that things are not so bad as I thought they were. I was afraid for a moment that I had got into the wrong house. But it's all right. You see, I met Mr. Braddock a short while ago and he brought me back here to spend the night."

"Oh?" said Claire. "Did he? Ho! Oh, indeed?"

Sam looked at her anxiously. He did not like her manner.

"You believe me, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"But surely ——"

"If Mr. Braddock brought you here, where is he?"

"He went away. He was, I regret to say, quite considerably squiffed. Immediately after letting me in he dashed off, banging the door behind him."

"Likely!"

"But listen, my dear little girl ——"

"Less of it!" said Claire austerely. "It's a bit thick if a girl can't catch a burglar without having him start to flirt with her."

"You wrong me!" said Sam. "You wrong me! I was only saying ——"

"Well, don't."

"But this is absurd. Good heavens, use your intelligence! If my story wasn't true, how could I know anything about Mr. Braddock?"

"You could easily have asked around. What I say is if you were all right and you really knew Mr. Braddock you wouldn't be going about in a suit of clothes like that. You look like a tramp."

"Well, I've just come off a tramp steamer. You mustn't go judging people by appearance. I should have thought they would have taught you that at school."

"Never you mind what they taught me at school."

"You have got me all wrong. I'm a millionaire—or rather, my uncle is."

"Mine's the Shah of Persia."

"And a few weeks ago he sent me over to England, the idea being that I was to sail on the Mauretania. But that would have involved sharing a suite with a certain Lord Tilbury and the scheme didn't appeal to me. So I missed the ship and came over on a cargo boat instead."

He paused. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the story sounded thin. He passed it in a swift review before his mind. Yes, thin.

And it was quite plain from her expression that the resolute young lady before him shared this opinion.

She wrinkled her small nose skeptically, and, having finished wrinkling it, sniffed.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," said Sam. "True though it is, it has a phony ring. Really to digest that story, you have to know Lord Tilbury. If you had the doubtful pleasure of the acquaintance of that king of bores, you would see that I acted in the only possible way. However, if it's too much for you, let it go, and we will approach the matter from a new angle. The whole trouble seems to be my clothes, so I will make you a sporting offer. Overlook them for the moment, give me your womanly trust and allow me to sleep on the drawing-room sofa for the rest of the night, and not only will blessings reward you but I will promise you—right here and now—that in a day or two I will call at this house and let you see me in the niftiest rig-out that ever man wore. Imagine it! A brand-new suit, custom-made, silk serge linings, hand sewed, scallops on the pocket flaps—and me inside! Is it a bet?"

"No, it isn't."

"Think well! When you first see that suit you will say to yourself that the coat doesn't seem to sit exactly right. You will be correct. The coat will not sit exactly right. And why? Because there will be in the side pocket a large box of the very finest mixed chocolates, a present for a good girl. Come now! The use of the drawing-room for the few remaining hours of the night. It is not much to ask."

Claire shook her head inflexibly.

"I'm not going to risk it," she said. "By rights I ought to march you out into the street and hand you over to the policeman."

"And have him see you in curling pins? No, no!"

"What's wrong with my curling pins?" demanded Claire fiercely.

"Nothing, nothing," said Sam hastily. "I admire them. It only occurred to me as a passing thought ——"

"The reason I don't do it is because I'm tender-hearted and don't want to be too hard on a feller."

"It is a spirit I appreciate," said Sam. "And would that there had been more of it abroad in London this night."

"So out you go, and don't let me hear no more of you. Just buzz off, that's all I ask. And be quick about it, because I need my sleep."

"I was wrong about those chocolates," said Sam. "Silly mistake to make. What will really be in that side pocket will be a lovely diamond brooch."

"And a motor car and a ruby ring and a new dress and a house in the country, I suppose. Outside!"

He accepted defeat. The manly spirit of the Shotters was considerable, but it could be broken.

"Oh, all right, I'll go. One of these days, when my limousine splashes you with mud, you will be sorry for this."

"And don't bang the door behind you," counseled the ruthless girl.

VIII

STANDING on the steps and gazing out into the blackness, Sam now perceived that in the interval between his entrance into San Rafael and his exit therefrom, the night, in addition to being black, had become wet. A fine rain had begun to fall, complicating the situation to no small extent.

For some minutes he remained where he was, hoping for Mr. Braddock's return. But the moments passed and no sound of footsteps, however distant, broke the stillness, so, after going through a brief commination service in which the names of Hash Todhunter, Claude Bates and Willoughby Braddock were prominently featured, he decided to make a move. And it was as he came down from the steps onto the little strip of gravel that he saw a board leaning drunkenly toward him a few paces to his left, and read on that board the words "To Let, Furnished."

This opened up an entirely new train of thought. It revealed to him what he had not previously suspected, that the house outside which he stood was not one house but two houses. It suggested, moreover, that the one to which the board alluded was unoccupied, and the effect of this was extraordinarily stimulating.

He hurried along the gravel; and rounding the angle of the building, saw dimly through the darkness a structure attached to its side which looked like a conservatory. He bolted in; and with a pleasant feeling of having circumvented Fate, sat down on a wooden shelf intended as a resting place for potted geraniums.

But Fate is not so easily outmaneuvered. Fate, for its own inscrutable reasons, had decided that Sam was to be thoroughly persecuted tonight, and it took up the attack again without delay. There was a sharp cracking sound and the wooden shelf collapsed in ruin. Sam had many excellent qualities, but he did not in the least resemble a potted geranium, and he went through the woodwork as if it had been paper. And Fate, which observes no rules of the ring and has no hesitation about hitting a man when he is down, immediately proceeded to pour water down his neck through a hole in the broken roof.

Sam rose painfully. He saw now that he had been mistaken in supposing that this conservatory was a home from home. He turned up his coat collar and strode wrathfully out into the darkness. He went round to the back of the house with the object of ascertaining if there was an outside coal cellar where a man might achieve dryness, if not positive comfort. And it was as he stumbled along that he saw the open window.

It was a sight which in the blackness of the night he might well have missed; but suffering had sharpened his senses, and he saw it plainly—an open window only a few feet above the ground. Until this moment the idea of actually breaking into the house had not occurred to him; but now, regardless of all the laws which discourage such behavior, he put his hand on the sill and scrambled through. The rain, as if furious at the escape of its prey, came lashing down like a shower bath.

Sam moved carefully on. Groping his way, he found himself at the foot of a flight of stairs. He climbed these cautiously and became aware of doors to left and right.

The room to the right was empty, but the other one contained a bed. It was a bed, however, that had been reduced to such a mere scenario that he decided to leave it and try

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"Not Actually Lives Here—Not in This Very House?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1925

Unfinished Business

UNCLE SAM has before him the unpleasant task of suppressing three kinds of bootlegging—namely, unlawful traffic in alcoholic liquors, in narcotic drugs and in aliens excluded by immigration laws. The meaner and dirtier a job is, the more important it is to get it done promptly and thoroughly. The present task is no exception to this principle. It is an ideal case to cite in support of its soundness.

The issue is not the comparative merits of wetness and dryness, not the social effects of dope selling, not the wisdom of our immigration laws. The basic issue, the one that sticks out like a sore thumb, is whether Uncle Sam is to be master in his own house; whether his duly enacted statutes against bootlegging are to be obeyed, or whether they are to be flouted and sneered at in public and in private, by high and low, rich and poor, alien and citizen.

The reduction of the supply of bootleg liquor from a torrent to a trickle is bound to take much time, money, brains and voltage. It will no doubt divert government activity from productive channels. Viewed from certain angles, the accomplishment will cost more than it will come to. As a money-making enterprise, there may be nothing in it. And yet every thinking man knows that, cost what it may, this one great assertion of authority is vital and imperative.

Government must maintain its authority or go out of business; and ours is no exception. When law is a laughing-stock and the hazards of crime are not much greater than those of lawful business, government, as conceived by civilized nations, is at an end.

The United States has a long way to go before it will come to such a pass; but until bootlegging of all sorts shall have been brought under tight control, that is the direction in which we shall be heading. The time has come for a show-down and a turn-about. The strengthening of law enforcement is the greatest piece of unfinished business before the country.

Much efficient work has already been done. Rum Row, that dingy flotilla operating off the Atlantic Coast, has dwindled to a fraction of its former strength; and the soaring prices quoted in seaboard hooch markets offer convincing testimony to the successful activities of the Coast Guard.

On the other hand, some prohibition officials appear to have guarded stores of seized liquors with little more care and system than if they were so many lots of scrap iron. Time after time Federal prosecuting attorneys when trying a case have been challenged to produce their physical evidence, only to find that it has been stolen from its lawful custodians.

Treasury officials estimate the value of liquor smuggled into the country during the year 1924 at not less than forty million dollars. In addition to this leak, account must be taken of the millions of gallons of alcohol which are withdrawn from distilleries by permit, ostensibly for manufacturing purposes but actually for the consumption of the less fastidious patrons of the bootlegging industry. The methods and system employed to detect diversions by these permit holders are childish, a Federal grand jury lately reported after months of study.

The whole system of control governing distilleries, denaturing plants and pretended users of alcohol for manufacturing purposes is such that gross violations of the law have been easy; and conviction is difficult except when long immunity has made lawbreakers careless.

Until last December carloads of alcohol were sometimes shipped from city to city with less official attention than attends the passage of a single ounce of narcotic from manufacturer and jobber through apothecary and physician to a score of sick persons who are using it lawfully under medical direction.

While carloads of contraband spirits have been whisked about the country without detection, official activity in other directions has frequently made it difficult for the sick and aged, armed with prescriptions from reputable physicians, to buy at fair prices, or even at any price, the pure stimulant the doctor has ordered. This achievement has made more enemies than friends even in the most respectable and law-abiding quarters.

Congress, courts and governmental agencies will be upon the defensive until there is a decided change for the better all along the line. The difficulties that beset prohibition officials are undeniably great; but making due allowance for them all, even including the sinister influence of politics and the spirit of those who admit they are beaten before they start, the country is fed up on excuses and wants to see some results commensurate with our national dignity. If the men and methods to which we now look for the enforcement of prohibition are failures, better men and better methods must be found to replace them.

Dope sellers have been much more roughly handled than the hooch peddlers. The eight and ten year prison sentences imposed in many cases are beginning to have their effect; but leniency shown to boys and girls hired as distributors of narcotics has resulted in the employment of large numbers of children for this purpose. Dope selling is not a pretty business, and the phases of it which involve boys and girls do not make pleasant reading.

Bootlegging of aliens across our land frontiers continues to be a well-paying industry. Some authorities declare that from three hundred to a thousand aliens a day are smuggled into the country across the Canadian and the Mexican frontiers. The border patrols are said to be doing good work; but their numbers are far too small to guard as they should the 3800 miles of boundary under their jurisdiction.

Experience is rapidly teaching us that all aliens should be registered and required to report themselves at stated intervals. If we cannot keep tabs on them without fingerprinting them, the sooner Congress authorizes the system the better. The price of lampblack is not prohibitive. There is not the smallest valid reason why we should not employ European police precautions when dealing with slippery Europeans.

Twenty years ago criminals who flouted local authorities year in and year out were careful not to bring down upon themselves the heavy hand of the Federal Government. When Maine declared for prohibition speakeasies continued to flourish, but almost without exception they placated the Washington Government by paying Federal license fees.

It has remained for a new generation of bootleggers to break down Uncle Sam's old prestige and morale. If the Government lies down on the job of law enforcement they will become bolder and more arrogant. If it bends every energy to cleaning them out, root and branch, and considers the job as the greatest piece of unfinished business before it, we shall get action aplenty, and bootlegging will soon be listed among the hazardous occupations. There are substantial grounds for believing that this is what will come to pass—tardily, to be sure, but better late than never.

The Skyrocketing of Prices

WHILE the price of cattle has been dragging and the price of sugar has been sagging, the prices of wheat, wool and hogs have tried to copy the skyrocket; and with spectacular success that is more pleasurable to the onlooker than to the men directly engaged in dealing with these commodities. Though the growers were delighted with the rise of prices, the decline finds them less appreciative. To merchants, however, such price movements are about as dangerous on the ascent as on the descent. To the consumer, a moderate stable price will usually be found to be better than the same price when it is the average of a high and a low price. The fluctuations of prices are really more important than the level of price.

From early summer to late January, wheat rose from a dollar to two dollars a bushel, then declined to a dollar and a half. From late summer to January, wool rose about forty per cent, and then declined to practically the level of last summer. From December to March, hogs rose from ten to fourteen dollars, and then declined to eleven dollars. These performances were not exactly synchronous, but strikingly close together.

The wheat price is a world price, registered in futures markets in the big grain exchanges of the several continents. The wool price is a world price, registered in auctions in Bradford, in Boston and in Australasia, there being no wool exchanges. The hog price is an American price, influenced to some extent by futures trading in hog products, but practically determined by the volume of delivery of hogs to the large stockyards and the bids of packing houses they evoke there. It is very difficult to picture any speculative influence at once at work in the three price movements. It is difficult to picture any agricultural condition that would find expression in the three price movements. It is difficult to picture any consumers' reaction that would at once have forced price declines in the three materials. There is a fellow feeling among rising prices, also among falling prices, and this may have intensified movements already under way. The rise in price of hogs must have been due to actual or prospective shortage of hogs, the result of high-priced corn; but it was not due to the same kind of shortage that was anticipated in wheat—a close fit between the year's supply and demand. So far as the decline in price of wheat was due to relaxation of the fears of Europe, that was different from the decline in price of hogs, for the supply of which Europe felt no concern. There has been a relative shortage of certain wools, but no one felt any obvious concern over his next year's suit.

The decline in price of wool is explained as a revolt against high price. The decline in price of hogs cannot in the same manner be explained as the result of a revolt against the price of pork products. Nor can the drastic decline in price of wheat be explained as a result of a buyers' strike on bread. Clearly, these rises and declines had their own causes, mainly.

The farmers who marketed in the period of high prices were richly rewarded. The merchants who were holding the high-priced commodities when the prices declined suffered heavy losses, unless protected by hedging. To judge from reports now emanating from England the losses flowing out of the boom wool prices will be very heavy. Nor will these losses seem any lighter because dominions of the British Empire were largely the gainers.

In the long run such price behaviors do little good to producers, little good to consumers, and do great harm to manufacturers and traders. Something is missing in our study of trade conditions when supply and demand cannot be more closely evaluated than has been the case with wheat, wool and hogs during this season.

CAPTURING THE SIMPLE LIFE; OR, THE BOOM IN FLORIDA

By Will Payne

THIS tract of flat sandy land, wooded with tall Southern pines and bordering the sea, sold three years ago at $125 an acre. It is now cut up into lots that will run about four to the acre, allowing for streets and alleys. The lots sold last winter at $5000 apiece. That looks like a fair profit.

In order to sell lots it is not even necessary, at the beginning, to have land. People used to say the supply of real estate was strictly limited; God made just so much and retired from the business. They know better than that in Florida.

A big dredge will pump sand from the bottom of the shallow coastal water and make land at the rate of five acres a month. By the time the thick gritty soup begins to pour from the dredge pipe you may have sold enough lots to cover the cost of pumping up the whole tract.

Here is a marshy coast, seven miles from the nearest post office. Two years ago it was at least half that distance from any human habitation, with the possible exception of a stray shack. There is hardly a human habitation within long rifle shot of it now. Low tide uncovers irregular sand flats beyond the last line of dwarf brush. Herons, sandpipers and fiddler crabs—the only inhabitants so far—contemplate some huge black and yellow signs, standing in two feet of water at high tide, that read, The Casino, The Merry-Go-Round, The Roman Plunge, The Dancing Pavilion, and so on. The dredge hasn't started to pump sand, but many lots have been sold.

It all sounds quite extravagant, even quite foolish. But it has been happening in many spots along both coasts of Florida and inland. The man who bought a lot three years ago for $10,000 and leased it this year at a net rental of $10,000 per annum is really there, with real rent money in a real bank; also the woman who paid $100 for a lot in the fall and sold it for $500 in the spring.

These facts have been well advertised, not only locally but nationally, newspapers in cooler regions devoting much space to Florida's real-estate boom and generally treating it humorously as an amusing instance of insanity. Of course there is a reason for the boom, and a very good one. It means that capturing the simple life is becoming a major industry.

I have never known anyone who did not, theoretically, admire the simple life and wish to achieve it. Dip into the literature of any period in the past and you will find the people of that period deploring the complexity of their lives—looking back with a sigh to a lost state of simplicity. No doubt wanting to live simply, as their ancestors used to, has been a chronic state of mankind since the stone age.

For example, there is Diogenes. For more than two thousand years he has been an object of universal admiration because he lived in a tub—which is all anybody really knows about him. Living in a dry-goods box would involve elements of complication. One might lose the lid or tear one's trousers on a nail. A round, lidless, nail-less tub seems to be the last word in simplicity. Because Diogenes lived in one, seventy generations of school children, speaking seventy different tongues, have been taught to honor him.

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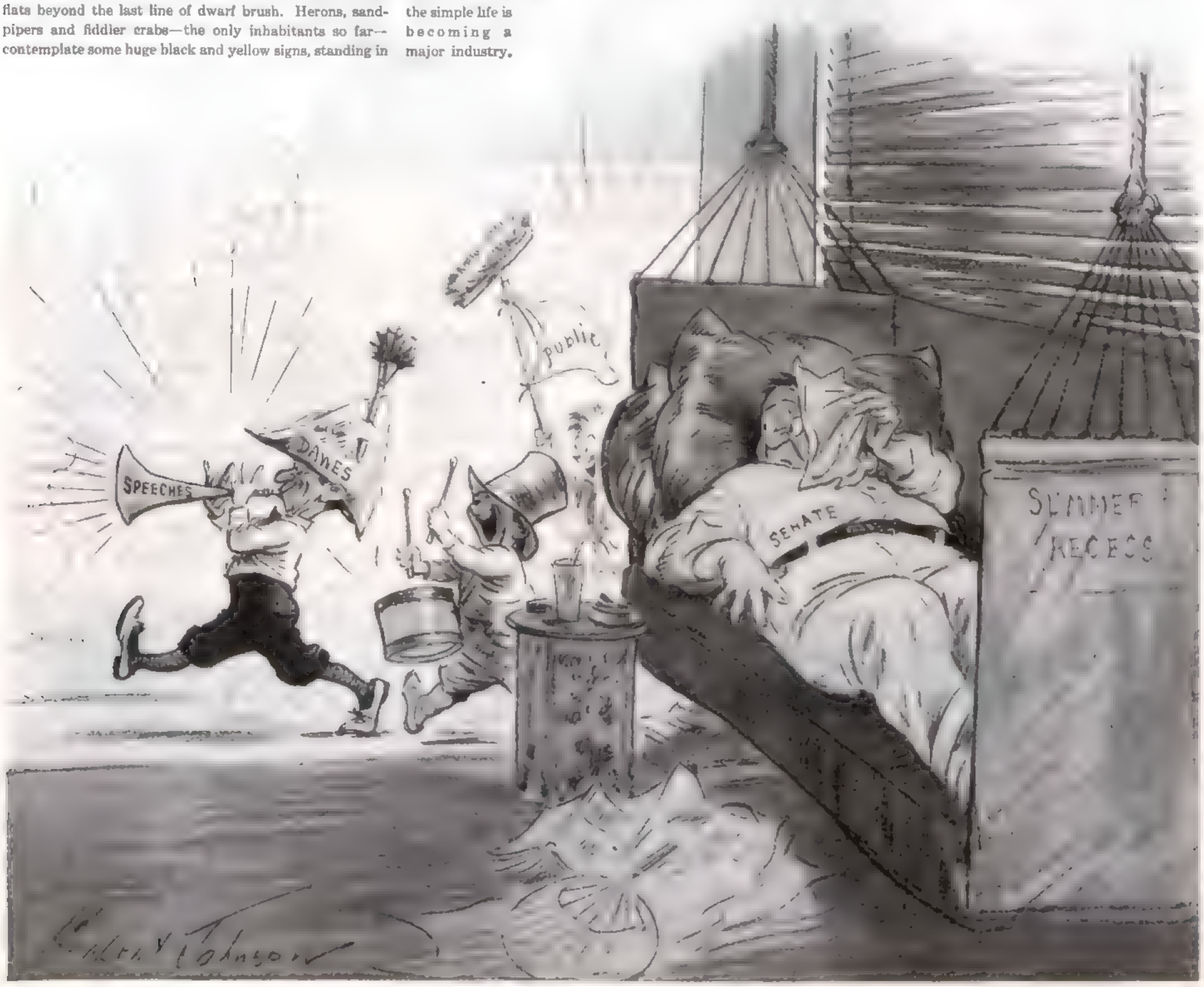

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

If Ever

TIME was, with patience like to Job's,
The sated public hoped to see
The end of farces full of robes
De nuit.

Each week came new ones, willy-nilly;
Through bedrooms cantered heroes flighty
And heroines—oft in the frilly
Nightie.

All's changed. The drama rose above
Such fluff; it has grim truths to utter,
Stern facts about the ladies of
The gutter.

They pass, in rags and tattered tams,
Through pangs at which one's pity swells.
True art demands, of course, some "damns"
And "hells"

As well as words a bit obscene,
For, when enraged, a pavement-walker
Is not, you must admit, so clean
A talker.

And if a jury's sent to see
The play, and threatens woes condign,
Or should the star most virtuously
Resign

(And keep on playing just the same)
All this but helps the cause of Art.
The public, after somewhat tame
A start,

Remarks, "The stage has fallen low!
This play is rank, or pretty near it!
Yet how can we be sure? Let's go
And hear it."

And so we blush from style to style,
Follow each tale of drab and roué;
Each year we're shocked by something vile
A new way.

Oh, for a year when we shall balk,
Just turn our backs and simply flout them.
(Perhaps 'twould help if we'd not talk
About them!)

—Jerome B. Barry.

That First Night in the Open

Epitaphs From an Imaginary Churchyard

HERE lie the bones of Archie Pullet,
Who died by an assassin's bullet
May time his neighbors' judgment soften!
He said "All righty" once too often.

* * * * * *

This man, who harped of his "reactions,"
Is gone beyond the world's distractions.
The few who mourn him hope that he
Is not where he deserves to be.

* * * * * *

Here sleeps the lad of doubtful fame,
Who spoke of selling as a "game."
Some folks assert that Homer Duff
Has not been buried deep enough.

* * * * *

Here lies what's left of Wilbur Rising,
Destroyed while psycho-analyzing.
The lesson of his sad decease is
That "R.I.P." means "Rest in Pieces."

—Otto Freund.

A Gothamite in Camelot

NOW James H. Brown in Gotham Town
Did live and work and play;
Away from there he'd seldom fare
And almost never stray!

Most commonplace in form and face
Our hero was, I wot,
Till, on a time, he dreamed he was
A knight in Camelot.

He had a helmet on his head
And armor round his form
Of iron wrought—the which he thought
Uncomfortably warm.

"What's this," he cried, "that I'm inside?
And what's this mast I hold?"
(It was a lance; his ignorance
Is fearful to behold.)

His lackey spoke: "Sire, gentlefolk
On these things place reliance
For jousts with knights and sundry fights
With ogres, dragons, giants!"

Then with a frown spake James H. Brown:
"All right, kid, lead me to it;
This knightly stuff sounds kind of rough,
But maybe I can do it!"

So James H. Brown began to tilt,
And in a manner breezy
He dodged each blow, then tripped his foe,
And chuckled, "This is easy!"

The dragons, too, he blithely slew,
And giants, fierce and dread ones,

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Why Justice is Impartial

JUROR No. 1—Prides himself on his insight into human nature; can tell by defendant's conduct in court he is guilty.

Juror No. 2—Prides himself on his insight into human nature; can tell by defendant's conduct in court he is innocent.

Juror No. 3—Has brother-in-law who grins like defendant; would readily believe any charge brought against his brother-in-law

Juror No. 4—District attorney's pug nose reminds him of the boy who used to put icicles down his back.

Juror No. 5—Sore at state for making him lose ten dollars a day in his business through jury service.

Juror No. 6—Doesn't permit himself to follow evidence closely; wouldn't for the world let anything spoil oratorical effect of speech he is saving for jury room.

Juror No. 7—Not aware half the time whether state or defense witness is on stand; too busy plotting refined murder of janitor responsible for lack of fresh air in court room.

Juror No. 8—Same as No. 7—only victim is going to be the guy that let in too much fresh air.

Juror No. 9—Can't bear way defense counsel splits infinitives.

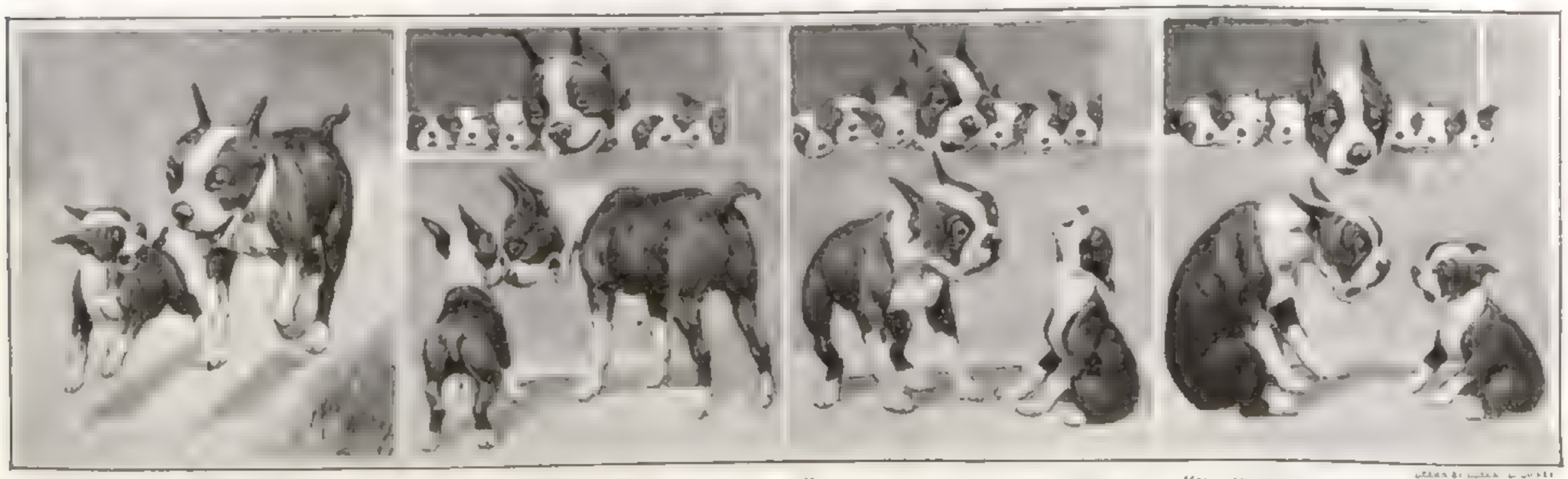
Juror No. 10—Defense counsel certainly uses wonderful English.

Juror No. 11—Any man ought to be convicted who wears such loud socks.

Juror No. 12—Perfectly evident defendant is man of good taste and therefore all right. Has had his hair cut in same style as hair of Juror No. 12

—H. Hovious Rafferty.

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Buster Son, Mother Has a Wonderful Surprise for You at Home

"Look, Old Boy! Six Dear Little Brothers and Sisters

"What's All the Row About? I Thought You Would be Pleased"

"You Wouldn't be Pleased if You Had to Have Your Nose Out of Joint Six Times"

Everybody should eat Pea Soup

Have it for dinner tonight!

Everybody is better for having plenty of wholesome and nourishing vegetable foods in the regular diet.

Good pea soup—Campbell's—is rich in this valuable vegetable nutriment so beneficial to the whole family, from the children up.

And it is so delicious, so refreshing in flavor, so appealing to the appetite! It will be a sure favorite—one of the dishes everybody is glad to see on your table.

Made from selected peas in the greatest soup kitchens in the world. Rich country butter. Blending and seasoning by Campbell's French chefs. Just taste this pea soup!

Thousands of housewives always prepare their Cream of Pea with Campbell's. It's so convenient to have such good pea soup already prepared for you! All you have to do is to stir in the milk, according to the simple directions on the label!

This Campbell's scout will put to rout
All girls in competition.
In games or books or handsome looks
She wins on good nutrition!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

TRUST

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Alexis Pushed Paula Aside and Began to Dig Frantically With His Strong Stubby Claws, Removing a Few Loose Stones and a Little Turf, But Nothing Else

VIII

ALMOST anything might happen now, John reflected as he slipped along Indian fashion, availing himself of the cover offered by the broken ground. The most that he could hope for was that Alwyn might not run into this expedition unawares or give an alarm by calling out. If she first went back to the camp, all would be well.

One important factor was in John's favor—the still dense fog; this and the fact that Paula and her companions, believing themselves to be the only persons on the island, did not moderate their voices. The range of them was longer than the visibility, John thought, so that Alwyn, wherever she might be, was pretty sure to hear the party before it could discover her, even if she were in the open.

This audibility now made John's stalking easy. Civilized humans not being endowed with the scent of lower animals, he had only to circle as he saw fit, keeping his ears alert and without reference to the trend of the wind or its back eddies. Paula had been chattering volubly when she disembarked, and John hoped that she might keep it up.

Apparently she had, for on cutting across to flank the place where they had unearthed the money the day before, and near which John thought it probable that the rest would be cached, he presently heard her voice again. The cover for this sort of close scouting was good all over the island, and on approaching cautiously John peered out from behind a low bushy spruce tree and saw three dim figures standing beside the white bowlder, not fifty feet away. Two of them—Paula and one of the men—were close together, engaged in conversation, of which he could get only fragments. The other man was some distance farther on. Paula, as John immediately gathered, was defending her action in permitting the discovery of the cache.

"How could I make sure?" she said. "He might not have been such a fool as he looks. And it's lucky for you—I needed help."

They moved on parallel to the shore and back from it about a hundred feet. As the fog absorbed them, John followed, keeping farther inland, under cover of the woods' edge. He wondered what Paula meant by the words "lucky for you," and needing any help. A big stone to be moved, perhaps; one that would require the effort of two men to shift. But this did not seem reasonable, as the Grand must have managed it alone. Paula's voice reached his ears again.

"That must be it. There's the cleft rock and the streak of white quartz. It's this big flat one, like the other—right in line."

John crept closer. The ground right here descended like a series of three rough terraces, of which he was on the highest. Paula and the two men were on the next, which was about twenty yards in width. From this the rock dropped fairly sheer to the broken shore line beneath. Slipping behind a mass of rock, John looked through a fissure on its edge.

He saw with fair distinctness Paula and a man of medium height, but very broad of back, looking down at a flat stone of somewhat the same sort as the one that had covered the other cache.

The third man, as before, stood well apart, as if keeping a respectful distance.

A servant, perhaps, John thought. Even rather dimly seen through the fog, there was something about his attitude and soft black hat and overcoat with the collar up that suggested a house menial, valet or butler. He was staring out across the water in the fashion of a disconsolate castaway, his back to John.

And at this moment Paula called sharply, "Hobbs, come here and help."

Hobbs! John might have guessed it. So the waiter had been *particeps criminis* after all. It occurred suddenly to John that the two men and Paula herself might have been associated with the Grand in some of his criminal enterprises, a part of his mob. Alwyn had said something about Paula's peculiar friends.

At Paula's curt order Hobbs turned his narrow high-beaked face and joined the two others. The first man slipped off his ulster. They stooped down and grappled with the stone indicated by Paula, but without success. John could hear the broad man grunt as he expended what must have been a very considerable strength.

"It is very thick," he said. "We can barely move it."

"Here, let me help."

Paula crowded in between them. The stone, so far as John could determine, might have been about three feet long. But no doubt it was, as the first man had said, far thicker than the other, as their united efforts failed to dislodge it.

"We shall have to do as Argent did," Paula panted—"get an oar from the boat."

"No, we have loosened it. Let us get our breath and we will try again."

"I don't want to break my fingers, Alexis."

"Here, put on my gloves over your own. They are heavy. Let me get at the end, where I can get a better hold."

They made another effort. But John was not watching them. He had caught at that moment a slight sound some distance behind him. Turning, he saw Alwyn stealing along toward him between the trees. John made a warning gesture. Alwyn nodded, then slipped up crouchingly to his side.

At the same moment Paula cried, "It's coming! Now!"

Apparently the stone had loosened in its bed, swung a little to the side, for Alexis straightened up and said, "That is better. One good pull and we can tip it back."

They rested for a moment. John felt for Alwyn's hand and gave it a little squeeze. He was not surprised to find it cold. The case looked pretty bad for Paula. It was just as he had thought, up to a certain point. He could not yet understand why she had brought two men to share in whatever might be found. If the three could turn back or swing aside the stone by tugging at it with their hands alone, then even Paula by herself ought to have been able to manage it with a lever of some sort.

Glancing at Alwyn then, John saw that her face was very pale. But her gray eyes were gleaming. There was nothing much to be said now in defense of Paula. But John wondered at her having let him find anything at all, when he had so frankly stated his intention of taking them to the right place, come what might of it. The only explanation would seem to be that she had preferred Alwyn's getting a certain share rather than to find herself under the watchful

(Continued on Page 34)

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Ocean to ocean, at top speed all the way! Given a clear road, that is what you could do with the Hupmobile Eight. You could stand it and the car would welcome it. That's the kind of a car it is. Drive it 50 miles an hour and try to recall, if you can, its like for superb riding. These are some of the things you'll vainly seek anywhere but in the Hupmobile Eight. They are some of the things you will want the moment you know how much they mean in better, easier, more satisfactory motoring.

The Hupmobile Eight Roadster is unusually well equipped with the most desirable roadster features. The rear deck conceals a folding rumble seat which, when in position, affords comfortable, safe space—with ample leg room—for two additional passengers. The top is so arranged that it can easily be removed, and the back curtain can be taken off at will, so that the rear seat occupants are not isolated from those in front. Even with the rumble seat in use, a large door in the right side of the body gives access to a roomy luggage space.

There are four body types on the Eight, not excelled within $1000 of their prices in beauty, finish and equipment. Five-passenger Sedan, Four-passenger Coupe, Touring Car and Roadster. Equipment includes balloon tires, bumpers front and rear, snubbers, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, rear-view mirror.

Hupmobile four-cylinder cars, in a complete line of popular body types, at prices which make them the outstanding value in their field.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

(Continued from Page 32)

suspicion of both Alwyn and John Argent. It was also possible that Paula might feel a genuine affection and responsibility for Alwyn and desire that she be provided for.

But if this latter were the fact, then Alwyn was not at this moment giving her much credit for it. John, glancing at her face, would not have thought it possible that the pretty bright-haired girl who had impressed him as scarcely more than a child could look like that. Alwyn's nose was straight of bridge, eyes well spaced, with long outer corners, cheek bones slightly prominent and chin cleanly cut. She was now bareheaded, and the gray fog had done something to the color notes of eyes and hair to make them, instead of gray and gold, green and tawny. The aspect of her now as she glared at Paula from behind that rock reminded John of a young lioness stalking its quarry. There was the same jutting of the head, and feral tension. She looked, John thought, more dangerous than Paula ever could, and there was something curiously thrilling about her.

There came then a dénouement as surprising to the watchers as to the seekers.

"Once more," Alexis said, and rubbed his palms together. He looked a powerful brute of a Slav, John thought. The three took fresh holds, better purchased than before. "One, two, t'ree!" said Alexis, and gave a mighty heave.

Whether because the rock was better poised, edge lifted a little, or because their effort was stronger and better timed, the big stone came up on edge with surprising ease, and stood there, supported well enough by virtue of its thickness.

Alexis peered down to see what might be uncovered. "*Tiens!*" he cried. "There is a hole, and that is all!"

"What?"

Paula dropped on her knees and began to scoop at the earth. Hobbs looked on with apathetic interest. He had seemed listless from the start, as if he secretly considered this whole uncomfortable expedition to be a useless one; and if so, it now looked as if he was right. Alexis pushed Paula aside and began to dig frantically with his strong stubby claws, removing a few loose stones and a little turf, but nothing else. He desisted to turn and glare at Paula, who had collapsed in a heap.

"There is nothing. I am down to the bare rocks. Somebody has been here and removed it. Look!" He held up what seemed to be a card between his thumb and forefinger. "The three of diamonds."

Paula gave a gurgle of rage.

"That's like him. He was always using symbols. If he thought one of his mob was talking too much, he would send a jig-saw parrot with a strand of silk round its neck. Before I picked up the paper to read about his killing Big Bill, I looked at my mail and found one of his little sketches in an envelope—a three-legged stool with a dead pigeon on it."

"The devil! Then this three of diamonds must be one of his little jokes to signify that it's all the treasure whoever digs here will get. And you have let Alwyn dig up one hundred thousand dollars in money that would fool the director of the mint!"

John was saved collapse from this appalling shock by a fresh one, for Paula retorted in a snarling tone, "How was I to know he'd been here and dug up his bone? For Alwyn to have that money would have been the same as for me to have it myself, and this rich fool of an Argent would have been precisely the person to handle it for us. Nobody would question the deposit of a man like that."

"Then you are not so badly off," Alexis growled. "But it is plain enough that the Grand would not have asked Argent to execute the commission if he had not already removed the plates. You should have thought of that."

"I did. But if you look on the chart you will see that there is nothing on the face of it to show where the plates were hidden. That was described by the rows of numbers on the back—a cipher, of which I had the key. The Grand must have taken it for granted that Argent would merely think them to be memoranda, the numbers of bonds or certificates or something of the sort. But I was not so sure. Argent struck me as pretty keen until I got to know him better. I was afraid he might suspect something, and a code expert could soon have worked it out. So I traced the copy."

Alexis gave a grunt.

"Then you have brought me here on a fool's errand. I wonder why he removed the plates."

"He may have wanted them, or had reason to fear that he had been seen planting something here. It's a beastly shame. Those bills yesterday were perfect."

"Yes," Alexis sighed, "the Grand was a great artist. Well, there is no use crying over spilled beans. But our fortunes would have been made."

Hobbs drew near, his manner, even when criminally associated, so deeply engraved in his servitor's nature that even now it was deferential.

"Beg pardon, sir, but might I hoffer a suggestion?"

"Yes, you may, and mind it's good."

"Then, sir, I'll make bold to say that we're in danger of missing something. The marster was a genius, and like all such, 'e 'ad 'is quirks. Like Miss Ashwell just remarked, 'e was a rare 'and at signs and symbols. 'E says once to me, "'Obbs, me lad, the only hexcuse for being a criminal is to be an 'ighly intelligent one. And no 'ighly intelligent person ever does any little thing without a reason,' says 'e. That was by way of reproaching me in 'is gentle way for overlookin' one of 'is little signs."

"Well, what about it?" Paula asked impatiently.

"That there three of diamonds, Miss Ashwell. I'd say as 'ow it wasn't left in the 'ole for nothink."

Alexis gave a short bitter laugh.

"I think I've given the answer to that little joke. It represents the treasure."

Hobbs sadly shook his head

"It don't sound like the marster, sir. 'Is jokes were more 'umorous than that. Or it might not be a joke, sir."

Paula stared at him for a moment, then sprang to her feet. She began to look round the stone. The sort of natural terrace they were on was about twenty paces wide, but ran for twice that distance lengthwise, to fetch up at each end in a mass of rock. Paula, questing about like a retriever, stopped suddenly about ten feet from the stone they had dislodged. She stooped, then held up a fragment of dark gray schist that was about the length of a roof slate, and of almost perfect diamond shape.

Alexis, catching the idea, bounded past her. At the same interval he picked up another, then still another beyond. At the next equal spacing lay a big flat rock similar to the one they had tilted up. It must have been lighter, for Alexis seized its edge and dislodged it single-handed.

"Eureka! I have found!" he cried.

The change of position had brought the three closer to John and Alwyn, crouching behind their broken ledge; dangerously close in fact, if either had been compelled to stifle a cough or sneeze. But they were now able to look down at an angle of forty-five degrees, through a tangle of raspberry bushes.

Alexis was scooping away a layer of earth, and he immediately took from underneath it what seemed to be a heavy parcel about the size and shape of a shoe box, then another, and still a third. Setting these down, he sprang to his feet, seized Paula about the waist and swung her round in a sort of impromptu dance, then dropped her to clap Hobbs between the shoulders in a way that set that faithful servant coughing.

"You've a head on your shoulders, Hobbs, my man. This will be a good day's work for you."

"Thank you, sir. I try to remember the little 'abits of the gentlemen I've served, sir."

"I Feel as if the Sword of Damocles Had Fallen and Missed Me"

Alwyn tugged at John's elbow. He resisted for a moment, then permitted himself to be dragged back and away. He did not know what to do, what action to take about all this; but it seemed better for the moment that Alwyn should not risk being involved in the affair. They went down into a swale, then entered the woods of high half-dead spruce trees with their funereal festoons of moss. Coming to a fallen one, Alwyn seated herself on the trunk and stared at John with hard, stony eyes.

"So that's it! Ralph Jones was a counterfeiter and Paula one of his gang! I always did think that man Ravanowski was off color."

"That's only the half of it," John said, "and the least important half. Your hundred-thousand-dollar legacy is punk. And he told me it was clean money, and I believed him," he added bitterly

"What ought we to do? I never want to lay eyes on Paula again."

"Too bad. Some time or other she's fallen foul of the Grand in business hours, or somebody steered her up against him."

"And I thought him such a splendid man. But why should he have wanted to leave me that money?"

"Paula was right, I imagine. He thought he saw in me a heaven-sent distributing agent—and I'd have been that thing."

"John, I'm so ashamed I'd like to step off this island into the water, getting you into this rotten business."

"You didn't. I was dragged into it in irons. And he really must have been the same breed. We were as like as brothers—and the same talent. To think I never got onto that, even when he told me

(Continued on Page 36

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(Continued from Page 34)

he'd been recognized officially as a master engraver. Officially! Talk about dumb-bells! And I might have guessed that his sobriquet, 'the Grand,' was to be taken in its modern slang sense, that he dealt in thousand-dollar bills."

"I could kill Paula," Alwyn said.

"Well, all this lets her out in one sense. All she was really after was the plates. And I think she'd have shown a certain amount of sisterly ——"

Alwyn's eyes blazed at him.

"She's not my sister—not even my half sister. Paula was three years old when my father met her mother. Then he legally adopted her, and she took our name—to drag it in her criminal mud. That's why I'd like to kill her."

"Would you want to imprison her?"

"No, not that. She's been kind enough, and tried to take good care of me. That's what makes it so hard. What are we to do?"

"I don't know. We've got to think. If we start anything now or later, it's apt to make a mess of your life and get us a notoriety I'm not anxious for. The public we would be protecting would forget the civic service, but always remember that we were mixed in with this mob. Whatever happens, you must keep absolutely out of it, Alwyn."

"But how can I keep out of it, when Paula is going to start circulating counterfeit money all over the shop?"

"She is not going to. Neither is Alexis. This is really all my doing. I showed her where it was. The chances are that Ralph Jones wanted to do you both a good turn in his crooked way, and he was so sure of the perfection of his work as to be convinced that it could never get you into trouble. That's apt to be the way with a craftsman, honest or dishonest—a belief in his infallibility."

"They'd never have found it but for that wretched cunning old Hobbs. But how are you going to keep them from using the plates?"

"I'll tell you if you promise to obey orders."

"No violence, John. That wouldn't help; just get us in deeper."

"I'll try to keep from that. I want you to go back to camp and stay there until I come."

"Oh, not that, please!"

"It's that or nothing. If you don't promise to keep out of sight from start to finish, then there won't be any start or any finish. I'll let Paula get away with it. And once they leave here with the plates: we can't stop them. There may be all sorts of plates, bonds and different denominations of bank notes. We should have to keep mum for our own sakes."

"I shan't ever do that. I loathe and detest all that sort of rotten criminal thing. Besides, I'd never have a minute's peace of mind."

"Then promise that you'll go back to camp and stay there, no matter what happens—stay there until it's all over with."

"What are you going to do?"

John reached back to his hip, drew the automatic pistol, examined to see that it was ready for action, then shoved it back again.

"Hold 'em up and get the plates and chuck 'em overboard."

"Too risky, John. You might get shot."

"It's the only way; otherwise the whole thing may come out some day. The story's of a sort we can't afford."

Alwyn nodded slowly.

"Yes, and thousands of poor people might be victimized—put their savings in counterfeit bonds. Mightn't they?"

"That's possible."

"Well, then I suppose you've got to see it through." She forced a smile and held out her hand. "Good luck, John."

Her brave smile was too much for John. Here was a girl who within the last half hour had been three times grievously hurt and disappointed: watched her only close friend and companion in whom she had trusted everything depict herself a crook, found her alleged benefactor to be the same, and the legacy that might have stood between her and helpless dependence proved null and void of value. And now with the same high unfaltering courage she accepted the decision of this new friend and protector, and one by which she might in a few moments find herself bereft likewise of him.

As all this swept over John he felt a sudden swelling of his throat, and the fog got into his eyes. Courage had always meant more to him than anything in the world—the right sort of courage. And here it was, calm, clear-eyed, undismayed, infinitely greater than might at first sight appear. Many a girl physically brave would have drawn back at the nervous ordeal of walking into that dank thicket in the gathering gloom and waiting there indefinitely to walk out again perhaps a friendless, homeless waif. But this one did not shirk it.

"Good luck," was all Alwyn said, and she said it with a smile as she held out her hand. John did not trust himself to say anything at all. He took the firm little hand, raised it to his lips, then loosed it to catch up the rest of that still smiling girl and press the smile to his lips.

"You plucky darling," he said thickly, and loosed her.

Alwyn smiled at him again, then turned away, walking straight back into the woods. John stood for a moment looking after her. Fifty yards away she turned, blew him a kiss, then vanished like a hamadryad slipping into her tree.

IX

SO HERE was John on the warpath, and without much time to lose, he thought. The first strategic move was to get between the marauding party and their boat. This would not be difficult, John and Alwyn having cut straight across almost to the camp, while Paula, Alexis and Hobbs would probably return as they had gone, along the shore and across the open moor.

The two men would probably have pistols, considering the nature of their errand, so that a surprise summons from close quarters on John's part was clearly indicated. The perfect strategic spot for that would have been back there where he and Alwyn had been watching them, and where the rocky conformation was such that one man might with comparative safety have held up a dozen, even though some of them proved refractory. But they would have left that place by now, John feared, and be making their way back. Hobbs, he scarcely took into consideration at all; but Alexis impressed him as about as tough a proposition for holding up as a man might be able to find. He was Polish or Russian, of the nobility, to judge from his speech and look and manner; an adventurer, and a criminal one at that, possessed at this moment of plates that were masterpieces of the counterfeiter's art, accompanied by a beautiful woman accomplice in the eyes of whom he would have every wish to shine. More than all this, which would seem to be a plenty, the place was admirably adapted for any sort of finish fight, from jagged rocks to modern weapons, with no possibility of police interference, no witnesses to swear against him, and every facility imaginable for the disposition of a corpse.

Some of this passing through John's mind as he hurried through the woods, he wished that he could sacrifice the sport of such big-game, catch-'em-alive stalking to the more primitive expediency of ambushing himself behind a thicket or rock and whaling Alexis over the head with a club as he went past. But as usual when one is pressed, there appeared to be even in that patch of woods no club ready to hand that might prove as solid as Alexis' head. Also the handy bush or rock might not present itself in his line of march. And there were also Paula and to some extent Hobbs to reckon with.

Reaching the edge of the open moor, John stopped and listened intently. Hearing nothing, he was about to reconnoiter a little, when he heard Paula laugh. The fog, even thicker and darker as the sun got low, now proved more of a hindrance than a help, in preventing John from sighting his quarry and on what course it was moving, until too late to take his station unperceived.

He was about at the middle of the island; and now, on a guess as to about where the party would be apt to pass, John noticed a big round-topped rock some distance out in the open space, and pretty nearly on a line, as far as he could judge, from where the three would start across to the niche where they had left their boat. He therefore moved stealthily for this ambush, ready to drop to earth at sight of a figure looming out of the fog.

Paula laughed again, and John could have blessed her. She would be the foghorn of the convoy. Her steady patter of talk, when it came within his range, would serve the same purpose as the exhaust of a motorboat in that same muck. Then came a new perplexity. There were three bundles of those precious plates, each wrapped, as John had seen, in fragments of the same oilskin that had been around the bank notes. As these parcels appeared to be very heavy, it was probable that each of the party might be carrying one of them, and this was bound to complicate their seizure. Even if Alexis consented to be held up, Paula and Hobbs might bolt off in the fog for the boat, possibly to escape.

John could not fire on Paula, nor did he want to shoot poor old Hobbs. In fact it would be a bad job to shoot even Alexis, and lead to the very implication he was out there to avoid. Alexis might surrender, surprised and startled and seeing that his aggressor had the drop on him; but then again he might not. As one of a cult who, when things are dull and killings tediously infrequent, indulge in the sport of tiger shooting, the tiger another man in a dark room potting at some messmate on whom is hung a bell, it was very likely that Alexis might prefer to take a chance and shoot it out.

There came then from no great distance a short laugh from Alexis himself. He and Paula were merry, pleased with their success and indulging perhaps in plans for future orgies of spending their homemade money. Hobbs also had reason to be pleased with himself. It seemed a pity to spoil their fun. Then John thought of the tense girl, waiting over in that dark thicket, and his heart hardened.

The party was getting close, as announced by Paula's low steady chatter. John could hear the swish-swish of the long wet grass as they strode through it. Peering out from behind his bowlder, pistol in hand, he suddenly caught the forms of what looked like a pair of giants in the elusive refraction of the fog. A moment later he discovered that they would pass him at a distance of about fifty feet, dangerously far away for his purpose. Hobbs, at his usual respectful distance, had not yet heaved in sight.

As Paula and Alexis came abreast, John decided to let them pass and steal closer to them from behind. At the same moment he discovered something on which he had not counted at all. Both pairs of arms were swinging—carried nothing. John might have thought of this—that a Russian lady and gentleman would find it entirely foreign to their ideas of caste to carry any burden when they had a manservant along. It would not matter if the gentleman was thewed out and muscled like an aurochs and the servant elderly, wizened, and with rheumatism, flat foot and water on the knee. A servant is a servant, to function as such for so long as he functions at all.

John let out his breath in relief. This simplified his task enormously. But where was Hobbs? John's heart gave a skip at thought that Hobbs might already have passed on to the boat with his burden. And at that moment here came Hobbs himself, looming up like a menhir, and almost to the rock that rather resembled one.

Hobbs was striding along heavy-laden and with long rapid steps, to arrive before his strength gave out perhaps. Paula and Alexis were not yet hidden in the fog, only about twenty paces away, in fact, just past John's station. He edged around a little, let Hobbs pass a few feet, then slipped up behind him with a low "Hands up!"

The result was not that for which John had hoped. Hobbs, violently startled, gave a yell of terror that rang eerily through the mists. Instead of obeying the order, he took an enormous spring, still holding his precious parcels. John, fearing that he might escape, aimed and fired close over his head. Hobbs yelled again, dropped the plates and bolted like a scared old giraffe. Then, before John could retrieve the parcels, which had flown off into the tangle of grass and low raspberry vines, Alexis, who had swung round, began to shoot.

A bullet took off John's soft cap. He sprang back behind the big stone just as another bullet clipped off a chip beside his cheek. Alexis was making marksmanly practice. John peered out the other side. No sign of Alexis. He had, John thought, dropped down behind a small rocky hummock about as far the other side of where the plates had fallen as was John in his position.

So here was another stalemate—Alexis prone behind a little rock, John standing behind a big one, the plates in the grass somewhere between and the night coming on. An hour at the most to black darkness. And that poor girl Alwyn over there in the sodden tent, where it must be already dark, listening to these shots and fighting back her dread.

John reached down, broke off a stem of weed and pushed out a corner of his coat. Quick as light a bullet pierced it. Here, evidently, was a trench fighter to whom this game was nothing new, who went at it with a savage relish. It was equally certain that there he would remain as long as those precious plates were unrecovered. John discovered then that by lying flat on his face he could get a screen of vines—all right enough unless Alexis saw fit to fire into this fringe on the off chance. John took this chance himself, getting a quick sight and sending a bullet hissing close against Alexis' rock. Just as he jerked back, Alexis, as if firing at the flash, returned the compliment.

Warm work, but so far no hits. John had not counted on a battle, nor come prepared for it. He had only the cartridges in clip and barrel, and he trusted that the same was the case with Alexis, who had fired four times, and John but twice. Alexis might have another pistol or spare ammunition, but that was unlikely. Paula had no reason to anticipate any interference on the island. Alexis might go armed on general principles, or have equipped himself for the convoy of plates that might represent almost any amount of money, depending on how hard they worked the press.

There was not a sign of Paula or of Hobbs. They had dissolved into the mist like black smudges of grease in gasoline. No sound had come from them. They appeared to be waiting for Alexis to finish the business and get on; as if in crossing a cattle pasture with his timid sweetheart, he had paused to stone off an inquisitive yearling. Paula would have guessed who it was; that John had guessed close to the truth about the chart and come back to picket the island for a day or two. But there was one bet that Paula seemed to overlook, and that was John's present value as trustee. If Alexis were now to flick him out, then good-by one hundred thousand of beautiful counterfeit money. But that did not matter much when they had the receipt for making plenty more.

Several minutes of utter silence passed. There rested on the place that sort of emphasized stillness that comes when there are varied sounds stirring, but all from a far distance, none at all close by. This makes more pronounced the hush about one, as if he were a detached atom of the busy world,

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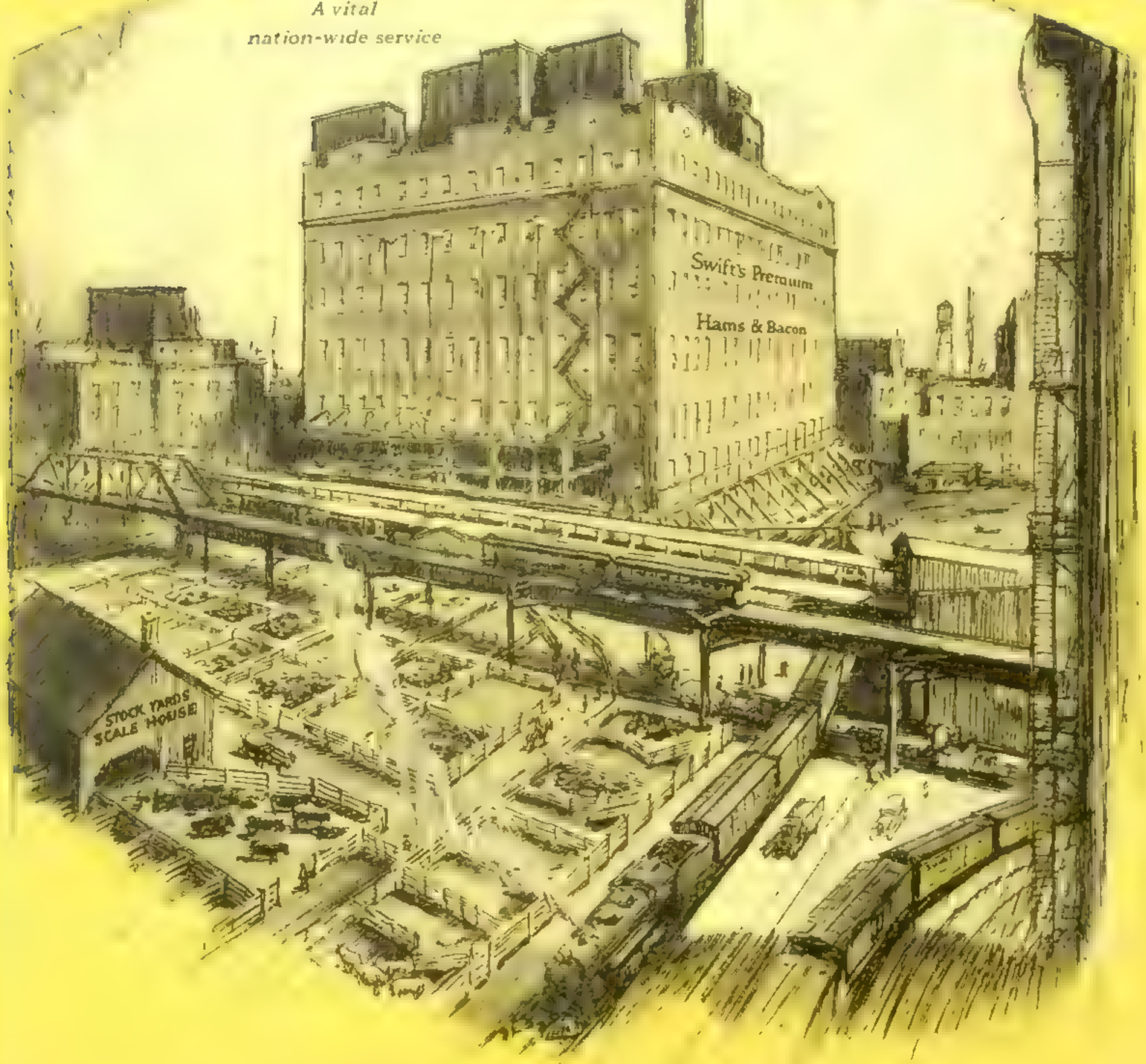

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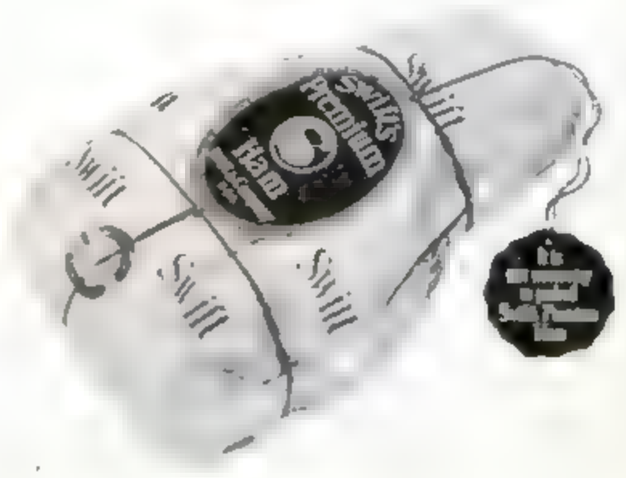

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AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

XV

By Norman Venner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I'm Going to Tell the Whole Story From the Beginning"

"WHAT are you going to do about it?" said Jeremy, looking at the check as though he were seeing it for the first time.

"Forgery's a pretty serious business, my lord."

"I suppose it is. But who does the prosecuting? If this is a forgery, it's up to me to start proceedings, isn't it?"

"Well, it doesn't matter who starts 'em, my lord, whether it's the bank or a third party. It's all the same. It's got to be put a stop to."

"You couldn't have come at a more awkward time, you know," said Jeremy. "I'm giving a sort of party. Couldn't you come back tomorrow morning?"

"I suppose I could. But, you see, they wanted me to make sure first what you said about it. Is that your signature or not?"

Jeremy looked carefully at the signature once more. As a matter of fact, he knew what it looked like without seeing it. He had dreamed too often about the check he had given Aleck Thane. Thane was on the other side of that door now, dancing with Olivia perhaps. He would only be too pleased to find Jeremy in this new difficulty. As Jeremy thought of the affair, and of the curious behavior of Thane all along, he became more and more convinced that not only did he know of the affair but that he was the prime mover in it. Thane had started this game with the check.

"Oh, yes," said Jeremy, "the bank doesn't know what it's talking about. I wrote that. I remember the occasion. We were in the gun room at Puildan. Thane was hard up. I wrote the check then and there."

Jeremy could see from the detective's face that he was puzzled.

"But the bank?"

"I can't help the bank's chuckleheadedness," said Jeremy. "They must answer for that. That's my fist all right. I wrote that check. What is more, I'm prepared to meet it with cash any time they like."

"And of course you're Lord Amlett," said the man absently.

"Willett," called Jeremy, "just ask Colonel Jackson to spare a moment, will you?

"Colonel, here's one of your people getting rattled about something. He's brought me a check which the bank says is a forgery of my signature and which I recognize as mine. I think your friend here would like some sort of proof of my identity. After all, it's only natural; we haven't been introduced." Then, turning to the detective, he said, "I suppose you know Colonel Jackson, C. I. D."

"Yes, my lord," said the detective, now beginning to wonder whether someone hadn't made a most awful howler. Colonel Jackson, C. I. D., was one of the big nobs. If he was there—why, it was quite safe in his hands.

"I'm sorry to intrude, sir," said the detective.

"That's all right, Miggs," said Colonel Jackson. "His lordship quite understands. Come and see me in my room tomorrow morning. I may have something rather interesting for you. I should drop this for tonight, anyway. It seems clear the bank has made a mistake. Never do to detain his lordship for forging his own check, eh? Ha!"

The very thought of such a thing made Miggs' blood run cold. He didn't care a row of beans whether Lord Amlett was arrested or not; his only interest in the case was as a possible pathway to promotion. Promotion depended not upon the exact degree of publicity gained by a case but on the tact, common sense and initiative displayed in handling awkward situations. If he made himself the laughing-stock of the evening papers and the departments, there would be no promotion. It was out of his hands now. Colonel Jackson had assumed full responsibility, and Miggs was fully determined that he should stand by it if the time came.

As he left the building he began to wonder whether he had done rightly. It was all very well for Colonel Jackson to accept responsibility, but he didn't know everything. After all, he wasn't Sherlock Holmes, exactly. There might be more in this case than met the eye. It was surprising what a lot could be got out of a case by sticking to it. Miggs crossed to where his watcher stood.

"Come back at midnight for orders," said Miggs. "I'll take over for a while. Anything to report?"

"No, sir. It's all quiet, horribly quiet. The only amusement I've had is listening to two Tom Moggies, and that's not very cheerful." As became a man with his eyes set on the golden future, Miggs took no notice of this attempt at facetiousness. " Good night, sir," said the watcher.

"Good night," said Miggs.

The street grew quiet; from the distant Finchley Road, Miggs could hear the heavy roar of the busses. From the lighted windows above him came the thin gibbering echoes of the gramophone. Miggs, in his private home of leisure, played the flute, and despised gramophones; but tonight he was glad of the sound. It told him that the party was still going on and that he could give his full attention to other aspects of the problem. The slightest mistake now, and his promotion was done for. Curious how all his future life depended on the insignificant things he might do here on this particular night, alone in the quiet street.

Detective Inspector Miggs felt very small, very ignorant and very helpless. He heard footsteps approaching. From a house close by he heard a clock striking the hour. It was half past ten. The footsteps came nearer, and as they passed through the pool of light round the lamp-post at the corner Miggs saw the figure of a woman. He kept silent and still in the shadow of a jutting corner of the mews which he had chosen for his vigil. The woman seemed to be keeping watch too. She was looking up at the window from which the sound of the gramophone came. Miggs thought at first it was merely curiosity. Then she moved a little, walked a few steps, and came to a standstill within a few feet of him. It is very difficult to be casual in such a situation. If Miggs made a noise he would have to give some sort of explanation of his presence. If he didn't make a noise he would probably be spotted in any case. She might even make for the shelter of the same shadowed corner.

"Ahem!" said Miggs discreetly.

The woman turned quickly.

"Who's there?"

"It's all right, my dear," said Miggs, who, after one glance at her face, had decided exactly the type of woman with whom he had to deal. "It's very late for you to be out, isn't it?"

"D'you think so?" said the woman in green.

"I'm out on business. So are you, by the look of you."

"You're a policeman, aren't you?"

Miggs was furious at that. He cherished a secret hope that he didn't look like a policeman. He was, of course, quite wrong.

"No, I'm not," he said shortly.

"Don't be offended," said the woman in green, quickly placing her hand on his arm. "Are you watching that flat up there where the lighted window is—where they're dancing?"

She performed a few sketchy steps in the shadowed court. She had been drinking, thought Miggs.

"You're a gay spark, not half, you are," he said somberly, watching her. "What's your game, exactly?"

"What's yours?"

"You don't suppose I spread my business about all over the place, do you?" said Miggs. "Why should I tell it to you?"

"Two heads are better than one," she laughed. "What's your name? I'm sure it's Charlie. Tell me, isn't it Charlie?"

"As a matter of fact, it is."

"Well, look here, Charlie, I know something about a certain cove up there. It may be the cove you're watching. It probably is. I can help you, you can help me, we can help each other—see, Charlie?"

"What's your game then?"

"Oh, dearie me, you don't suppose I go about telling my game to everybody I meet! I don't think I like you, Charlie. Good night."

"Come here! Stop! You can't go away like that."

"Oh, yes I can!" she mocked.

"I could have you arrested as a suspicious person," said Miggs.

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

"You'd have to catch me first," she laughed at him. "I should just run, and you dare not blow your whistle for fear of attracting the attention of the people in the flat up there. You may as well be friends. Good-by, Charlie." She blew him a kiss.

He made a sudden dash at her, caught her wrist, drew her to him and held her. She nestled against him like a soft warm bird and her curiously veiled eyes fluttered against her cheek.

"What's your other name, Charlie?"

"Charles Miggs," he said, fetching a deep sigh.

"Is there a Mrs. Miggs?"

"No," said Charlie.

"I thought not."

"Why?"

She laughed softly.

"You'd hold me differently if there were."

Miggs had never met anyone like this before. She was devastating. He wasn't quite sure what he ought to do. True, it was very flattering. She was beautiful. She was well dressed, and though he thought he knew her type, he had to confess she was like no other woman he ever knew.

"Listen, Charlie," she went on—he was still holding her close to him—"I'll tell you why you are watching that house. You're watching for Lord Amlett. Not because he's wanted by the police—oh, dear, no! Nothing so vulgar as that. Look at me, Charlie!"

She bent her head back and looked full into the face of the bewildered Miggs. Suddenly he bent and kissed her.

"That was very nice, Charlie," she said at last. "I appreciate it. Now let me go. You don't need to hold me so tight. Tell me what you want Lord Amlett for."

"I don't want him. It's the bank. There's some trouble about a check."

"Ah, forged, I suppose?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Be quiet. I know far more than you'd think, Charlie. If you want me to be nice, you'd better be frank about it all."

"I've seen Lord Amlett tonight. He says the check is his—there is no forgery. I can't very well do anything on that, can I?"

"Wait a moment," said the woman in green, pushing him back into the shadow. "There goes one of the party. Don't let him see you."

It was Colonel Jackson returning home. He had left first with the idea of beginning to break up the party. He wanted to see Laytree well out of the way at the earliest possible moment. It was clear that the situation was crystallizing very swiftly and would soon be impossible. When that happened it was better that Jeremy and Olivia should both be out of the way. But the party showed no signs of breaking up.

"We're sorry you're going," said Lady Dorothy. "But as it's the last time, let's all dance it out to the end. Then we'll all come to the station with you and see you off."

"That's a good idea," said Polkins, who alone of the party had thoroughly and completely enjoyed himself. "We could have supper at the Metropole afterward and make a night of it."

"I'd prefer you not to come to the station," said Jeremy. "You'd be wise to go straight to the Metropole."

"I suppose you're traveling incognito?" said Thane sarcastically.

"Yes," said Jeremy; "I don't suppose they'll bother to turn out the guard when I arrive."

Down in the shadowed mews, the woman in green still cuddled closely up to Charlie.

"Of course he said the check was his. That doesn't make it any less a forgery."

"Are you barmy, or am I?" said Charlie.

"Charlie, don't be vulgar. Use your brains. Can't you see? It's so very easy."

"Dashed if I can."

"Why have men such hopeless imaginations? Look how I had to encourage you before you would even kiss me. And even now you can't see the obvious solution. That's not Lord Amlett at all! He's an impostor. He's an impersonator. Goodness knows what he has done with the real Lord Amlett. Nobody knows. But since he appeared on the scene, the old Lord Amlett died very suddenly, his elder brother came to grief in a motor accident, and this beauty took over the title."

"Here, hold hard!" said Miggs, suddenly catching a glimpse of a fabulous career stretching away into the golden future. "Hold hard! Let's get this right!"

"It's all quite right. You see, I know Lord Amlett. I'll tell you why."

She put her lips close to his ear, as though to whisper some intimate secret, but she changed her mind. Charlie Miggs understood her as well as if she had spoken volumes. After all, he was proud of being a man of the world. It was curious how one came in contact with the underworld of London, and how helpful it was. Here was this woman, appearing from nowhere, who clearly knew more about this case than anyone else. Rum business. Pretty woman too. He'd want to see her again after it was all over. He, Charlie Miggs, had made an impression. He felt big, important; the flattery in which the woman dealt had its way with him. He saw himself as the prime mover in the case. He alone had ferreted out all the information. He alone knew that the supposed Lord Amlett was no lord at all, that he had forged a check, and that, for all he knew, there might be worse things against him. As his own self-importance swelled within him, his attitude toward the soft-voiced, too friendly woman altered.

"You'll have to leave this to me," he said brusquely. "This is a man's job."

"Charlie, it's not going to be dangerous?"

"It may be," said Miggs. "But don't you worry about that. And I want to see you when it's over. I'd like to keep in touch with you."

"Would you really like to see me again, Charlie?"

"Yes, I would," he admitted, moved from his perch of semiofficial arrogance by the subtle tone of flattery.

"But, my clever Charlie, you don't expect me to give you my address, do you? I'll meet you anywhere you like. In fact, I'll call for you at the station if you wish."

"Well, Look Here, Charlie, I Know Something About a Certain Cove Up There"

"Don't do any such thing," said Charlie in terror.

"There then, it's all right," she answered. "I'll meet you here then tomorrow night."

"Look out, the light's gone out!"

"What are you going to do, Charlie dear?"

Armed with the new information, Miggs was trying to make up his mind to risk it. He knew—he felt in his bones that the woman's story was true. If he could bring this off, he was a made man. She clung to him, hanging on his arm.

"What are you going to do, Charlie?"

Charlie spotted a lonely policeman on his beat approaching them. He stopped him, told him to hang about within call; and then, with the woman in green on his arm, he went into the block of flats.

"You can't come in here again," said Willett.

"Oh, yes, I can!" said Miggs. "I've a police officer down below and I want to see his lordship."

Miggs knew that he had no right to force his way in there, but he wanted to fluster Willett so that he would let him in voluntarily. He succeeded in doing so, and both Miggs and the woman came into the hall.

"I'll tell his lordship," said Willett.

He hurried away, not liking the look of things at all.

"He's come back, my lord," said Willett to Jeremy, whom he found with the others in the dining room.

It was close on eleven o'clock, and Jeremy and Olivia were saying good-by to their too friendly guests. It seemed a conspiracy to prevent them from leaving, and Polkins, ignorant of what was going on, simply based his behavior on that of Aleck Thane and stayed.

Finally Jeremy had said, "I must really go now. If you like, you can stay on and dance; just as you please. Willett will get you anything you want." Then Willett appeared.

"Who's come back?"

"That man, my lord. The—er—detective."

"Ah!" said Jeremy. "Tell him I'm coming."

Jeremy knew then the game was up. The detective would not have come back without some very awkward and compelling reason. If he could get out of the house now, and make for Scotland, he might yet find Lord Amlett in time to prevent a scandal. This confounded detective stood in the way. There was Olivia to be considered. He had done everything to avoid involving her. He was ready to take even bigger risks yet. He wouldn't go without a last final struggle. He motioned to Polkins.

"Just a moment, Polkins," he said.

"Can I help?" said Thane.

"No, thanks," said Jeremy dryly; "not just now."

"Look here, Polkins," said Jeremy when they were outside the door, "I'm in rather a bad corner. There may be a rough-house. If there is, are you ready to stand by me?"

"I should just love it," said Polkins.

"Don't believe anything you hear in the next hour or two. But if a rough-house starts, get close to me and watch this detective chap. If he tries to blow a whistle or call for help, just put him quietly out of harm's way if you can."

"Count me in," said Polkins. "This is a real party. I'm really enjoying myself."

"Go steady, Willett," said Jeremy to his man. "Keep close to me. There may be a row. Get on the telephone to Colonel Jackson. He's gone to the Hyde Park Hotel for the night. Ask him to come back here at once."

"Yes, my lord."

"Now for the detective. You'd better show him in."

"With the other, my lord?"

"Yes. We may as well have it out."

Jeremy and Polkins went back to the dining room.

"Don't worry," said Jeremy. "Are you all ready to go?"

"Yes."

"We may have to go in a hurry. There's a car at the door waiting. When I give the tip, make for the door, whatever is happening."

"Mr. Miggs," announced Willett, throwing open the door.

Mr. Miggs entered, followed, to Jeremy's horror, by the lady in green.

(Continued on Page 114)

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A MOTHER OF THE TWO-A-DAY

By Alexander Woollcott

THIS is the story of a woman who lived in a New York tenement, and who, having presented the world with a brood of boys, nourished there in her secret heart the ambition that one day she should read their names over the door of a New York theater, picked out in lamps lighted against the Broadway sky.

With no encouragement whatever from her husband—who was a combination tailor and pinochle player not at all interested in such monkeyshines—and with scant encouragement from the boys themselves, who for a time struggled feebly in the grip of her grand plans for them, this mother toiled at this ambition for eighteen years. Then at last there came a day when she saw workmen puttering on the electric embroidery of the sign she had long envisaged in her dreams. THE MARX BROTHERS, in flaming capital letters, was going up over the entrance to the Casino Theater at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway.

At this rewarding spectacle there was festivity in the heart of Mrs. Marx. She decided that for such a fulfillment she must have a new gown. It was characteristic of her that the accident which attended its preparation served to deflect but slightly her plans for the wearing of it. The accident came while the new dress was being tried on. The dressmaker, standing back, with her head on one side and a mouth too full of pins to cry out—was surprised and pained to see the untrustworthy chair give way suddenly under her client. Mrs. Marx crashed to the floor and broke an ankle. This did necessitate a slight change of plan. She had meant to sweep slowly and elegantly to her seat of honor in the proscenium box at the première. Now she would have to be carried in. But she got there just the same.

The Magician in the Covered Wagon

SHORTLY thereafter, while the newspapers were humming with the triumph of the Marxes and the docile public stood in patient lines to buy tickets for their hilarious I'll Say She Is, then in the first of its ten months on Broadway, I chanced to sit next the convalescent Mrs. Marx at dinner. I was faintly apprehensive. I knew these stage mothers of old. They thirst for praise of their offspring. Usually they see in these stage successes of their children only a substitute for a thwarted career of their own. They are the more stage-struck on that account, and drive you to drink and despair by their insistence on their triumph once removed.

Wherefore I expected much talk of the show shop from this fond mother. I was prepared for cold treatment unless I quickly and repeatedly made it clear that I considered the Marx Brothers far funnier than any other four persons extant—funnier, for instance, than Frank Tinney, Al Jolson, Will Rogers and Ed Wynn put together. I was the more surprised that she did not even mention them. Whatever interest she may have had in I'll Say She Is had seemingly evaporated. She did not speak of it, nor of her bouncing four, nor of the theater at all.

Instead she would say, "Do you like this ginger ale?" Or she would break in irrelevantly with some such observation as: "I don't think much of this stuff, do you?"

And I was a little puzzled until it dawned on me that she considered the Marx Brothers a finished job and therefore no longer interesting. She had worked on that job for eighteen years and was naturally pleased with its success. But it was finished; and after all, a woman must have something to occupy her mind. So she had gone into the ginger-ale business.

The origin of Mrs. Marx's ambition is not far to seek. Coming to this country from Germany, Minna Schoenberg had worked at home on lace and fur goods up to the time of her marriage with young Sam Marx, the tailor, who was plying an unprosperous trade measuring suits for the upper East Side grocers, all of whom spoke the same dialect which he had brought with him from Alsace and most of whom were of such monstrous girth that it took a ruinous amount of cloth to inclose them adequately in coat and pants. But in the old country Mrs. Marx had been show folks. Her father—a Hanoverian Jew who, at the age of 101, was eventually gathered to his fathers from a comfortable retirement in Chicago—had been a magician for half a century in Germany. He was also a bit of a ventriloquist and used to tour the land in a huge covered wagon, which he himself would drive from town to town and in which there was room not only for his own bag of tricks and his curtain but also for his wife, his wife's harp—on which it was her custom to perform obligingly between his own numbers—and his three children. They would set up their stage in a beer garden or the courtyard of a tavern as needs must, and it was all very pleasant. The memory of those gypsy tours was hung with a golden haze in the mind of Mrs. Marx in the after years when she was kept fairly busy carpeting the floor of her tenement flat with crawling Marxes.

Her suspicion that there was talent in the blood was confirmed by the goings-on of her younger brother Al, who had been put to school in the new country, but who escaped to the clothing trade as it was plied in Rivington Street. He soon became known there as the fastest pants presser on Manhattan Island, but the temporarily suppressed exhibitionism of his tribe was soon breaking out in troublesome forms. To the annoyance of his bosses, all of whom fairly vied with one another in casting him from their employ, he kept organizing quartets. He would hold a new job no longer than a week before faint sounds of furtive swipes being practiced on the fire escapes would filter to the ears of the outraged foreman. Once, however, the decree of dismissal came at a time when the quartet thus organized was so sturdy and so confident that the unappreciated tailors betook themselves into vaudeville, where they became known far, wide and prosperously as the Manhattan Comedy Four. This glorious Uncle Al of the Marx household soon adopted the name of Shean for professional purposes, and has since flourished mightily in partnership with another comedian—an alliance that has entered into American folk song in that inescapable ditty entitled Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean.

The Cast

ALL in all, Mrs. Marx presented the American theater with five sons, and I think it was her greatest triumph that she was no whit baffled when, just after the war, the pretty pattern of her FOUR MARX BROTHERS slogan was threatened by the fact that one of them suddenly grew mulish and, on taking off his uniform, vowed he was going into the raincoat business. For this dark emergency Mrs. Marx had a fifth youngster in readiness, and the mere circumstance that he was in high school at the time, and could neither sing, play, dance nor do any other tricks, did not discourage her from rushing him into the breach. The five sons are now so well known by the nicknames casually affixed one night in Galesburg, Illinois, by a wandering monologist who happened to be sitting in at a poker game with them, that it will be simpler in this narrative to stick to those nicknames from the start. The cast—in the order of their appearance—is as follows:

Chico . . . . . Leonard
Harpo . . . . . Arthur
Gummo . . . . . Milton
Groucho . . . . . Julius
Zeppo . . . . . Herbert

All five sons were duly inducted into the faith of their forefathers, each in turn at the age of thirteen memorizing for confirmation a speech which ran something like this:

"For thirteen long years, my dear parents, from the moment when first I saw the light of day, you have labored and toiled for my happiness," and so on.

Great occasions, those days, observed by violent brushings of the hair; and in the case of Harpo—according to the testimony of a surviving photograph—reaching such a peak of elegance that he not only wore a pair of gloves but visibly carried an extra pair, as who should say—to the neighbors in Third Avenue, "What care the Marxes for expense?"

Of course the mother's ambitions began by clustering around the first-born. Money was scarce and, indeed, ten

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DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

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(Continued from Page 42)

years slipped by without her once realizing a secret yearning to have the rent ready by the first of the month. But odd quarters were dug up somewhere to pay for Chicco's piano lessons, and he now plays nightly after a fashion of his own that holds an audience breathless. He was soon able to earn his own keep by supplying the jingle of melody for the movie houses with which Manhattan was already becoming sprinkled. But visions of a Broadway hearing for him were dispelled by the fact that he ran away from home and was seen no more for years.

In Harpo there seemed no promise at all. To be sure, he could play Love Me and the World is Mine and Waltz Me Around Again, Willie on the piano. But this exhausted his repertoire; and as he could not read a note, the prospects did not seem bright for a musical career. To be sure, while Chicco was still a home boy, Harpo, who looked enough like him to be his twin, could occasionally get employment as a movie pianist by the simple process of having Chicco apply for the job and then himself assuming it boldly next day. The facial differences were too slight to bring detection of this shocking fraud. But certain differences in talent did call attention to themselves before long. A puzzled management would soon note that the new pianist had somehow lost his first fine fluency. He would meet each occasion—whether it was a heart throb, a long embrace, a corner-stone laying or a view of Sicily—by playing either Love Me and the World is Mine or, haply, Waltz Me Around Again, Willie. Harpo seldom lasted out the week.

The Four Marx Brothers

A Detour on the Road to Broadway

ONCE he read in the papers the advertisement of a Long Island road house which was offering five dollars a week and found for a pianist who could also curry a horse and was not above washing an occasional dish. The advertisement said that the proprietress was coming to town and would be pleased to receive applicants at such-and-such an address. As Harpo breezed competently into the room, he was halted by an unamiable greeting.

"You——" said the lady, who, it seemed to Harpo, was speaking on rather short acquaintance, to put it mildly.

In the ensuing excitement, it was learned that she had mistaken him for the errant Chicco, who, in his wanderings, had played for the road house for a time and then departed most insultingly. So Harpo—aged fifteen—was taken to Long Island and served there a wild apprenticeship, ended by a well-timed case of measles which led to his being packed off home.

So he next applied for a job as bellhop, serving in that capacity first at the Hotel Plaza and then at the Hotel Seville. There he eked out a modest wage by the quarters which grand ladies gave him for taking their dogs for a walk. To the onlooking mother it seemed a fearful detour on the long road to Broadway. Indeed, the only aroma of the theater left about Harpo derived from the fact that each morning he was given a quarter by Cissie Loftus to go walking with her cocker spaniel, which liked a stroll around Gramercy Park as well as the next dog.

But by this time Groucho had said his say at the synagogue about the thirteen long years and was beginning to lengthen out. Whereupon Mrs. Marx cheered up. For this third Marx was as bright as a new dollar and his soprano voice was sweet and true. So each day, after she had tethered the baby to the cradle and washed up the breakfast things, she would go downtown to an agency and apply for an opening for him—perhaps a chance in some vaudeville act, perhaps a Saturday night concert up in Harlem. For six months she dwelt daily from eleven to three on the hopeful bench of that agency's outer office. Yet, after all, it was through someone else—Ned Wayburn, no less—that Groucho got his first job, somewhere in the ranks of a Gus Edwards musical act. From that vantage point he then joined the Leroy Trio, starting out on a tour of the small-time that reached as far as Cripple Creek. There a not wholly unanticipated misfortune befell the young player. He not only turned from thirteen to fourteen; he also turned from soprano to bass, and was fired in consequence. He had to drive a Cripple Creek grocery wagon for some weeks to earn the car fare back to New York.

The Nightingales

NEXT he went out as one of those boy stars over the popular-price circuit, following in the wake of the best of them all, Master Joe Santley, who was playing From Rags to Riches. Groucho would be the newsboy hero who would thwart the villain by rushing to the defense of helpless beauty, flourishing a revolver and crying, "Another step and you're a dead man!"—all this in a play which it was his custom to refer to as The Man of Her Cheree. Then, between the acts, he would obligingly render such song hits of the day as Waiting at the Church. It wasn't Hamlet, precisely, and it wasn't Broadway. But Mrs. Marx had a son on the stage at last.

Next season she engaged a tenor and a pretty girl of uncertain register to accompany him. This act she named, with some little license, the Three Nightingales; and getting herself some paper, stamps and ink, she became, by those tokens, a theatrical manager. The first bookings for the Three Nightingales were obtained by her writing around to sundry vaudeville houses, snatching first at engagements offered in Gloversville, New York, and North Adams, Massachusetts, forgetting in her excitement to note whether these two mysterious communities were near enough together to permit of a jump and also whether the twenty dollars a week offered for the act would cover the traveling expenses. Yet, after all, she was right to neglect such details. The great thing was to get started, and thereafter she never stopped. The history of the years by which the Three Nightingales turned into the Four Nightingales and then into the Six Mascots and then into the Four Marx Brothers was a continuous history.

That first change was made when the mother had booked a tour of sorts and was faced with the prospect of going off and leaving that bothersome Harpo there at the Seville, susceptible to the evil companionship of Cissie Loftus' spaniel and heaven knows what other corruptions. At the last moment the thought overcame her. The Three Nightingales were to open that afternoon at Henderson's, in Coney Island. The harried mother took cab to the Seville, seized upon the bewildered Harpo, dragged him into the cab, got him to a costumer's for his white duck pants and his paper *boutonnières*, and arrived at the theater in time to shove him on with the others. This debut, witnessed with ill-concealed delight by the

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Arthur Marx and His Stage Character

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THE ROMANTIC 90'S

By RICHARD LeGALLIENNE

Rudyard Kipling Addressing a Meeting at the Mansion House, London

THE death of Tennyson in 1892 was perhaps the most impressive event of my first years in London. It seemed even more than the death of a great poet, and it touched the imagination as giving dramatic emphasis to the passing of the old Victorian order, of which, more than any other, he had been the spiritual and intellectual spokesman—one might even say prophet—the inspired, magnificent *vates*. It had been easy while he lived to tell amusing stories about his gruffness and his vanity, and to set against the picture of him evoked by Meredith I must be allowed to parenthesize this more companionable and all-round portrait of him at the age of thirty-three made by that master of pen portraiture, Thomas Carlyle:

"One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe."

The Death of Tennyson

AND Carlyle, we may remember, was not easily pleased. While a great man lives it is human to make fun over his foibles, and long before Tennyson's death the revolt against his poetic supremacy had set in, and the younger men had already begun to sneer at his art, and quote Swinburne's gibe against the Idylls of the King, which, he said, would have been more appropriately entitled Mort d'Albert, or Idylls of the Prince Consort. Nevertheless, the general feeling among men of letters, as with the man in the street, was that expressed by Andrew Lang: "The Master's yonder in the Isle"—the isle, of course, being the Isle of Wight. While he lived we somehow felt more secure—secure for the position of poetry in a world which needed such a figure to maintain its august estate. This Tennyson did as few poets have ever done. He looked the great poet, his life had been lived consistently as a great poet, and his place in the English world of the day was exalted, enthroned, with even a touch of sacredness, such as that which attaches to a great cardinal. The image is worn enough, but his passing was like the fall of a great oak in a forest of lesser trees. As it crashes down, the landscape seems to grow suddenly empty, devoid of meaning, filled with the naked light of common day.

When Byron died it had seemed to Tennyson that poetry had fled from the earth, and Tennyson's own death made a like gap in a world of smaller men and lesser voices. No one who was present at his funeral in Westminster Abbey will ever forget its solemn grandeur, its symbolic impressiveness. For several days England had seemed to be holding its breath at his bedside, and, when the end came, it read with something like awe the dramatic story of his last hours—how he had asked to have the blinds up, for, he said, "I want to see the sky and the light, the sky and the light"; how he had said to the doctor, "What a shadow this life is, and how men cling to what is after all but a small part of the great world's life"; and again, how he had whispered to the doctor the question "Death?" and when the doctor bowed his head, he had answered, "That's well."

A telegram of inquiry from Queen Victoria, which he had been able to answer, was also a detail not the least impressive to the popular imagination. Here was greatness all could understand. And the final moonlit scene!

Tennyson had been the poet magnificently in his life, but what poet ever died a poet's death with such picturesque and touching majesty? Had his friend Henry Irving arranged his deathbed, it could not have been a finer piece of dramatic art. When death was near he had asked for his folio Shakspere, and as the moonlight flooded with its strange radiance his kingly figure and the great page he had loved so well, his hand rested peacefully among the leaves of that play of Cymbeline, which contains the most heartbreaking of all threnodies:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

And there, when death came, his hand still lay, at rest on the moonlit page.

His burial in the Abbey was a ceremony of an indescribably thrilling solemnity. One seemed to be aware of all London, standing hushed and bareheaded outside the old walls, and within were gathered to do him honor all the great and distinguished and beautiful men and women of his land. Among them all particularly stands out for me the wild-rose face of Ellen Terry. Nobles and men of genius bore the pall of the vast laureled coffin as it advanced beneath the soaring arches of exquisitely fretted stone to its place of rest near Chaucer in the corner dedicated to the great poets of England, while, sung as it seemed by disembodied voices, the strains of his own Crossing the Bar filled the memoried twilight of painted windows and dim chapels, crowded with the tombs of the illustrious dead and the scutcheons of kings and princes, and suddenly a voice of piercing ethereality was heard singing the strangely haunted words of that poem of The Silent Voices, which he had written a few days before his death:

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dream about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

Amid all the solemnity there was a curious exalted joyousness, as of a celestial springtide, uplifting the heart, that sad October day; a strange gladness breaking through the sorrow of the music. It was less like an ending of mortal greatness than a triumphal entry into immortality.

"Carry the last great bard to his last bed," William Watson had written in his noble elegy, yet it seemed not funeral but divine honors that a great nation was here paying to its great poet. The laurels on his coffin seemed less the laurels of the dead than the laurels of the victor, and one felt that the farewell we were making was not to a long illustrious life descending into everlasting sleep but to a lofty spirit ascending to his place. That which had drawn from out the boundless deep was but turning again home.

Morris' Rough Exterior

WITHIN four years another great poet of a later generation, William Morris, was to be carried to his rest, also in an appropriately dramatic though simple and idyllic manner. I never knew Morris, but I saw him once at an afternoon meeting, held for the discussion of some artistic scheme, I forget what, in the London house of the Duke of Westminster. Oscar Wilde took me there; and I remember how, as we walked through the spacious and lofty rooms, on the walls of which hung gigantic paintings by some master I cannot recall, extending from ceiling to floor, Wilde made one of his magnificent gestures and said to me, "Ah, Richard, this is how a gentleman should live!" Wilde was to be among the speakers, who were already seated on a raised platform, the Duke himself and several distinguished writers amongst them.

The proceedings were well under way when a thickset, wide-shouldered, burly figure, somehow recalling to me Cedric, the Saxon thane in Ivanhoe, with a massive rugged head and broad ruddy open face, jovial and yet suggestive of nervous irascibility, blundered in, like a huge bumblebee into a quiet room on a summer afternoon, and, making a hurried, rather embarrassed, attempt to mount the platform, stumbled and almost fell with an uncouth clatter, an incident which provoked a titter of irreverent laughter in the discreet audience.

It was William Morris. Dressed in his shirt of socialist blue, with a flowing tie, and in clothes of rough blue serge, he looked more like a sea captain than a poet, a comparison he would have welcomed. Certainly no one could have looked less like "the idle singer of an empty day," and one was surprised to find so robust an envelope for the spirit

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The fascinating, rich blue floral design shown above is No. 516. The 9 x 10½-foot size costs only $16.40

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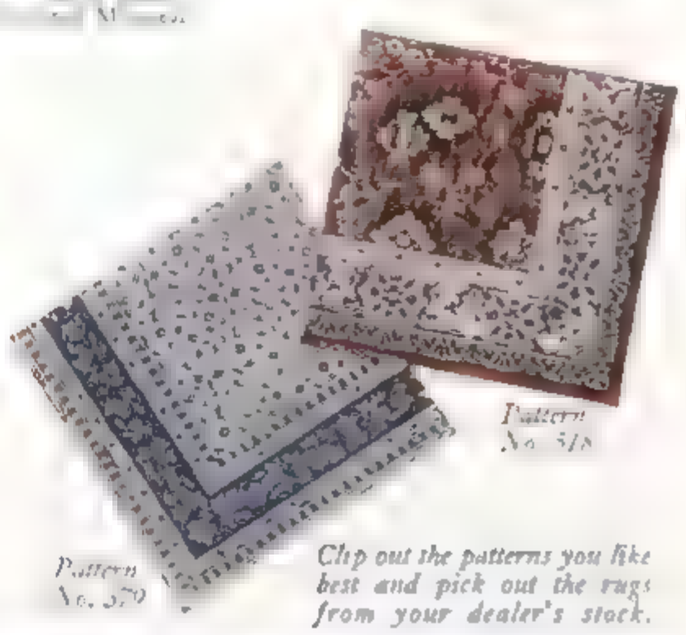

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	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet HB							A	Arc
" (latter mod'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (latter mod'l	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

Look for this sign of noiseless mileage

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 46)

whose poetry was of so dreamy a sensuousness and of so honeyed a melancholy. It was not Morris the poet who stood before us, and presently addressed us, but Morris the master craftsman, the creator of morris chairs, wall papers and tapestries, and the master printer of the Kelmscott Press, whose missal-like editions we were all then eagerly collecting.

Only a short while after, an oxcart, wreathed with vines and country garlands, moved slowly toward Kelmscott churchyard, followed "by the workmen whom he had inspired, the members of the Socialist League which he had supported, the students of the art guild he had founded and the villagers who had learnt to love him." It was more like a rural festival than a funeral, resembling one of the many idyllic processionals in his own poems, and it was a leave-taking conceived according to his own attitude toward death, as a joyous rather than a sorrowful adventure.

A year or two after, wandering haphazard about England on a bicycle, I came with a thrill of surprise upon a finger post which said To Kelmscott, and soon I was making my way to the little churchyard. It is a sad stone village, is Kelmscott—sad with something of the sadness of the stone villages of the Cotswolds. The hard life of the earth seems to have made grim the wintry faces of the buildings, as it makes grim the faces of old farm hands that have feared God for eighty years, yet with just that sweetness which comes of being worn and worn, like old silver. It is a place of many trees, which crowd sheltering close around the tiny church, with its one great grave. Grave so great, yet almost hidden away beneath the boundary hedge of the churchyard—a careless, moldering place where no official sexton disturbs the dead with nicely ordered gravel and packets of forget-me-not, but where the moss creeps stealthily in the night of forgetfulness and the weeds fearlessly thicken. Just a sarcophagus of plain stone, with a touch of simple beauty in its shape, and "William Morris, 1834–1896." As I stood there I found myself saying to myself some words from one of those beautiful prose romances by Morris which are perhaps more truly himself than his poetry:

"—— and Ralph said, 'How is it with thee, beloved?'

"'O well, indeed,' she said.

"Quoth he: 'And how tasteth to thee the water of the Well?'

"Slowly she spake and sleepily, 'It tasted good, and as if thy love were blended in it.'"

And then I turned away from The Well at the World's End and came to the end of the lane—a cul-de-sac of great trees, with the young Thames just below, lying like a nymph among the reeds, and before long found myself before the gray gables of Kelmscott House, a lovely old Jacobean manor, full of ancient peace. Morris, for all his vast output of various work, was but sixty-two when he died, and his beautiful wife was still alive. The temptation to look upon the face of Jane Burden, whose strange loveliness dreams out at us from the paintings of Rossetti, the very Muse of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was too great to be resisted, and presently I was seated with her, tall and stately and lovelier perhaps for a touch of the years on her splendid hair, taking tea at the foot of the old sunny orchard, where, I said to myself, Rossetti, too, had once sat and painted her on just such an afternoon.

A Poet's Advice to Poets

I REMEMBER that we had some particularly good quince jam with our tea, and on my remarking upon its goodness, "I made it myself," said The Blessed Damosel, "and as you like it so much, you shall have a jar to take with you."

A jar of quince jam made by the beautiful lady whom Morris had loved and Rossetti had painted! It was like receiving it at the hands of Helen of Troy. But before I took it away with me Mrs. Morris led me into the house, into his study, with his books as he had left them, the superb Kelmscott Chaucer, which he and Burne-Jones had made together, lying open on the table, and tapestries woven by himself hanging on the walls. It was a dream-like afternoon, and as I departed with my quince jam it seemed to me that it must indeed have come to me in a dream. I cannot recall now what became of it. Perhaps it vanished back into dreamland, for it cannot be conceived that it was eaten in commonplace fashion like other earthly jams.

Tennyson and Morris had thus gone; but, as we have seen, two of the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood still vigorously survived, Swinburne and Meredith, and were to live on well into the present century, both dying in the same year, 1909.

One other major Victorian poet survived till within three years of their deaths, Coventry Patmore, whose celebration of domestic love in The Angel in the House, in which the wife figures somewhat unusually as the Muse, had won great popularity, but whose finest poetry is to be found in The Unknown Eros.

I once met Patmore in the charming home circle of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell. He was a tall, distinguished man, hidalgolike in his rather haughty reserve. I do not recall his talk, but he once wrote me a letter on a volume of my youthful verses in which he gave me a piece of advice I have always kept by me and, I hope, have since profited by.

"Like many young poets," he said, "you live too much on the capital, rather than on the interest, of passion."

He meant, of course, that my verse made use too much of the raw material of immediate personal experience, instead of allowing it to mature and refine itself in the mind toward a genuine poetical distillation. It is a piece of advice which I hand on to the present generation of poets, whose need of it is great, and to whom Mr. Brownell has recently been giving a like counsel when he writes of "depth of feeling, purified of transitory intensities."

Here is a fitting place for me to pay a tribute of memory to that home circle of the Meynells to which I have just referred. Mrs. Alice Meynell, known for that one sonnet of Renunciation, which belongs with the great sonnets of love, and esteemed, too, for her distinguished essays, so deeply meditated and wrought with so finely selective an economy of unique words, was then, as for long after, a veritable Egeria in the London literary world, the center of a salon that recalled the salons of pre-Revolutionary France.

Meredith could not literally sit at her feet, for his illness chained him to Boxhill; but in spirit he was there, devotedly attentive, during the closing years of his life, as his letters and later poems bear witness.

But never, surely, was a lady who carried her learning and wore the flower of her gentle humane sanctity with such quiet grace, with so gentle and understanding a smile. The touch of exquisite asceticism about her seemed but to accent the sensitive sympathy of her manner, the manner of one quite humanly and simply in this world, with all its varied interests, and yet not of it. There was the charm of a lay sister about her, with the added *esprit* of intellectual sophistication. However quietly she sat in her drawing-room of an evening, with her family and friends about her, her presence radiated a peculiarly lovely serenity, like a twilight gay with stars. But there was nothing austere or withdrawn about her.

In that very lively household of young people, girls and boys since grown up to write very individual books for themselves, she was one with the general fun, which under the direction of her buoyant, genial husband—appropriately the editor of a magazine called Merrie England and still, I am glad to think, one of the best raconteurs in London—used often to wax fast and furious, and made dinner there a particularly exhilarating occasion. I give thanks here for the many joyous hours I have spent at that laughing board, and I have no other such picture of a full and harmonious home life to set by its side.

I like to recall that I was free of that household because of our common bond of admiration for the poetry of Francis Thompson. It had been my fortunate opportunity, as I have hinted in regard to Swinburne, to read that poetry in manuscript and accept it for publication by Mr. John Lane. It was, too, a feather in my critical cap with the Meynells that I wrote the first review of Thompson that was published, and had it out in the Daily Chronicle three days before any other review appeared. To act in the dual capacity of publisher's reader and reviewer had, I suppose, a reprehensible suspicion of logrolling about it—a suspicion, I fear, which I often incurred in those days—but I'm afraid I am still blind to the offense of honestly praising in public what I had honestly accepted in private.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Alice Meynell

The Discovery of Thompson

I SAW Francis Thompson one evening there, but I cannot say that he made a great impression upon me. He seemed a rather ineffective personality, sitting silent and shrunken within himself; but it was probably his shy reserve that gave me that impression, and among his familiars, I am told, he was a different being.

Of course, the Meynells had been his discoverers before myself or anyone else, and the story of Mr. Meynell's discovery of him is one of the most dramatic stories of the time. It has been told at length and delightfully by Mr. Everard Meynell in his Life of the poet. But in brief it was thus:

To the office of Merrie England came one day the manuscript of an essay on Paganism Old and New and some poems. They were accompanied by a letter from the author in which he apologized for the soiled state of the manuscript and gave the Charing Cross Post Office as his address. The manuscripts were pigeonholed for six months, and Mr. Meynell, on unearthing them, was so impressed that he wrote at once to Thompson, to receive his letter back some days later from the Dead-Letter Office. He thereupon printed The Passion of Mary, and soon after received a letter from Thompson, whom he invited to call at the office; but having no further word from him, he set out to track him down. At last he got news of him at a chemist's shop in Drury Lane, where the poet was in the habit of buying opium, and where Mr. Meynell left him another invitation to call at the office.

Many days afterward Mr. Thompson was announced, a frightened tatterdemalion figure, "more ragged and unkempt than the average beggar, with no shirt beneath his coat and bare feet in broken shoes." As a medical student in Manchester, incipient tuberculosis and the reading of De Quincey had tempted him to the alleviation of opium, and thereafter for three years he had led a life of destitution, a life of park benches, low lodging houses and refuges, the companion of tramps and beggars.

It was from this underworld that he had suddenly emerged, so dismaying an apparition, that day in Mr. Meynell's office; and it was from this life, with infinite tact and loving kindness, that Mr. and Mrs. Meynell at last rescued him and persuaded his proud spirit to make his home with them. Not the least attractive part of the story is the devotion with which he repaid their goodness, a devotion of which his lovely Sister Songs, written for Mr. and Mrs. Meynell's two little daughters, is an enduring monument.

Mrs. Meynell's circle was, of course, but one of the many influential groups, or *cénacles*, of that energetic seminal period, each one with its chosen idolized prophet, and all, in one way or another, independently contributing to the creation of a new age. *Fin de siècle* was the label, with something of a stigma, which was used to cover them all; but as one looks back it is plain that here was not so much the ending of a century as the beginning of a new one. Those last ten years of the nineteenth century properly

belong to the twentieth century, and far from being decadent, except in certain limited manifestations, they were years of an immense and multifarious renaissance. All our present conditions, socially and artistically, our vaunted new freedoms of every kind—including free verse—not only began then, but found a more vital and authoritative expression than they have found since, because of the larger, more significant personalities engaged in bringing them about. As often happens, the pioneers were bigger men and women than those who have since entered into the new world they opened up, and who in many cases, it may be thought, have pushed their conclusions to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

Such achievements as the twentieth century can boast are merely extensions of what the men and women of the 1890's began, and perhaps today we have less sowing, or even reaping, than running to seed. However that be, there is nothing that seems new just now to anyone familiar with the work done in those ten years, nor have we made any discoveries that were not then already discovered, fought for and written for. Generally speaking, our present-day developments amount to little more than pale or exaggerated copying of the 1890's.

The amount of creative revolutionary energy packed into that amazing decade is almost bewildering in its variety. So much was going on at once, in so many directions, with so passionate a fervor. A three-ringed circus gives but a small idea of the different whirling activities. In fact, London was more like a ten-ringed circus, with vividly original performers claiming one's distracted attention in every ring. Or perhaps one might better compare it to a series of booths at a fair, each with its vociferous barker inviting us in to the only show on earth.

Outside one of them, called the Scots Observer and afterward The National Observer, W. E. Henley, truculently announcing himself as the captain of his soul, was beating the big drum of imperialism, supported by a band of brilliant young literary swordsmen, swearing by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. H. G. Wells and Stevenson, and threatening to eat alive most other writers whatsoever. Another mystic-looking booth, flying a green flag with an Irish harp figured upon it, was presided over by a cabalistical young poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, musically talking of Rosicrucianism, fairies, Celtic folklore and an Irish theater, and backed by Irish scholars proclaiming the revival of the Gaelic tongue as the cure-all for Ireland's wrongs.

The New Theater Movement

ANOTHER Irishman, a witty clowning fellow, with a deadly method in his madness, was advertising Fabian socialism as a nostrum for all our national ills, and discoursing on Wagner and the Quintessence of Ibsenism by the way: sometimes, as a vivacious interlude, stepping down to put on the gloves with some dissentient member of the audience, after the manner of his professional friend Cashel Byron. Then there were Socialist clergymen, preaching High Church Anglicanism and Pre-Raphaelite art for the slums of Whitechapel. Dudley Hardy was making dashing posters outside another booth—for it was the heyday of the poster—and at the door of another Mr. Whistler, with a white forelock like a feather for his *panache*, was declaiming the paradoxes of his Ten o'Clock to a select and ecstatic gathering of devotees.

All these and many other spirited performers met with mingled enthusiasm and jeers from the gaping crowds, hardly knowing what to make of some of them; but there is scarcely one of them whom time has not justified, and whose wildest dreams have not become the realities of the twentieth century.

Mr. Kipling has taken Tennyson's place as the national bard and seer, Ireland is free and telegrams are accepted in Gaelic, the Abbey Theater is a national Irish institution and Mr. Yeats has won the Nobel prize. It is perhaps too bad to call Mr. Shaw a classic, and to say that he has shocked the world so successfully that he can shock it no more; but such are among the recent surprises of time's whirligig. The Fabian Society and William Morris' Hammersmith socialism have grown into a Labor Party, and political dreamers such as Sidney Webb and Sidney Olivier have become cabinet ministers, and even knights as well.

One important phase of the time should not be forgotten—that movement for the New Theater which has since flourished like a green bay tree and brought forth so numerous a progeny of little theaters and new schools of drama and theatric art generally. The honor of this belongs to J. T. Grein, whose Independent Theater, founded in 1891, was the father of them all. Appropriately enough, the first play, or one of the first, to be produced by Mr. Grein was Widowers' Houses, by Mr. Shaw. The leading part, Lickcheese, in this play was taken by James Welch, a young actor, who afterward became a popular comedian in such farcical comedies as When Knights Were Bold, but whose real genius lay in such parts of tragi-comedy as Robson used to play; and with Robson, Welch was often compared.

Welch was well known for his wit in the 1890's, and his early death was a great loss to the stage. Of all the early Shaw enthusiasts, he was the most persistent; and long before Mr. Shaw came into his own, Welch tried manfully to win him a London public. It is hard to realize nowadays, when Mr. Shaw is a millionaire prince of the theater, what a struggle it was to get him on the stage. His earlier productions were merely brilliant flashes in the pan, and the longest run he had, before Mr. Arnold Daly started his vogue in New York with Candida, was a fortnight of Arms and the Man at the Avenue Theater. I remember well its eventful first night. The house was packed with Shaw enthusiasts, who, at the close of the play, summoned Mr. Shaw before the curtain and, clamoring for a speech, gave him the opportunity of making one of his readiest *mots*.

Clad in his famous pepper-and-salt clothes, his very beard seeming Jaeger—"Oh, Shaw!" said Oscar Wilde, "that's the man who smokes the Jaeger cigarettes!"—Mr. Shaw stood a moment, waiting for the applause to subside, when from the gallery came one decided boo of dissent.

Looking up at the booer, with his irresistible Irish smile, he began his speech with: "Personally, I agree with my friend in the gallery—but what can we two do against an audience of such a different opinion!" Mr. Shaw had not been heckled at the end of oratorical cart tails in Hyde Park for nothing.

There is an anecdote told of him and James Welch which illustrates his appreciation of wit in other men. Welch was anxious to produce You Never Can Tell, and went down into the country to see Mr. Shaw and talk terms. As usual Mr. Shaw put a particularly lofty price on himself, a price Welch couldn't afford, and he left disappointed. Back in London, however, the notion came to him to try Shaw with a telegram running, "Why not give me the play for nothing?" The absurdity of the suggestion seems to have tickled Mr. Shaw so much that he immediately wired back a reply in the affirmative.

While I am talking of Mr. Shaw, I may perhaps so far depart from my rule of not gossiping about contemporaries in these vagrom recollections as to recall a charming occasion which I am sure Mr. Shaw will not mind my telling about. At the time we were neighbors at Hindhead, near Haslemere, in Surrey, where Grant Allen and Sir Conan Doyle also had their country homes. The tiny schoolhouse there was presided over by an accomplished lady, herself with a pretty wit, who was anxious to interest her children in the wild life of the surrounding countryside, and had therefore got up a juvenile natural history club, which she asked Mr. Shaw to address. Happening to meet Mr. Shaw during the afternoon, he invited me to go with him to the meeting—to give him my moral support, he said, for he pretended, incredible as it may sound, to be nervous, as, in fact, I am inclined to think he really was.

Inured to all manner of audiences, hostile, indifferent and devoted, he had never yet talked to boys and girls. What on earth was he to say to them? As we entered the little schoolroom, he noticed on the wall one of those game-preservation notices, giving particulars of the close periods during which no one might hunt certain birds and beasts under heavy penalties. Mr. Shaw took the notice from the wall, and when the schoolmistress had duly introduced him to his quite infantile audience, he rose with it in his hand.

Shaw's Captivated Audience

HE BEGAN by reading certain passages. Then, turning to the children, he remarked that probably they had got the idea from what he had read that the grown-up people made such laws because of their great love for animals, because they couldn't bear the thought of their being killed. Nothing of the sort, my dear children, proceeded the arch rebel against social hypocrisies, nothing of the sort! Their real meaning was, he continued, that they wanted you and me—and he adopted a confidential tone, as, so to say, a fellow youngster with themselves—to leave the birds and rabbits and other wild things alone, so that when the shooting season commenced there would be all the more of them for the grown-ups themselves to shoot. It was not because they loved animals, but because they liked shooting them!

This was the gist of his theme, which was received by the youngsters with peals of laughter, becoming still more uproarious as he went on to say that this was a sample of all the laws made by grown-ups for the young; and when from this he proceeded to deduce that the first duty of a child was to disobey its parents and grown-ups generally, there was no controlling the delight of those happy little boys and girls. Never, of course, had they heard such talk before. Here was a friend of their young hearts indeed!

When Shaw ended, there was a small riot in that schoolroom, and the mistress held up her hand in amused dismay. But, as I said, she was witty herself, and she rose to the occasion in a spirited reply. It was all very well, she said, for Mr. Shaw to talk like that to her young charges; but he had to deal with them for that night only, while she had them the whole year round, and it would take weeks for her to bring them back to law and order once more. So Mr. Shaw sowed the good seed of rebellion, in season and out, and I am sure he never won an audience so completely as he won those Hindhead children. I am sure, too, that he must count that little address on the game laws among the most flattering triumphs of his audacious tongue.

That Celtic movement, which was one of the most marked and most far-reaching of the many movements of the 1890's, was by no means entirely in the hands of Irishmen. Indeed, its first inception must be credited to Matthew Arnold's lectures On the Study of Celtic Literature as far back as 1867, though it was not till twenty years later that those lectures began to bear appreciable fruit. By then Celticism was very much in the air; and Grant Allen, who was one of the most barometric minds of the time, and one of the most vigorous and persuasive of all the trumpeters of advance in every form, began one of his Fortnightly Review review articles, entitled Celtic, with the characteristically dashing challenge, he being of Irish blood himself: "We Celts henceforth will rule the roost in Britain." That he was a true prophet who will gainsay?

Among those who, after Mr. Yeats, contributed most to the Celtic triumph—or shall we say obsession?—was the Scotchman, William Sharp, better known to fame as Fiona Macleod. The story of Sharp's dual personality was one of the most picturesque sensations of the 1890's, as it was one of the cleverest hoaxes—if it was a hoax—in literary history. When I reached London, Sharp was already known as the biographer of Rossetti, the editor of an excellent anthology of sonnets, a popularizer of poetry, as editor of the famous Canterbury Series, model of many such to follow, something of a poet himself, and generally an all-round *litterateur* of parts. He had read much and done a great deal of romantic traveling. But it was his personality that mattered most. He was one of the handsomest men in London, a large flamboyant sun-god sort of creature, with splendid, vital, curling gold hair and a pointed golden beard, the bluest of northern eyes and the complexion of a girl. Laughing energy radiated from his robust frame, and he was all exuberance, enthusiasm and infectious happiness, a veritable young Dionysus.

The Mysterious Fiona Macleod

IF ONLY he had been as good a poet as he was good-looking! But it would have been hard for writing to live up to such a victorious appearance, and whenever his writing fell short, as for all its excellent critical qualities it sometimes did, it seemed to matter little, for he himself was success enough. No one could know him without falling under the spell of his generous magnetic nature, and I was proud to count him among my dearest friends. I don't mean to imply that his poetry was bad, but it disappointed one from so inadequately expressing himself—William Sharp. One felt that there was a poet behind it, a poet struggling to embody fine intuitions and imaginings, with insufficient mastery of poetic expression.

The fact was that he had not yet found his medium, for all his experimenting with *vers libre*, of which, in *Sospiri di Roma*, he was one of the earliest pioneers. His best things were to be found in a volume of Romantic Ballads, my recollection of which was to give me a clew to his subsequent Fiona Macleod mystification. Of this, had I realized it at the time, I might have got an early hint from a conversation with Mrs. Sharp during a visit to their country home, when—out for an evening walk, Sharp walking ahead with my wife—she told me that before long we should find Will coming out with some work richer and fuller than he had ever achieved before, the nature of which she must not at the moment confide. I watched for it, but a novel called Silence Farm, though good, hardly seemed a fulfilment of Mrs. Sharp's forecast.

A short time after that, I was spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Allen in Surrey, and one morning the mail brought to Allen and me, to each of us, a copy of a little book called Pharais by a new writer, Fiona Macleod. Grant Allen, among whose many great and endearing gifts was a genius for welcoming all novelties of promise, was enthusiastic, and immediately wrote one of his eager appreciations for the Westminster Gazette. But before I wrote my review of it for my weekly article in the Star, I had made—or thought I had made—a discovery.

Sharp was an intimate friend of both of us, and I said to Allen, "I'll bet you anything that Fiona Macleod is no one else but William Sharp."

My reason for thinking so was that I had found Fiona Macleod using a description of the eerie sound made by the wind blowing over ice identical with lines which had powerfully struck me in one of those Romantic Ballads by William Sharp. The image was too striking to be a coincidence. Either Miss Macleod was plagiarizing or William Sharp was masquerading as Fiona Macleod, and this I proceeded to write in my article.

No sooner was the article published than I received a telegram from Sharp saying, "For God's sake shut your mouth," which I immediately did, and kept it shut

(Continued on Page 106)

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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

What Marvelous Turkey Feasts the Lynxes of That Period Must Have Enjoyed, Following the Great Flocks as They Roamed Through the Vast Forest That Stretched From the Ocean to the Prairies!

Lynx-Haunted Woods

EARLY one morning, some months ago, a hunter went down to the edge of a swamp in the Carolina Low Country in search of wild turkeys. About fifty yards from the swamp, on the slope of an oak ridge, he found a big log with an oak in front of it and another behind it. Leaning his gun against the log, he sat down with his back against one of the trees to wait for daylight.

At day-clean, as the Low Country negroes term full dawn, he began calling. It was just the hour when the turkeys should be coming down from their roosts in the tall trees to feed, and the hunter yelped several times, then listened eagerly for an answer. Almost at once he heard a faint sound. Something had come out of the strip of reeds along the edge of the swamp about forty yards away. He saw it, or believed that he saw it, for an instant amid the scattered blackjack saplings; but in the dim light this brief uncertain glimpse told him little, and he concluded that it was only a rabbit.

He continued yelping; and listening intently for the reply that he hoped to hear, he heard the rabbit come a few feet nearer. Thinking only of turkeys, he did not realize, until the intruder was within eight feet of him on the other side of the log, that rabbits do not ordinarily behave as this animal was behaving.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

THE hunter was still sitting on the ground, his feet against the log, his knees drawn up under his chin. He leaned to his left to look over the log and behind the oak just beyond it, at the same time extending his arm toward his gun. He gazed straight into the eyes of a bay lynx, or wildcat. For two seconds neither man nor wildcat moved. Then the man, still sitting, seized his gun and tried to tip the barrel over the log for an arm's-length shot.

Instantly the lynx sprang, launching itself at the hunter's throat. The man jerked his head and body aside and threw up his arm to ward off the blow. The leaping cat passed between the hunter's face and the gun held in his right hand, slashing the man's thumb and knuckles, and made off into the woods at top speed, its flight hastened by the load of turkey shot that went crashing after it. The encounter was merely a remarkable instance of mistaken identity. But, although the hunter did not look at it in just that light, it was, too, an illustration of the wild charm of lynx-haunted woods, where in any green bay or dense thicket the most mysterious and elusive of all the four-footed wild creatures may be lurking.

In this sense, all these woods of the Low Country are lynx-haunted. Not that at any moment in these woods one is likely to have a wildcat adventure as exciting as that which befell the turkey hunter. There is not by any means a lynx in every thicket; the point is that in almost any thicket there may be one. Not so clever as the fox, the wildcat—or bobcat, as he is known in the West, though bay lynx is his proper and much better name—makes up in mystery what he lacks in personality. Even in places where he is most abundant he is very seldom seen—so seldom that to most people the animal is little more than a myth, a phantom denizen of the spectral, mystical, moss-tapestried swamp forests, a legend rather than a reality. Preëminently a creature of the night, he never shows himself to man if he can avoid it; and when he does show himself, he can appear and disappear so swiftly, so soundlessly, that there seems to be magic in it. He is thus, in a sense, the wildest of all the wild inhabitants of the plantation region; and the Low Country woods and swamps owe something of their allurement to the fact that almost anywhere in them this little kinsman of the tiger may be watching you or listening to your footfalls as you pass by.

The thought that a fierce-eyed, silent, hungry watcher, a hater of mankind, may have you under his gaze need inspire no nervousness in anyone who knows the creature. Nothing on earth could have made that lynx of the Low Country stalk the turkey hunter if the animal had suspected that the sounds issuing from behind the log came from a man and not from a turkey.

Yet arrant coward though the wildcat is, even the oldest woodsman finds something both sinister and uncanny in this invisible, almost intangible presence which glides along the dim forest paths on padded feet and prowls about the plantation outhouses in the darkness, unknown and unrecorded, unless some turkey, goose or pig is missing in the morning and certain rounded tracks in the sand reveal the nature of the marauder.

The Trapping of a Turkey Thief

ON A DIM, shadowy night some years ago, at Magnolia on the Ashley—once one of the finest of the old plantations and now a wonderland of azaleas—a long, slim, slinking shape stole out of the woods and passed swiftly across an open space near an outbuilding. It made for a large leaning mulberry tree and ran rapidly and with perfect ease up the stout trunk. At a height of about twenty feet it fastened itself upon a sleeping hen turkey, leaped or fell with the turkey to the ground, and, somewhat less swiftly than it had come—for the turkey weighed nearly ten pounds—passed like a ghost across the clearing and vanished in the blackness of the woods.

Several nights later this same long, slinking shape came stealing through the forest near the river. Presently it stopped. Ahead of it in the darkness it saw something that was not there when last it had passed that way. Probably it reconnoitered the strange object with great care, but did not find it sufficiently formidable to excite serious alarm. Soon the dim shape moved forward again. It had a special reason for desiring to reach a certain spot within a few feet of this strange object, which resembled a square wooden box about a foot and a half high. So the dim shape drew nearer and nearer, probably by a more or less circuitous route, and certainly keeping a watchful eye on the boxlike object all the while; and suddenly, when it had

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(Continued from Page 52)

come almost within leaping distance of the object, something snapped, and one of the largest bay lynxes that ever roamed the woods of the Low Country was caught by the foot in a steel trap.

Early next morning some of the negroes at Magnolia, coming to examine the traps, found the captive. He had returned, as they had believed he would, to the place where he had buried the carcass of the turkey, after eating as much of it as he could hold. They had concealed their traps about the place, and in the midst of them, near the spot where the half-eaten body of the turkey was buried, they had placed a live rooster in a slatted coop, hoping that the crowing of the rooster would hasten the raider's coming.

They spent little time wondering whether it was the rooster or the turkey which was chiefly responsible for the lynx's predicament. What interested them at the moment was the amazing size of the creature; and so forbidding was his aspect, and so ferocious were his deep growls and snarls, that, although he was evidently held securely by the trap, none of the negroes would go near him. After some moments one of them picked up a stick and threw it at the animal. The wildcat, apparently holding the rooster responsible for this assault, sprang furiously at the coop and smote so fiercely with his paw as to smash one of the slats and rake the terrified bird with his long claws. A little later the cat's career was ended with a bullet. His skin was brought to the city by the owner of Magnolia. The negroes pronounced the rest of him delicious.

This wildcat of Magnolia, which came to his death on the morning of October 10, 1921, deserves some special notice. He was not weighed and his measurements were not properly taken; but though he was probably not a record breaker, he was an extraordinary specimen of his kind. Experienced hunters who saw his skin estimated his weight at between sixty and seventy pounds; and though their estimates were certainly excessive, they may not have been so wildly extravagant as many will be inclined to suppose. Naturalists of the North and East will smile at those figures; but the fact is that naturalists of the North and East do not know much about Low Country wildcats.

A Diet of Rabbit and Turkey

HERE undoubtedly the animal attains a size far in excess of Northern and Western averages. Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoölogical Park, certainly a first-rate authority, says:

"The largest specimen that ever came into my hands weighed eighteen pounds"—this figure is so small that one wonders whether it is not a misprint. "The largest of nine specimens killed by Mr. Roosevelt's party in Routt County, Colorado, in 1901, weighed thirty-nine pounds. One killed near Asheville, North Carolina, in 1900 is reported to have weighed fifty-one pounds."

The Low Country can beat the best of these, even the Asheville record, which Doctor Hornaday evidently regards with doubt. In November, 1900, Ferdinand Gregorie, a planter, killed at Grog Pond, near Oakland plantation, a male bay lynx which tipped the scales at a trifle more than fifty-one pounds. This monarch of wildcats was weighed by Arthur T. Wayne, an ornithologist of national note, whose testimony will be accepted by scientific men everywhere. It was the largest lynx of which there is authentic record in this region; yet thirty-pounders are not very rare here, and it is easily possible that an even bigger wildcat than that Oakland monster is lurking now in some Low Country swamp.

To the many swamps, which afford excellent cover and safe refuge for the rearing of the three or four kittens which the female brings forth each year, and to the abundance of the wild life on which he subsists—mainly rabbits and other rodents and many sorts of birds—the bay lynx owes his survival in such large numbers in the Low Country. In some respects the coming of civilization has actually favored him. The puma and the great packs of wolves which formerly ranged through these forests have gone, and though man is a far more dangerous enemy to the wildcat than these former masters of the wilderness ever were, their elimination is one thing for which the lynx must thank his most hated foeman.

There are other man-made compensations besides this one to console the lynx for the passing of the halcyon days of the Low Country's early youth. He is quite as fond of quail as he is of turkey as an article of food; and though there are fewer turkeys now than in the Indians' time, there are probably more bobwhites. It seems likely that the bobwhite was a comparatively rare bird in the primeval forests, and that it followed the white man and throve upon his handiwork, instead of withdrawing before him. The call of the partridge, like the hum of the bee, says one of the old historians, was a signal to the Indians of coming white men and the approach of civilization. It was, too, a signal to the lynxes of those times, though they could hardly have known it, of the coming of a new and succulent species of prey, destined to take the place, in large measure, of the wild turkey, which seems to have been those early lynxes' favorite form of provender.

The bay lynx has to work harder now for a turkey dinner than the lynxes of the early days; yet such a dinner may be had, and is probably often had, in the seclusion of the canebrakes and thickets where no hound or hunter is likely to interrupt the feast. The wild turkey survives in fair numbers in the Low Country. I heard the other day of a man who had recently counted more than forty of these splendid birds in one old field, and it is not a very unusual experience to flush them as one drives along the less frequented woods roads.

To see the great gobblers, tall and slender of build, their heads held high, their bronze bodies glinting in the light, striding through the open woods of the pineland at the moment before they take flight, and then to watch them sailing swiftly away amid the trees, rising higher and higher until they have topped the feathery summits of the pines, is to enjoy one of the most thrilling spectacles which the Low Country woods afford and to receive a vivid reminder of the old days when all the woodlands swarmed with turkeys.

"Having rested very well during the night," wrote William Bartram, the botanist, describing his journey through Carolina about a century and a half ago, "I was awakened in the morning early by the cheerful converse of the wild turkey cocks saluting one another from the sun brightened tops of the lofty cypresses. They begin at early dawn and continue until sunrise, from March until the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social sentinels; the watchword being caught and repeated from one to another for hundreds of miles around; in so much that the whole country is, for an hour or more, in an universal shout. A little after sunrise they quit the trees, and alighting on the earth, strut and dance around the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with the shrill noise."

What marvelous turkey feasts the lynxes of that period must have enjoyed, following the great flocks as they roamed through the vast forest that stretched from the ocean to the prairies, and scarcely ever out of sight, sound or scent of turkeys from one day's end to another!

Those days have gone, but something of them remains. The bay lynx is one reminder of them and the wild turkey another, though the fear of man has settled over the woods, so that the amorous gobblers no longer welcome the dawn with so cheerful a clamor. Yet today, just as in the early days, these two hereditary foes often match wits in the woods; and sometimes the turkey, in spite of the amazing keenness of his senses, is the loser in the deadly game. Few and far between are the human hunters who can walk or crawl up to a gobbler feeding on the ground; but the soft-footed, serpentlike lynx—serpentlike in his sinuousness and slender symmetry and in his possession of the same sinister craft and cunning which, rightly or wrongly, we attribute to the serpent—is a still-hunter and stalker whose skill even the most practiced of two-legged woodsmen can never hope to approach.

Not only the turkeys but the deer also fear him. Perhaps the first explorers overdrew their spirited accounts of wildcats riding through the woods on the backs of full-grown deer and sucking the blood of their victims while they were yet in the throes of death; but there can be little doubt that the wildcat was a destructive enemy of the deer when the latter grazed in hundreds in all the forests, just as there is no doubt that the wildcats of today sometimes dine on venison. As a rule, only young fawns are taken. As a matter of fact, an adult buck, unless the lynx could contrive to drop upon him from some overhanging bough, would be more than a match for any wildcat. Only the other day, however, a negro woodsman came upon the body of a yearling deer which had just been killed by three wildcats, seen close by the carcass.

A Fighter When He Has to Be

A FRIEND of mine who is a mighty deer hunter captured a young fawn in the woods some time ago and reared it in a small inclosure in his yard. The fawn became very tame, and being admitted often to the house, made itself almost a nuisance by its importunate and incessant desire for titbits of various kinds, accepting eagerly whatever was given it, including even shrimps and cigarette stumps. Of only one thing was it afraid. If a cat came anywhere near it, it was seized with a paroxysm of terror, and sometimes its frenzied efforts to flee were so violent that its owner feared it would break its neck.

This fawn, having been taken so young, within a few hours after birth, could hardly have had any actual experience of wildcats, and during its life in captivity no domestic cat had ever made an attack upon it. Its fear must have been purely instinctive, the result of long centuries of warfare between the bay lynx and the white-tailed deer in the Low Country woods; and it is interesting to note that this instinct, based upon the bob-tailed tawny lynx, was aroused so swiftly and so powerfully by the long-tailed, variously colored and much smaller cousins of the lynx, which roam our fences at night and occasionally make a pretense of paying their board by catching a few mice for their owners.

It is possible that two hundred and fifty years ago the wildcat was not so desperately afraid of man as it is today. The twentieth-century wildcat, which has to deal with shotguns instead of bows and arrows, has learned wisdom. I know of only one instance in which a bay lynx has deliberately attacked a human being in this region, and in that case the victim was a very small negro boy. Today, when a wildcat is started by the dogs in the course of a deer hunt, the hunter is in less danger from the cat than from the deer, for there have been cases in which a hunted buck has charged a hunter.

For the dogs, however, the cat may prove an exciting customer, at least in those instances when it is brought to bay before it has opportunity to climb a tree. Coward though it is, the lynx will fight hard for its life when the hounds close in for the death grapple, and its fangs are long and keen and its claws as sharp as needles; but it will not fight the pack, or even one dog of the pack, so long as there is any possibility of escape by flight or concealment. One startling exception to this rule is an incident related by William Elliott, most famous of Low Country sportsmen, who hunted these woods and fished these waters some three-quarters of a century ago.

"A full-grown wildcat," says Elliott, "will sometimes succeed in beating off a half dozen dogs; though I once owned a noble hound that would kill a cat single-handed. I was witness to such an exciting contest. I was hunting cats with my two well-trained cat hounds, Rowser and Black, and had given the cat a chase of a couple of hours, when, Black having been thrown out, Rowser brought the chase to bay in a hedge. Seeing but one dog in pursuit, he determined to give battle, and after a growl of defiance, left the cover of the hedge and leaped out into an open field. Rowser sprang after him, and the cat, instead of flying, threw himself upon his back, raised his head and extended his forepaws in the attitude of a pugilist on guard. The dog approached—his hair bristling upon his back—and stood almost over his recumbent foe. There was a pause of several seconds, during which they glared at each other with inconceivable fury, before they closed in the death struggle."

The Proudest Youngsters in America

"THE dog seized the cat on its breast, between the forelegs, the cat at the same time burying its fangs in the shoulder of the dog. Though bitten through and through, he uttered no cry of pain, but pressed down upon the cat—nor relaxed his hold until his foe was dead. He killed him by dint of pressure, for his teeth had never entered the skin of the cat—nor have I ever witnessed an instance in which, when killed by dogs, their skins have been torn by their teeth. When the cat was dead his fangs still remained clinched in the shoulder of the dog; his jaws had to be separated by force, and the victor, released from his grip, was unable to move, and was taken home on the back of a horse. I need hardly add that I never suffered this gallant hound a second time to engage single-handed in so serious a conflict."

I have come upon one other remarkable instance, which, though it is less noteworthy than Elliott's, should perhaps be mentioned here. Some years ago, at Old Town Plantation—historic ground, because it was there that the first Charleston stood—two boys about twelve or fourteen years of age were hunting rabbits, with a little mongrel as their assistant, on a wooded point of land extending into the marsh. Suddenly they heard the dog yelling in pain and terror. Hastening to the spot, they found that a big wildcat had him on his back and was mauling him unmercifully.

The boys were too small and inexperienced to be trusted with shotguns, and their only weapons were stout sticks. They were not wanting in pluck, however, and they rushed instantly to the rescue, delivering such telling blows upon the lynx that they first stunned and then killed it. This incident, so contrary to lynx nature, is difficult to explain. Possibly the cat had young ones near by. Possibly—though this seems unlikely—the dog had cornered it and it was compelled to assume the offensive in order to make its way out. Be that as it may, the two boys who killed it with their crude weapons were among the proudest youngsters in America—almost as proud as a small friend of mine of about their age who, some years ago, killed a bear.

In this episode of the Old Town lynx the dog which figured in the affray was a very small one. One hears tales from time to time of battles in which some lone hound, ranging the woods in the night, was severely handled by a wildcat, but very few of these stories are worthy of credence.

One day last fall I walked a lonely path which I call Lynx Lane. It was a cold clear autumn morning. The thought of work in a stuffy study was repugnant and by ten o'clock had become intolerable. By eleven we had left the city some fifteen miles behind us and stood in the midst of that varicolored glory—crimson and gold and coppery-bronze—which November spreads wherever young sweet gums mass themselves along the borders of small swamps. The path which would take us to Lynx Lane led straight through such a thicket; but at the swamp's edge we paused

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BREAKFAST WITH BETTINA

(Continued from Page 13

And with this firm resolve, Gerald Brown strode hurriedly out of the room, plowing a veritable furrow through Bettina's chattering guests.

Florence

THE strength of Gerald's resolution lasted about two weeks, which is a long time for any resolution to last, in May. Then one fair morning toward the end of the month he found himself walking up a hillside over against Florence, in Italy. He was astonished to be in Italy. He was even more astonished to be walking up this particular hillside, where olive trees were green and where red-roofed villas mounted on toy terraces made a leisurely and colorful pattern over the unhurried slope. He could not remember by what process of reasoning he had left Paris; or precisely how it was that he had rushed off, after dining with Halve three nights ago—or was it two, or four?—to fling himself breathless into a compartment of the Riviera Express. Very likely, he decided, it was the champagne he had drunk, though of course he and Halve had mentioned Bettina. They had talked about her a little. But undoubtedly it was the champagne.

"And here I am," he said, stopping in the road and counting the villas above him to make sure which one belonged to Bettina's friend, the comtessa. Ah, that would be it, that pink one, according to the instructions of the cabby he had dismissed in the road below. He might have driven up, but he preferred to walk. He wanted time to collect his thoughts.

But his thoughts remained hopelessly scattered. By the time he had reached the entrance to the pink villa he was in a state of mind that may be described as chaotic. He hadn't the least notion of what he was going to say to Bettina.

He was shown by an Italian butler—who would have made, he thought, an excellent operatic bandit—through a wide cool hall to the terrace in front of the house. And there he found Bettina serving breakfast to some twenty or thirty people of various nationalities, whose utterance approximated a polite babel.

Gerald, as he came through the hall, had been conscious of this babel. But he had thought it was his imagination playing a trick on him. Bettina had said distinctly that she knew no one in Florence but the comtessa; and though he had replied bitterly "That's enough!" he had not dreamed that it would be enough.

But it was enough. In fact, too much.

"I've made," he said, in response to Bettina's greeting, "another glorious idiot of myself."

"You've given me a glorious surprise. I hadn't the slightest notion that you were coming to Florence."

"Neither had I," said Gerald grimly.

"Please don't regret it—so soon."

"I'm not regretting it. I'm just acknowledging my own inconsistency. I wouldn't have believed it possible."

"What?" asked Bettina.

"This," he said, indicating the company. "How do you do it?"

"Oh, they're mostly the comtessa's friends, though I did run into the Shelbys—the moment I arrived—at the railroad station. Just imagine! They were going to Naples, but I persuaded them to stay over a day. I used to know them in New York. Emma was one of my best friends. Think of that!"

"I can't," said Gerald. "I'm incapable of thinking about anything. Why does Nature flatter the human animal by giving him a brain? It's utterly useless in a crisis. One always falls back on the emotions and gets hopelessly bogged."

"Yes, doesn't one?" she said, sighing.

She was wearing a dress the color of emerald water under a cloud, a pale shadowy green; and her eyes, today, were not brown at all, but sheer amber.

"You look," he said helplessly, "more beautiful than any woman has a right to look."

"Really? I wasn't sure," murmured Bettina, with a pleased smile; then: "So you weren't in your right mind when you left Paris?" she inquired.

"Decidedly not."

"What had you been doing?"

"Drinking champagne."

"Is that all?"

"No, I'd been thinking about you."

"How nice!" said Bettina. "But I'm sorry it deranged your mind."

"You're not in the least sorry," retorted Gerald. "If you were, you'd take my hand before this assembled company and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I love this man. I've tortured him long enough. I'm now going to elope with him.' Then you and I would run away. We'd run down the terrace and down the hill into Florence, and there we'd be married by an American minister, an old friend of yours who'd be passing, providentially, on his way to a church convention in Monte Carlo."

Bettina laughed. Her laugh went floating off into the bright haze of sunlight that flooded Italy.

"But, my dear Mr. Brown ——"

"Dear Gerald!"

"All right, dear Gerald—darling Gerald"

"Bettina!"

"Even if I did love you—which I don't say I do—I couldn't possibly run away with you."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm leaving tomorrow with the Shelbys for Naples, and then I'm going home with them."

"Home?"

"To New York. On the Irresponsible. Tom Shelby's yacht, you know."

"I didn't know," said Gerald. "But it's a nice name—for a yacht."

"So, you see," concluded Bettina gently, "I couldn't possibly elope with you."

"If you did elope with me," he argued, "you wouldn't have to go home on the Irresponsible. After all, why should you go home? There's no reason."

"Yes, there is."

"What is it?"

"Shoes," said Bettina.

"Shoes?"

"Yes: I haven't a decent pair to my name. You can't buy shoes in Europe. They don't make them."

He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms and looked at her with an expression of grim disapproval. Oh, he looked terribly disapproving just then, did Gerald!

"I have never in my life," he said, "heard anything so ridiculous."

"Why is it ridiculous?"

"Well, why in heaven's name isn't it? To travel across the Atlantic for no other reason than to buy a pair of shoes!"

"A hundred pairs," corrected Bettina. "Besides, I didn't say there was no other reason."

"Oh, then there is?"

"Yes."

"May I ask the nature of it?" queried Gerald, and added frivolously—for this woman fairly drove one to frivolity—"animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Animal," said Bettina.

"Masculine or feminine?"

"Masculine."

"If you don't tell me at once what this reason is ——"

"Not so loud, dear. If you shout, the comtessa will think you're primitive, and will come over and want you to make love to her. She simply adores ——"

"The reason, Bettina, I beg of you!"

"It came in a letter. The letter's been following me for weeks—Paris—London—Florence ——"

"Like me," put in Gerald.

"Yes. But I received it only yesterday. And as long as the Shelbys had asked me to go with them I thought I'd run over and see him."

"Him!"

"My fiancé," said Bettina, gazing out over the hill that made a breast above Florence.

Gerald looked at her. Then he blinked his eyes and looked at her again.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Oh, no, you're not that sort. You're not the sort that would let one man chase you all over Europe while you were engaged to another, particularly when the first man had asked you whether there was another; and even more particularly when you had said there was not."

"I told you," answered Bettina, "that once, a long time ago, there had been a man; a man who ——"

"But you didn't tell me you were engaged to him!"

"I didn't know I was," replied Bettina.

"Didn't know? But you must have known! It's unbelievable that you shouldn't have known you were engaged if you were engaged!"

"Not at all. You see, when I first met Hammie ——"

"Hammie?"

"His name," said Bettina, "is Hamilton Briggs. He writes novels of the lower sort. He's very intelligent. It takes a great deal of intelligence, you know, to write novels of the lower sort."

"Hang his novels!" said Gerald, hitting a coffee cup with a spoon. "How do you happen to be engaged to him—engaged without knowing it?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Bettina, taking the spoon away from him: "When I was very young—twenty, for instance—I met this man at a dance. It was some sort of pagan revel that I'd gone to because I was told I couldn't go. My costume was green beads over pink net. Hammie fell in love with me and wanted me to marry him."

"That night?"

"Yes; and afterward too—oh, for a long time afterward. He was attractive, and so persistent. You've no idea how he pursued me."

"I feel," said Gerald, "a bond of sympathy for the poor wretch. . . . And what happened?"

"Well, I finally told him, just to get a breathing space—because I wasn't sure, you know—that I was frightfully extravagant and couldn't possibly marry anyone as poor as he was. And he said he was going to write low novels and expected to make a lot of money. And he asked me if I'd marry him the day he was worth half a million dollars. And I said, 'Nothing less than a million'—just because I wasn't sure, you know. And Hammie said, 'All right, a million it is.' He was awfully nice about it—terribly persistent, but nice. He said if I married in the meantime he'd try to forgive me, but if I was still single on the day he became a millionaire he'd consider me engaged to him, or words to that effect. And I said, 'All right, Hammie.' What else could I say?"

"You could have said no! Like that—no!"

"Darling, I've warned you about the comtessa. . . . And besides, he was attractive then. For all I know, he may be attractive now. Bad novelists as a rule are much more fascinating than good ones—curious phenomenon," mused Bettina.

"This letter he wrote you," prompted Gerald.

"Oh, yes, the letter. It had seven postmarks. I opened it with the greatest curiosity—and discovered that I was engaged to Hammie. He'd made his million and I was still unmarried. So there I was."

The hand that had taken from him the coffee spoon lay idly in her lap. He seized it and held it firmly in his.

"Are you going to marry Hammie?" he demanded.

(Continued on Page 58)

An Important Change in Policy

STUDEBAKER herewith announces the discontinuance of the custom of presenting a new line of automobiles each year. Instead of bringing Studebaker Cars dramatically up-to-date once in twelve months *we shall keep them up-to-date all of the time*—with every improvement and refinement made available by our great engineering and manufacturing resources. This policy not only directly benefits present Studebaker owners, but it also enables purchasers of new cars to obtain models that are always modern—*without the necessity of waiting for annual changes,* and without the danger of their new cars becoming obsolete.

BACK of this new policy is an amazing story—of interest to everyone who owns or expects to own an automobile.

The dramatic success of the present line of Studebaker Cars is one reason for this important change. Month after month we keep breaking records—sales keep piling up. This year we will sell almost four times as many automobiles as we produced in the big boom year which followed the war.

Owners report endurance records, even beyond our greatest expectations. Out in the rugged mountain regions where Studebaker sells four times its normal proportion of cars, owners talk about these models in the most extravagant terms. In 1924 the Corporation's sale of repair parts dropped to $10 per car per year. Mechanical stamina under severe usage—remarkable performance under the most difficult travel conditions—*these are the qualities for which Studebaker cars have long been noted.*

Extensive investigations, recently conducted, have revealed only two very minor suggestions for improvement of the present Studebaker line—the addition of color in the alluring tones made possible by our new lacquer finish—and a change in the appearance of the radiator shell of the Standard Six.

Surely, these significant facts prove beyond any shadow of doubt that Studebaker Cars are so soundly engineered and manufactured and so eminently satisfactory in the hands of owners, *that drastic annual changes are not required.*

Improvements and refinements will be made from time to time. New features will be added. When our engineering department (maintained at a cost of more than half a million dollars a year) devises an improvement in any model it will be made without regard to the calendar.

As in the past, we shall continue to pioneer vital betterments that have proved their merit through practical use. Alert, aggressive, receptive to new ideas, resourceful in executing them, guided by scientific research and spurred by imagination, the Studebaker organization proposes to build better motor cars than ever before.

Now you may buy a Studebaker on any day of the year with the confident assurance that the sturdy, thrifty, one-profit car you drive away will not be stigmatized by any act of ours as a "last year's model." Today in even more generous measure than in the past, Studebaker Cars offer the utmost value for the money.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

STUDEBAKER

MOTOR CARS

This is a Studebaker Year

Watch This Column

HOOT GIBSON

HOOT GIBSON has been chosen as the man who best typifies the American cowboy by Stanislaw Poecha, the Polish painter, who is now in Universal City, Cal., painting a full-length portrait of the rollicking young actor, whose riding has placed him in the very first rank of Western horsemen.

"Taming the West," Hoot's new picture, now being shown, reveals Hoot in all his picturesque accomplishments. The story is adapted from B. M. Bower's popular novel of the same name, has a splendid plot and calls for all the daring of which Hoot is capable. I cordially commend this picture to all of you without qualification. His two other pictures *"Let Er Buck"* and the *"Saddle Hawk"* have been very successful.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is having return engagements in many cities. So many people were unable to see it on its first appearance and so many desire to see it again, that we find it necessary to show this magnificent story of Victor Hugo's a second and even a third time.

Other pictures which have been box-office successes are: *"Smoldering Fires,"* with PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE; *"Oh, Doctor!"* starring REGINALD DENNY; *"Fifth Avenue Models,"* starring MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY; *"Up the Ladder,"* starring VIRGINIA VALLI; *"Dangerous Innocence,"* starring LAURA LA PLANTE and EUGENE O'BRIEN; HOUSE PETERS in *"Raffles."*

I wish you would tell me what in your opinion makes a picture good or great. What are the essentials as you see them? What Universal pictures do you think were great and which were indifferent? Please write me a personal letter.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 56)

"How do I know till I've seen him? I must see him, at any rate."

"You could cable him to meet you here or in Paris."

"He can't come. He said in his letter that he'd have presented himself in person—really, his letter sounded just like one of his novels—but unfortunately he was detained by two considerations. First, he was busy putting on a play—I didn't know he wrote plays; how dreadful—and second, he had a weak digestive organism which might suffer dangerously from a sea voyage. So, you see, I must go to him."

"I see," said Gerald, releasing her hand.

"You understand that I'm in honor bound to go?"

"I understand. And then—you can buy your shoes, so everything will be perfectly splendid."

"Dear Gerald," sighed Bettina, "don't be cross with me. I'm very sad."

"I should think you would be, what with the life you lead," observed Gerald, glancing about the crowded terrace. "Look here, Bettina, why not marry me at once—this afternoon? Then you can send Hammie a cable saying you're already supplied with a husband, thanks."

Bettina shook her head. Her profile was wistful.

"I know it's absurd of me," she said; "but I really don't think that would be fair. Besides, I've never said that I'd marry you."

"Then you won't?"

"I've never said that, either."

"I can't stand it!" exclaimed Gerald, rising and clutching his forehead. "I simply can't stand it! I'm going back to Paris. I'm going now! And this time I swear I'll forget you!"

"If you do I'll never speak to you again. . . . I'm going to miss you terribly—darling."

"Siren!" groaned Gerald.

"I'll be stopping at the Ritz in New York. If you should happen to run over ——"

"Run over? I wouldn't for the world run over. I ——"

"You might write me."

"Never! This is the end. Good-by, Bettina."

"Au revoir," she answered sadly; then: "The comtessa!" she whispered. "Coming over to be made love to. I couldn't bear it. Run!"

Gerald saw darting toward him a small dark woman with coral earrings and a ravenous smile.

He took up his hat and fled.

New York

WITHIN a month he had forgotten Bettina to the extent of thinking about her only twenty or thirty times a day. Then one morning he received a cablegram from that vague but lovely lady. It said, "New York incredible. Have spent fortune on shoes."

Gerald said, "Drat her!" or words to that effect. Then calling himself an utterable weakfish, he hurried to a cable office and wired, "What about Hammie?"

Twenty-four hours later he had a second cable from Bettina. It read as follows:

"Intelligent dyspeptic darling."

Now what, in the name of the seven original mysteries, did that mean? "Intelligent dyspeptic" probably referred to Hammie. If so, good! But if "darling" also referred to Hammie—not so good. On the other hand, if "darling" had a separate connotation; if it was to be interpreted as in isolated endearment; if, in short, one could imagine a comma after "dyspeptic," then all was well, Bettina was still free and everything was gloriously indefinite, as usual.

"Drat her!" said Gerald; and calling up Halve, asked him please to drop into his studio on Mondays and Fridays and see that the concierge sprinkled insect powder around. Halve said he'd be charmed; and Gerald caught the Olympic at Cherbourg.

Six days later he was in New York. The Olympic docked early; and since Gerald's luggage consisted of a single large bag, he was through the customs in a jiffy. He arrived at the Ritz about 10:30 o'clock in the morning, having previously sent Bettina a wireless message that he was coming.

By this time he had worked himself into a state of nervous pessimism. He expected to find Bettina's apartment filled with a hungry horde, attracted, as Bettina once had said, by the sirup. But for once her drawing-room was empty.

"Mademoiselle is dressing," said her maid.

"Is that you, dear Gerald?" called Bettina from the bedroom. "What a lamb you are! I was thrilled when I got your message."

"Bettina, I must see you!"

"Not yet, darling. There's too much of me to be seen. But I won't be two minutes. I'm all dressed but my clothes."

"Bettina!" called back Gerald, putting his lips to the door. "If your last cable had been punctuated, would there or would there not have been a comma after 'dyspeptic'?"

"A comma after 'dyspeptic'?" There was a long pause, then Bettina's voice, muffled: "Yes, I think there would have been."

"Don't you know?"

"I'm not sure. I can't be sure of anything till I see how this dress hangs. . . . You were sweet to come. I'm getting frightfully tired of New York. Simply exhausted. I found I knew so many people. Amazing—and of course I've had to entertain ——"

"How does it happen," he shouted, "that you're not entertaining this morning?"

"I am—at eleven."

"But good Lord, Bettina, it's a quarter to eleven now! If you don't come out in one minute," he threatened, "I'm coming in!"

"*Doucement, doucement,*" replied Bettina. Then the door opened and she appeared, radiant, in a morning costume of pale yellow that gave a golden tint to her hair and to her skin. "Here I am, darling."

Gerald kissed her.

"Do you love me, Bettina?"

"I love you enough to enjoy having you to kiss me. But you mustn't do it again because I can't find anything in New York that doesn't come off. They say it doesn't, but it does. . . . You're looking thinner, Gerald."

"Worry!" he said. "Mental anguish. . . . Who else has been kissing you? Hammie?"

"Yes, once or twice. But it always comes off."

"Bettina, I'm telling you, I can't control myself much longer. I swear to heaven I'll murder you—with one of those candlesticks—if you don't immediately clear up this mystery about Hammie."

"But I've been waiting for you to ask me. . . . Have I got on too much rouge?"

"No."

"Well, it's like this," said Bettina, sinking into a chair: "Hammie's practically bald, and he suffers horribly from dyspepsia. I invited him to my first little breakfast and he almost died."

"I can understand that. Go on."

"Almost died, I mean, of too many wheat cakes."

"But your engagement!"

"Oh, yes. Well, Hammie and I talked it over—while he was eating the wheat cakes, you know—and we decided that as we hadn't seen each other for so long—and everything, we'd better not be hasty about marrying each other. Hammie said it was such a serious matter, and I said, yes, wasn't it? And then he said he'd wait and talk to me after my guests had gone, and he did."

"Hammie," interrupted Gerald, "must have the soul of a mustard plaster."

"I told you he was persistent. Well, he stayed, and made love to me—that's when I discovered the inferiority of American lip rouge; you can imagine how chagrined I was—but in the middle of it he had a pain, really a dreadful pain. The wheat cakes, you know."

"I can imagine," said Gerald.

"I got him some bicarbonate of soda and water and after a while he was well enough to say good-by. He said it very nicely. Then he went out and I haven't seen him since, though I did send him some roses."

"Bettina!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Listen, Bettina—listen carefully. Tomorrow morning, as soon as the marriage-license bureau is open, you're going downtown—to city hall, or wherever the place is—and get married. To me! Then you and I are going back to Paris, and then ——"

He paused, suddenly aware of voices in the hall of Bettina's apartment. The next moment the maid entered and announced that mademoiselle's guests had arrived.

They had. They came in chattering as Bettina's guests always chattered; they entered, as the phrase is, with talk and laughter.

Gerald stepped back against the wall and waited, remembering the persistent Hammie.

At last, when the room was so crowded that no one knew who anyone was or what anyone was doing, he forced his way to the table where Bettina sat pouring coffee.

"Will you?" he shouted above the din of voices.

Bettina looked at him. Her shoulders drooped, she smiled faintly, and her lips formed the word "Yes."

"Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock," he yelled, and turned so abruptly that he almost upset a lady with wheat cakes. "Ha-ha!" shrieked the lady. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!" roared back Gerald.

And then he went out of Bettina's apartment, almost losing a coat sleeve *en passant*, as the French would say.

The next morning at nine o'clock he called for her in a taxi, and at ten o'clock Bettina Morgan and Gerald Brown were solemnly and sufficiently united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a fat alderman who wheezed every time he took a breath. Bettina giggled, the fat alderman said, "I didn't know as I'd ever make the grade, the way my asthma throttled me down," and Gerald gave him ten dollars. Altogether it was a very friendly sort of wedding; really, a beautiful wedding.

"I had to marry you," said Gerald, "to get you alone."

And then, going back uptown in the cab, they had the first serious difference of their married life.

"I've a little surprise for you," he told her, putting his arm around her waist and kissing her.

"What is it, darling?"

"Well, after I left you yesterday morning, I went straight to a steamship ticket agency and engaged a suite on the Chicago, sailing at one o'clock today. So in just two hours and three-quarters you and I will be leaving for Paris."

"Gerald! Are you mad? I can't possibly ——"

"Yes, you can," he assured her gayly. "I've arranged everything. I spoke to your maid this morning—before you appeared—and told her to pack whatever you might need for the trip. Your trunks can be sent later."

"But, darling, it isn't my trunks. It's ——" Bettina hesitated, frowning; then her face lighted up and she said brightly, "The Mauretania's sailing tomorrow. I know some people who are crossing on her. We'll wait and take the Mauretania."

"No," said Gerald, "we'll take the Chicago."

"The Mauretania's a better boat, and much faster. If we took the Mauretania we'd get there two or three days sooner, at least, and we'd have another whole day in New York."

"That's just the point," said Gerald. "I don't want another day in New York. And I'm in no great hurry to get to Paris.

(Continued on Page 60)

WHY not spend your vacation on a delightful, healthful auto-camping trip? Federal, State and County highways costing millions of dollars—part of this your own tax money—enable you to reach America's mountains, seashores, forests and lakes. Thousands of municipal campsites are available free, or you pitch your tents in some secluded dell, as your fancy wills.

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(Continued from Page 58)

All I want is to start at once—right away—on our honeymoon. I want to continue to be alone with you, Bettina."

"But, Gerald—dearest, I can't! I simply can't! I'm having some people in for breakfast at eleven this morning."

"My sainted grandmother!" groaned her husband.

"You needn't be cross. The invitations were sent out weeks ago. You see, when I first arrived I planned a series of breakfasts, and this is to be the last of the series."

"In that case," he said gravely, "I shall ask you to give up the last of the series for me."

"I don't think that's fair. I don't think it's reasonable."

"No, it isn't reasonable. It's most unreasonable. But just the same, I stick to it. Because it's a test, Bettina—a test of your love. If you care more for me than you do for your infernal breakfast party ——"

"You're just being horrid. You're trying to bully me. I might have known you would—with your color hair!"

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"It's red," snapped Bettina.

"So is yours."

"It isn't—it's an unusual shade of auburn. . . . Oh, I might have known! I've always suspected that my married life would be an unhappy one!"

"At this rate," cried Gerald furiously, "it won't be a long one. I might have known," he added, as the cab drew up in front of the Ritz, "that it wouldn't last. I dreamed only last night that I'd lost the wedding ring under a pile of wheat cakes."

At this point the taxi driver opened the door and asked would the gentleman tell him where he was to go now.

The gentleman told him. The cabby said, "Such langwidge in front of a lady!" and closed the door. Gerald turned to Bettina.

"Are you," he demanded, "crossing with me on the Chicago at one o'clock today, or are you not?"

"I am not!" replied Bettina defiantly.

"Then this," said Gerald, assisting her out of the cab, "is the end."

And some three hours later he was standing alone on the promenade deck of the steamship Chicago, watching the island of Manhattan fall gradually and inexorably astern.

It may be noted that he remained on deck till the last tall landmark had disappeared into the summer haze.

Paris

HIS most agonizing moment came on the morning that he arrived in Paris, as he started to climb the stairs of his studio in the Rue Daguerre.

He had dreamed many times of ascending these stairs with Bettina, or of ascending them with the thought of seeing Bettina at the top of them.

She—in his dream—would be waiting for him at the top of the stairs, just inside the door of the little hall that led into the studio proper. It was always a trifle shadowy in this little entrance hall. He could imagine her standing like a beautiful ghost in the shadows, her auburn hair softly burning, her face a pale oval, blurred and sweet. So will a man sustain himself with unrealities, and torture himself with them too.

He opened the door leading into the little hall, and there was his beautiful ghost, exactly as he had always seen her, with softly burning auburn hair, with blurred sweet face, with arms outstretched in lover's greeting.

"Darling!" said the beautiful ghost.

She had spoken. She had said his name. Was he mad? Or ——

"Bettina!" he cried, and springing forward took into his arms no unsatisfactory phantom, but living flesh that yielded to his embrace with a fervor more exquisite than all the pale delights of dreams.

"Bettina! Sweetheart! How did it happen? How on earth did you get here?"

"The Mauretania," murmured Bettina against his lips.

"Oh, you angel! You perfect angel! I love you, Bettina! I love you!"

"I love you," she responded breathlessly. "I'm mad about you. And you'll never leave me again, will you, darling?"

"Never!"

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

"Dear Gerald," she sighed, "I was so lonesome crossing without you. I hardly spoke to anyone, and I danced only six times."

"You danced, Bettina?"

"Only with men over forty. And I missed you so, I wanted you so."

"We'll never be separated again," Gerald assured her; then, holding her away from him he looked into her eyes: "Alone! At last! Just you and I alone in this old studio of mine! Oh, what a honeymoon we'll have!"

"Yes, Gerald, dearest. But, you see"—said Bettina, and stopped and smiled a trifle apprehensively—"you see, darling, I got in just last night and I thought I'd go to the Crillon for dinner, and there I found Lady Calverly and the comtessa dining with Halve; and when I told them I was married to you they were perfectly sweet, and insisted on giving me a party. So we went somewhere to dance, and there we met a lot of other people we all knew, and ——"

"Bettina, sweetheart, it doesn't matter. I don't care whether you danced all night or not. I don't care about anything except that you're here and that I'm here—alone with you."

Bettina looked up at him and smiled like a saint—like a somewhat apprehensive saint.

"Yes, darling. It is—it will be marvelous! But, you see, after all those people had been so nice to me, I just had to do something for them in return! So I—I asked them all to come here to your studio for breakfast this morning."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

While ogres grim were pie for him;
He strewed the land with dead ones.

When Merlin pulled his magic tricks
Our hero sneered, "A greeny
Could get that guy with half an eye.
You otta see Houdini!"

Said Launcelot: "Brave warrior, what
Has been your early training,
That you are now so great a wow?
I vow it takes explaining!"

Said James H. Brown: "In Gotham Town
I joust each day, I bet you,
With busses, autos, ten-ton trucks;
If you ain't quick—they get you!

"Your Giants—poor! They're amateor,
They do things in a dub way;
Say, listen, pard, I'VE bucked a Guard
At rush hour in the Subway!

"Your dragons and your ogres—say,
They're meek and limp and waxy;
I'VE bluffed the door man at the Ritz
The Chauffeur of a Taxi;

"I'VE made box-office clerks be good,
I'VE bawled out swell Head Waiters,
I'VE made the Janitor send steam
Through ice-cold radiators!

"I'm going back to New York Town
Where life has more attraction,
This Camelot is not so hot,
I want a little Action!"

And James H. Brown of Gotham Town,
When these here words were spoken,
Found he was not in Camelot,
But that he had awoken!

—*Berton Braley.*

The Notary Public

WHERE frisky little affidavits frolic,
Where solemn seals in silence sit in state,
A race of martinetish, melancholic
Pseudo dignitaries calmly wait;
Apart, above our mundane life, they scorn to
Gird their loins and tussle in the fray—
Content are they with "Such and such is sworn to
Before me on this twenty-second day."

Let Sons of Martha buckle on the armor
And Sons of Mary ponder on the plan—
The mendicant, the merchant and the farmer
Must some day swear before this silent man,
Who grinds no ax and pounds no pulsing labor,
Yet, acquiescent to the cosmic urge,
Attentively attests their finished labor
And drones at once his soporific dirge:

"Before me came this day, one Amos Whoosit,
Who, to me known and known to me as well,
Did show me this, requesting I peruse it,
Whereas, wherefore, whereby, wherein I tell,
Wherefore, whereas, wherein ad infinitum,
I seal this pact, a witness at the troth;
Your signatures, now, gentlemen, please write 'em,
And raise your arms while I recite the oath."

O notary, sequestered, yet efficient,
O Savant of Agreement, Will and Deed,
Thy notary am I, thou wise, omniscient
Reader of the Document and Screed.
Let sage, philosopher and one who jazzes
Give a tender thought to those who work
In lairs where all the various whereases,
Whereins, wherefores and affidavits lurk.

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

$ome Foreign Celebrities

THEY come from lands where gutturals
Are interspersed with sputterals,
Where simple words like "At-a-boy"
Sound fearfully complex;
From lands where rice and fish to eat
Can almost kill the wish to eat,
Where bathtubs are a rarity
And everyone talks sex.

From rural, waste and urban lands
From tunic, fez and turban lands,
They come across to speak to us
And watch us come across;
From palmy shores and balmy shores,
From Yogi-Brahman-Swami shores
They reach our halls as rolling stones,
But gather up our moss.

They talk to us on birth control,
On dieting and girth control;
They prate about the higher life;
They ladle out advice;
They lecture on philosophy,
On fashion or theosophy,
On anything in fact for which
We suckers have the price.

And when their tours are neatly done—
When we are, too, completely done—
They sail away de luxe upon
The good old ocean brine.
The wild waves counsel, "Come again;
Perhaps you'll find them dumb again;
To pass the gates just whisper, 'Bunk!'
And make the dollar sign."

—*Elias Lieberman.*

HARRIET: *"No, my mind is made up—I never want to see him again."*

[Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath).]

SOLID MAHOGANY

(Continued from Page 25)

boyish nape of his neck, his face ruddy and genial. Sydney was playing the joyous host splendidly. Of the two men, he was, in spite of the mantling of soft fat at his diaphragm and under his jaw, the finer figure. Linda had time to be glad of that even as she picked the Pobble, screaming for some unknown reason, from Cousin George's embrace and handed her to Amartha in exchange for the tray of highball glasses. As she dropped cracked ice into them she stole proud glances at Jamie, standing so steady and erect, answering Cousin George's questions. There was something in Jamie's dark gravity, between the two big blond men, that struck her into her old mood of wonder that she could have borne this boy, this almost-man, with the something granite and enduring in him. Later the Pobble, seraphically calm again, was coaxed to Cousin George's knee opposite the hand that held the cocktail glass, and there acquitted herself nobly, chanting, in her exquisite flutelike small voice, with the pronunciations cameo-clear, bits of rimes Linda had taught her, and with great effect, such as her name piece, The Pobble Who Had No Toes. Linda felt that must surely show Cousin George that her children's education had not been neglected.

Sydney stood with one arm about her as Cousin George turned to wave at them later from the slope, held the charming domestic picture as long as it could be seen. Then he pinched Linda's cheek idly and sauntered inside to the highball tray. But Linda did not care. She stood watching the launch curve back to the gleaming yacht again, triumphant. For Cousin George had asked her, too, when he had asked Sydney to come on board the yacht that night for dinner. He had asked her especially, leaning to her eyes, patting her hand. Cousin Edith would be charmed to see her, he had said. "Chah-med" she murmured, drawing out her memory of his impressive accent. The launch reached the yacht side. Sydney, with an elaborate yawn, threw himself on the living-room couch. Jamie sat down on the porch and determinedly unlaced his shoes. Only Linda, tensed with the knowledge of the ordeal she must yet undergo, flew to her closet for the blue taffeta dress. Somehow she must make it fit to be seen.

The afternoon moved forward softly, with something hushed and dreaming about it, or so it seemed to Linda. The sunny, windy silence of the key crept to her as it never had before, healing old scars. Sydney, lying flushed and handsome on the couch, seemed for the first time in years to be thinking thoughts that moved with hers. His eyes drifted casually to the Pobble, playing with a bit of blue rag.

He said, out of nothing, "The kid would look great in a blue velvet coat."

Linda's eyes filled with grateful tears. Then he thought there was a chance, and he was responding to it.

The only thing that marred the dreaming fullness of Linda's afternoon was Jamie. She heard him calling her to the door while she was pressing Sydney's half-forgotten dinner coat. There was an excited, eager inflection in his voice and she went reluctantly, fearing he had found some new bug. But it was only the gray, mild, shabby little man she had talked to in the bookshop in Miami.

"Mothie, it's Mr. Watkins," Jamie said, his eyes snapping. "He's come all the way down here just to see my tree, and whatever else there is. Mothie, he's the Mr. Watkins in the magazine, the one that knows all about tropic plants. He's been everywhere—Borneo, Java, Brazil ——"

Mr. Watkins smiled, a mild, deprecating smile, at Linda.

"Hope I'm not going to be in your way, Mrs. Craddock. But your boy says he thinks there are some plants here worth seeing. I've a small boat that I can sleep in, but I'm wondering if—would it be too much to ask if—I mean, could I get a bite to eat somewhere occasionally?"

Linda's first impulse was to be very cool and very aloof, to send the man instantly about his business. What right had he to come here, on this day of all, encouraging Jamie in his unpleasant likings for dirty roots and things? And yet her own happiness was too new a thing to let her be harsh to anyone. After all, Jamie was so eager and the little man so harmless and mild. His brown eyes were as humble and unobtrusive as an old house dog's. Linda found herself smiling at him reassuringly, as she smiled at Jamie. She was pleased, too, with the grateful gleam that answered her.

"I'm sorry we've no extra bed," she said, and she hoped secretly that it was said with all the gracious superior dignity that Mrs. Sydney Craddock should show. "But it is kind of you to have come so far. Jamie, ask Amartha to see that Mr. Watkins has a good dinner. Anything she can do for him —— Only, Jamie darling, please, please don't get too grubby and dirty in the jungle and please come home at six. You know"—the pride simply would vibrate in her voice—"father and I are dining with Cousin George on the yacht at half-past seven"

But if the afternoon was a sunny dream, the evening began as unbelievable splendor. She was tucked into the stern seat of the launch, with Sydney beside her, smooth and beautiful and distinguished in his black and white, and arrived on the polished deck planks of the yacht as breathless and shiny-eyed as a little girl at her first matinée. She was quite unconscious of herself as anything but spectator in all this glitter of festivity. She could hardly imagine that she would really sit at that long table, winking with silver under the deck lights, where a white-coated steward was arranging roses. She could hardly believe it was really she to whom this frightening Cousin Edith was offering a cool long hand, cool as the light blue eyes in the rouged narrow face. Cousin Edith murmured words to her, words without emphasis or interest, that clicked like the crystals on her white chiffon dress. There was another woman beyond her, all one lithe, pinky shimmer, with bare shoulders and bobbed pinky-gold hair, who gave Linda the impression of having no features at all, but one wet red mouth. Beyond her again two men, Mr. Something and Mr. Something Else, were bright teeth and bald heads above cocktail glasses. Sydney, Cousin George, all of them, stamped into brilliance by the lights against the dark curtain of the night, made one gleaming stage picture to Linda.

From her seat at Cousin George's right she tried to watch everything—gleam and suave color and movement of steward above the line of heads, to listen to everything—clink and guffaw and the high-pitched voices of the women, as she would have looked and listened at a three-ring circus. She ate food which she took with inward fright, but observantly still, from silver dishes that appeared at her startled elbow, worried about olive pits and the chronology of forks, and was acutely aware, beside her, of Cousin George's low-voiced intimate remarks.

Cousin George's kindness was a safe place in a storm. Once or twice he laid his warm, fattish hand on her cool forearm, just where the blue taffeta sleeve ended, and she thrilled to the triumph of the idea that the head of the house of Craddock liked her. Even if she could not understand half the jokes the others screamed at, could only smile politely when Cousin Edith, amid shouts of laughter, leaned over and kissed Mr. Something on the mouth, she began presently to see herself, a small dark-blue figure, utterly out of place. But even then, with Cousin George's approval, she could sit quietly among the careless bare shoulders, the knowing, indifferent eyes, and still feel, unchecked, the high tide of assurance and security within her. She was accepted.

After dinner, when the table had been cleared and deftly removed, when under one light a table was set up for bridge and by the other a phonograph gave out a sound of saxophones over the rushing watery noises alongside, Linda found that she was growing accustomed to the splendor of these smooth, careless, cold-eyed people. They were losing a little of their splendor for her. Her eyes could look coolly too. She could see that Cousin Edith's selfish mouth had baggy lines at the corners in spite of the renewing lip stick; that Mrs. Ambury's laughter was too loud, her eyes too roving and glassy; that the Mr. Something Else had had unbecomingly too much to drink. Sydney, dealing at the bridge table, seemed very much in place here. The deepening smudges under his eyes were not so deep as the other men's. He wore his dinner jacket, his loud laughter, and his repartee with a manner equal to their own. Linda saw him as one of them, one of the best of them, battered as she knew him actually to be. She felt suddenly the awakening of some new attitude to them all, an attitude she could hardly define, it was so unconscious, like an involuntary reaction from the vague beginnings of a bad smell.

Cousin George interrupted that, his lips murmuring very near her ear. If she wouldn't dance, then she must come forward with him and watch the moon rise. They must grow very much better acquainted. He handed her down the deck, past the awning posts, through the shadows of the bridge, as if she were something very valuable that he had just made himself. She stood, conscious of his bulk by her shoulder, watching the moon swell like a great gold doubloon softly out of the inky sea, touch the edges of everything with young gold and quicksilver, toss chuckling handfuls of gold coins into the swirling water. Cousin George's hand was very close and hot on her elbow.

Very soon after that she knew Cousin George was going to kiss her, and it was not to be a cousinly sort of kiss. Cousin George's elegant gray goatee was moving nearer. His bald head smelled nicely of verbena soap. She knew his lips would be thin and wet. When she came to that conclusion, in spite of a half fear that she would make him angry, she moved off, just from under his chin—moved with deft deliberation, with a little air of dignity. Then she stood as she had been standing, gazing out at the moon with one hand on the rail, as if quite unconscious of any happening. A thread of pulse twitched in her throat. She knew he was hesitating there behind her. Oh, she couldn't afford to make him angry! Then his voice purred in her ear:

"You lovely proud little thing. You act as if you were afraid I'd bite you. Why shouldn't your old cousin kiss you, pretty Linda, on a night like this?"

"I think I don't care to be kissed," Linda said in a little flutelike voice that sounded to her just like the Pobble's best.

"Silly—oh, silly little girl!" Cousin George's voice liked this game. "Why not be happy? Everybody else is. Look!"

Linda looked where he pointed. At the opposite rail two figures were kissing—a long, rigid kiss. Linda recognized the pinky glitter of Mrs. Ambury's dress. The man, in the half light, looking marvelously romantic, was Sydney. Linda drew her glance away with a little shiver of distaste. It was nothing to her that Sydney enjoyed kissing Mrs. Ambury. It was only that—oh, it was so cheap, and common and vulgar; it was so utterly beneath the whole Craddock tradition. She remembered what that stood for, if they did not. She cared, if they did not. And yet, after all, what business was it of hers? There was only one thing she wanted of any of them. She turned and looked squarely up into Cousin George's hovering glance.

"Am I to understand by all this," she said, "that the children and I are formally instated into the Craddock family affections?"

Cousin George's gesture was rotund, elaborate, effusive.

"My dear Linda," he said, "I assure you, I beg you to believe, that Edith and I, as the only two Craddocks left, are only too anxious to see that all that unfortunate misunderstanding is repaired. I might try to explain the nature of Grandmother Craddock, who ruled us all, but why worry about bygones? If you have forgiven us, we have only to begin again. And I hope that you and I are going to be very good friends—oh, ver-ry good friends."

All the bewildered dislike was swept from Linda's mind, leaving her breathless with the realization of her one constant desire, dizzy with the success of her fiercest hope. Cousin George kindled to the intensity of her grasp on his arm.

"Then you will—you will see that the children are given their chance? Jamie ought to be sent to school. We ought to move to New York. The Pobble must have a French governess. They will have the things Craddock children should have, the right associations? Oh, please, please say they will!"

It seemed to Linda that nothing could have been more heavenly kind than the way Cousin George looked down at her. Surely his eyes were moist with sympathy; surely his arm about her waist was steady and understanding and reassuring.

He said, "I have something I must talk over with Sydney, a little plan for both of us, which should quite put him on his financial feet. Then you could have everything you think the children need. I'm taking Edith and the others back to Miami tomorrow morning, and I think I'll take Sydney along, too, so that we can talk things over on the way back in the afternoon. Then we'll have a few days' quiet fishing together. Will that please you? Now will you kiss me, you silly child?"

When Linda kissed him, giving her lips freely and gladly to his lips that clung a little, she was incoherent with happiness. Everything she had believed about the fineness, the wisdom, the breeding of the Craddocks was only too little. She was flushed with pride on their account. The launch landed her on her own wharf, where Willie Penney held the lantern, careless that Sydney had stayed to dance, heedless of everything but the assurance she had. She could not sleep for hours, planning the children's radiant future.

In fact when she slept, it was so deeply, with so complete a giving up to untroubled oblivion, that when she awoke next morning and blinked at the late brilliancy of the light it was nearly ten o'clock. Where the white loveliness of the yacht had floated was empty water. Amartha, bringing her cup of coffee, said that Mr. Craddock and the yacht had left at nine. They had left word they would be back in the afternoon. Linda snuggled back on her pillows, savoring the whole luxury of her mood. As long as Sydney had gone with Cousin George, there was no flaw in the morning. She dressed with leisurely scruple, strolled out to the porch and crooned over the Pobble, playing catching crawfish on the front steps.

Everything about the place seemed touched with her new happiness. All the little kinks in her nerves, braced so long and so automatically against the dark fears which had discolored everything, were untied. She felt a rush of affection for the shabby little house, the marvelous light, the thick glossy green of the tropic growths glittering in the sun, all the vast simplicity of the sky and of the sea. Some day, perhaps, she might even like to come back here, as one remembers with interest a half-forgotten nightmare.

(Continued on Page 67)

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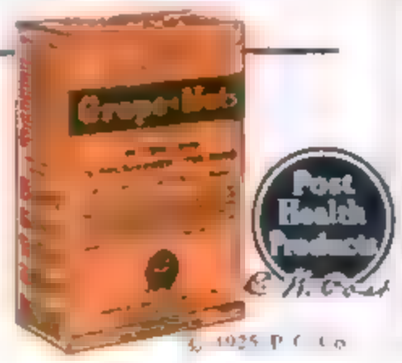

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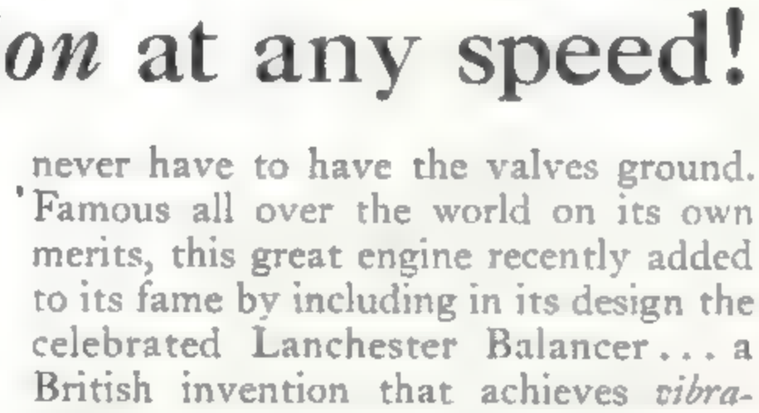

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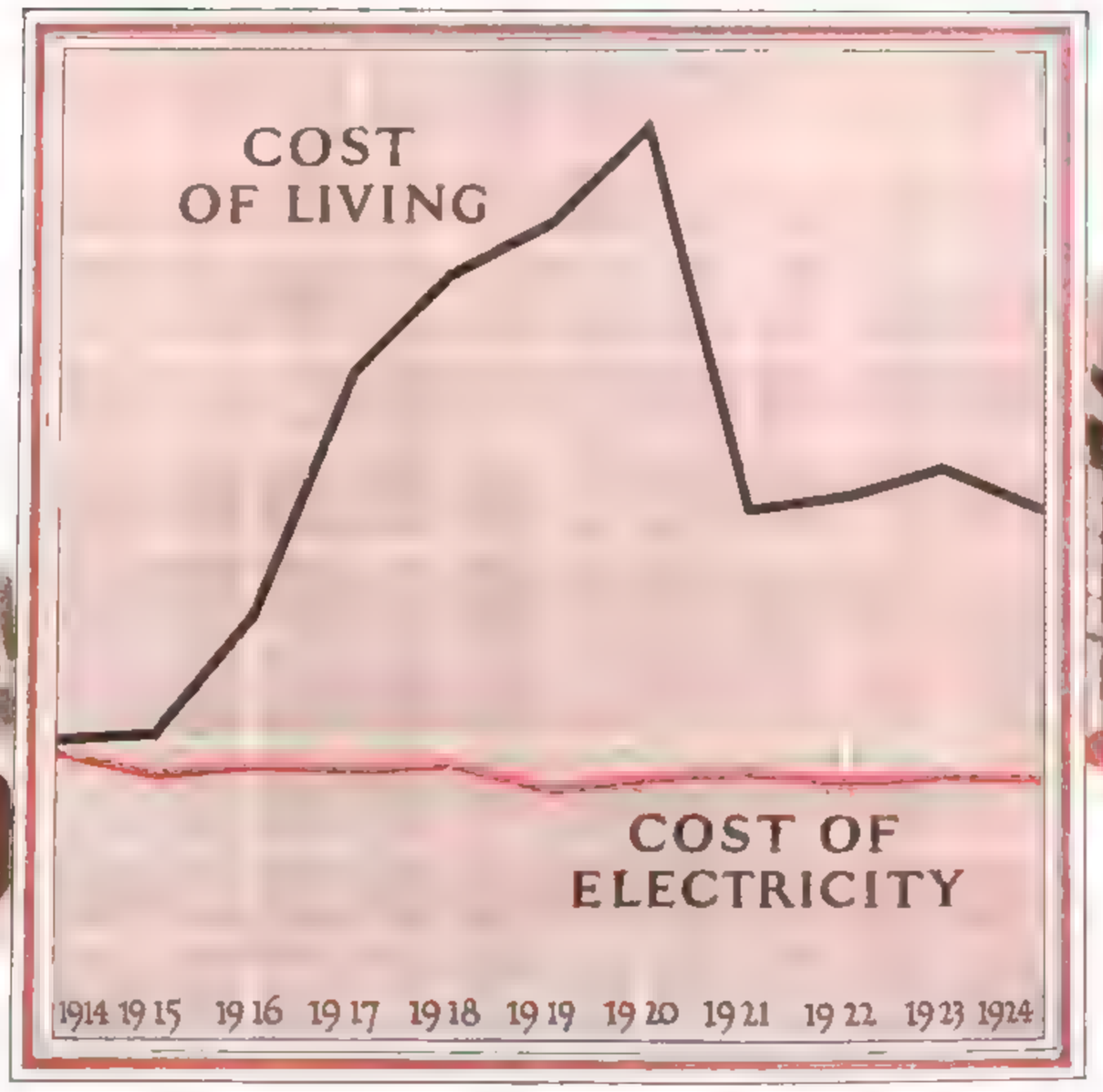

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And day by day, progress continues. There are still millions of homes without electricity; still many tasks being done in factories and homes by human hands which electric motors ought to do.

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This monogram is on all sorts of electrical equipment, large and small—the big generators that produce electricity, the lamps that banish darkness, and the motors which do the hard and tiresome tasks of life. You can rely upon the letters G-E. They are a symbol of service, wherever electricity is used.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 62)

She could not put her whole attention on anything this morning. She did not care that Jamie had disappeared somewhere in the jungle with Mr. Watkins. She did not care if the Pobble went without her morning lesson. She did not care if Willie Penney never caught another crawfish or Spanish mackerel in his life. Made restless by her mood, she drifted idly about the house, her head thick with dreams, and found herself presently staring out at Cocolobo from the deep shade of Jamie's Tree. She rested one hand on the strong smooth trunk and felt her happiness steady and deepen.

Mr. Watkins, coming to the house for a bucket of water, found her there. He must have been looking at her silently for a moment or two before she noticed him. And even then there was so little obtrusiveness in his glance that she only smiled at him a little vaguely, still leaning against the tree. He came and stood by her, following her glance over the water.

"It's beautiful here," he said after a moment, and Linda murmured some phrase of agreement.

"I didn't used to think so," she said absently, more as if she were talking to herself. "I've hated it. But now that we're going away, I can see what Jamie means when he says there is something about it."

"You're going away?" he asked. "I hadn't—the boy doesn't know, does he?"

"I haven't told the children yet. Of course, the details aren't arranged. My husband is discussing them today. But, of course, you can understand why I'm anxious to get Jamie away as soon as possible. He should be in a good school."

"He is in a good school, Mrs. Craddock." Linda was hardly aware that she was allowing this stranger to discuss her private affairs, and that in a voice grown suddenly authoritative. "I wanted to talk to you about him. I'm a bit shocked by your idea of taking him away. He's a remarkable boy, Mrs. Craddock. He has the makings of a great botanist. His powers of observation, the quality of his mind, are remarkable. You have given him the finest sort of sound, thorough educational beginning and he has carried it on in his own interests most brilliantly. To take that boy and coop him up in an expensive finishing school would ruin him. I'm going to do some laboratory work at the government plant-introduction station at Chapman Field, over on the mainland, and I'd gladly take him on as a part-time assistant. He is hungry for it. If he needs college work later, that might be arranged."

Linda turned shocked, indignant eyes on Mr. Watkins, forgetting all her inhibitions in one hot rush of protest.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said passionately. "You don't know what staying here means. How can it be good for Jamie to be brought up here, working with an old negro, in constant dread of a drunken father, with no money except what we get from him sometimes and from peddling fish? Jamie is a remarkable boy, but how can this dreadful way of living be anything but a curse to him all his life? He must be freed from it, from the fear and the horror of it; he must have the right, normal associations, the associations of a gentleman ——"

"And be shut out from the very roots of his own best living?" Was it possible that this mild gray little man was speaking to her like this? "Can't you see, Mrs. Craddock, that in spite of his father, this is the normal association for a boy like Jamie, with his independence of mind, his instinct for finding things out for himself? You have given him more than you know. You have made him free of this amazing tropic world and to shut him off from it now would be to put him in jail."

"But old dirty roots—trees and things—are nothing compared to ——"

"You have your hand on a tree, Mrs. Craddock. Have you lived near to it, these few years, and not learned something from it, that our only happiness comes from a direct association with the simple great things of the earth? Jamie knows it. Jamie feeds deep on it, on the things this tree stands for. Feel how its trunk is great with the strength of the earth. See how its leaves grow true and clean because of the sun. Why, don't you realize, aside from the fundamental philosophy of it, that Jamie's little nursery of seedlings from this one tree alone would support you all comfortably, without fishing? It would give Jamie all the sound education he will want later."

"Why—why, no!" Linda for one moment was startled out of her fixed dream. "It would? But what kind of tree is it?"

"It's a mahogany."

"Mahogany? You mean solid mahogany—what they make all the old-fashioned furniture out of?"

"The very same. The aristocrat of all the tropic trees, furniture or no furniture. And this is the finest specimen I have seen on the keys anywhere. True mahogany, as good as all the Jamaican mahogany that was ever grown—and not just for furniture—for cities. Over there on the mainland of Florida they are just beginning to realize the value of mahogany for great avenues and boulevards. They make the most magnificent avenue tree in the world for the tropics. Healthy seedlings, such as Jamie has in his nursery, are worth anything he wants to ask. Don't you see a little what you would be taking from him? Don't you see "

"There is no use whatever in our discussing this," Linda said abruptly, jerking her hand away from the trunk as if it had burned her. "I will not have Jamie brought up like this. It is completely decided. We leave here as soon as it can be arranged." And she passed him with her breath coming hard through inflated nostrils and went into the house.

But her happy morning was blighted. Feverishly, she began hoping for the return of the yacht. She needed its white elegance there on the water to make her resolution less defiant. And then suddenly, just after four o'clock, there it was, rounding the point of Cocolobo, moving graciously to its mooring. Cousin George and Sydney waved regally from the deck. Linda's happiness burned with new exultation. The sight of that yacht must surely convince Mr. Watkins of his error. She called Jamie from the garden rather sharply, made him wash and change his clothes. She was angry at his silent look of absorption.

"Jamie," she said curtly, "I don't want you to be around that Mr. Watkins so much."

"Oh, mothie"—he dropped a shoe and turned on her, swallowing with inarticulate emotion—"Mr. Watkins says ——"

"I don't care to hear what Mr. Watkins says, now or at any other time, James," she said, and hardened her heart to his look of shocked hurt. "And please see that you are more cordial to Cousin George. We can't be grateful enough for what he is doing for us."

"What is he doing for us?" Jamie asked.

"I can't tell you now, Jamie. Father will tell us all about it shortly."

Linda hurried to the porch, a little flurried with Jamie's cool glance.

But if she had expected anything from Sydney, she did not get it. He patted her shoulder idly and went on into the bedroom. His face was careless and unreadable, but a flush showed he had been drinking and the sullen lines about his mouth told her that it would do her no good to ask anything.

"I'm going over to Cocolobo for dinner with George," he said over his shoulder. "Told me to tell you he'd like to have you, but he's letting the crew have the evening off and we're talking business. If you hear the men getting drunk over on Cæsar's Rock, keep calm. The bootleg boat is in and George says he owes them one drunk anyway." And then, as a grudging concession, "You made a hit with ol' George all right. But for heaven's sake don't be so stiff with him. He isn't used to it. Ol' George can generally get what he wants when he wants it."

"Is he so awfully rich?" Linda asked, impressed.

"George rich?" Sydney's abrupt laugh was halted as he turned and threw her a look she was totally unable to read. "Oh, I don't know. He's lost a lot on the races and one thing and another."

"But the yacht ——"

"Oh, he just got that in trade from a man. Costs a whale of a lot to run and a boat that size is a drug on the market. I told him he was a fool to take it, but maybe he can get rid of it some other way."

"But—but he said that he was going to fix it so that you and he ——"

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" Sydney's brief moment of amiability was over. He slammed his brushes down and reached for his coat. "Always poking and whining and stewing about something. I said we're talking that over tonight, didn't I? You'll know soon enough. Can't you women ever let a thing alone?"

Linda watched him plunge down the path again, clinging desperately to the sense of what he had said, not to the feeling of suspicious fear his manner gave her. Then she went in to give the Pobble her supper and teach her A Birdie With a Yellow Bill, with grim determination.

But when the dark had come, and with it an uneasy wind threshing at the seaway, with a rampart of Gulf cloud walling off the moon and cloud drift blotting out the stars, Linda found that she was at too high a tension to stay in the house. She left Jamie rebellious over a book under the lamp and moved out-of-doors. There was a moment when she paused under the mahogany tree, trying not to think what Mr. Watkins had said about it. She resented even knowing its name. But as she stood there under it, it suddenly seemed to her beautiful, with a beauty she had never believed possible of anything that had just grown, that did not cost anything. She let its glimmering dark cool her before she was conscious of it. But then the old resentment burned again within her and she moved angrily down the slope in the full shadow of the vast night, drawn to the wharf.

The yacht was what she sought; the yacht, faintly illumined by a deck light or two, across the black water. That was the sort of beauty she wanted, elegant, aloof, expensive. The ghostly white of its lines called to her and soothed her.

Evidently the crew was already on Cæsar's Rock, taking advantage of holiday. She heard one long windy howl from that direction, and quarreling voices. The yacht looked empty, chafing at its moorings. Beyond, at the clubhouse, the dark was broken with gayer lights. Linda steadied herself with imagining George and Sydney there, talking earnestly, making millions. But always her tired mind came back, even from that encouraging picture, to rest upon the glimmering loveliness of the yacht. Ghostlike in the faint light, its slender spars only touched once with blue from the riding lantern, its green starboard light pricking the black water with one quivering exclamation point of color, it seemed the very sign and symbol of everything that she had craved for her children, no matter how vaguely. It spelled dignified riches and worthy leisure, poise and superiority and beautiful gracious living. Its loveliness was everything fine and good she had wanted to shape for them out of the ugly chaos of existence.

It was not until she had stared at it for fully five minutes that she saw there was something queer about one porthole. It was as if something had flickered there and had been withdrawn. Then it came again, something bright, something growing brighter. A whitish vapor, tinged greenish as it blew by the green light, issued from it. Suddenly the porthole showed one round patch of yellowy light that dropped a yellow splinter on the murky waters in reflection. It was a wrong sort of light—wrong and urgent and out of place. Then she knew that it was fire.

Linda was running up the slope again before she could put it in words. She stood and screamed for Jamie. She heard the screen door bang.

"Go for Willie and Mr. Watkins!" she called. "The yacht's afire." And she ran back to the wharf. Another porthole quivered into flame.

Below the long ladder to the water the clumsy rowboat bumped. Linda saw the inky water swirling about it as she scrambled in, felt it sucking and knocking below the floor boards under her feet as she fumbled for the oars. The force of the tide caught her bow even as she loosened the rope, jerked and twisted one oar blade even as she stabbed the water with it. Against that sullen pressure she could only barely keep the heavy boat pointing to the yacht's lights, and that took every ounce of will and passion she had. The chuckling whirlpools yanked at the muscles of her arms and back. Only inch by painful inch could she widen the watery strip between the stern and the shadow of the wharf. And yet, although this black water that she fought was her most vivid terror, all that her mind held actively was the thought of that white loveliness burning up. When she could glance hastily over her shoulder, it was a relief to see it still there although the first porthole was now a bright cherry red.

The moisture gathered on her bitten upper lip. She felt it at the roots of her blowing hair. Her hands burned with the roughness of the heavy oar handles. When the oars caught the weight of the water it required the full shuddering weight of her body to make them move. And yet in spite of that, "Fire" was her only conscious thought.

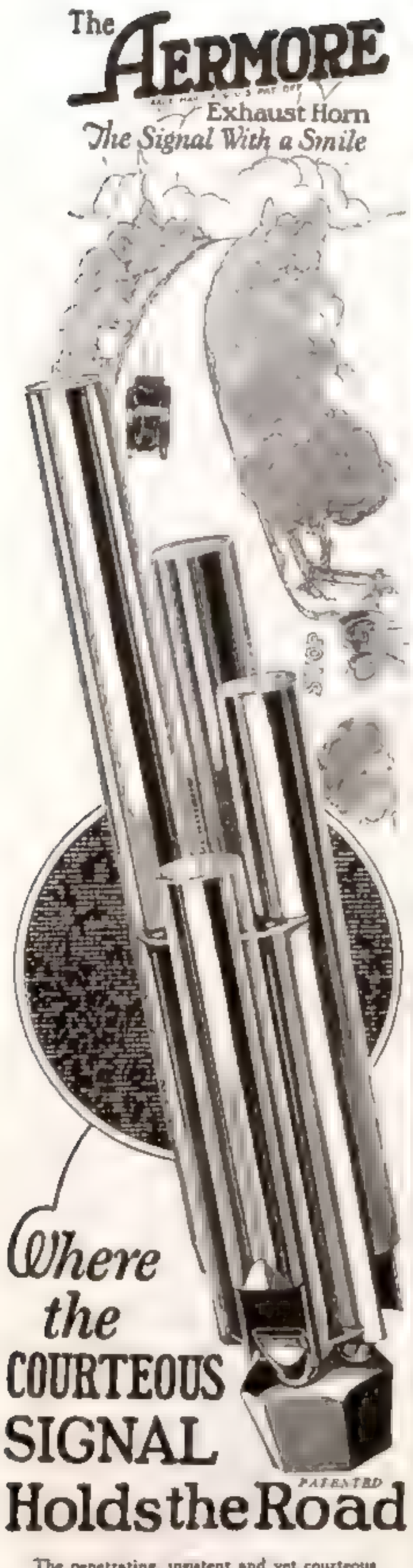
Halfway across there was a relaxing in the vicious weight of the black water; a current seemed to be sweeping her crosswise, but nearer, the yacht's pale bulk. Feeling the advantage, she fought with a growing sense of power, knew a sort of triumph in spite of her aching arms, felt beneath her horror of the blackness a little flush of pride lifting.

She would get there, she would get there yet—but oh, oh, fire!

Then, before she realized it, her bow struck glancingly the yacht's side, bumped and banged and scraped along it, carried by the gurgling water, until she stood up and caught, in one frantic stretch and jerk, an upright of the landing ladder. Then the boat somehow was tied and she on deck, shaking.

The smell of smoke was strongest in the companionway. She climbed down it, peering through the pitch blackness of the yacht's interior, stood for a moment, feeling the living motions of a ship in a tideway, little muffled swayings and givings, little creakings. But the smoke was there. Groping forward, she felt the chair backs, the tables, of the elaborate cabin, tried to remember, from the brief glimpse she had had before, its arrangement. At the forward end there was a door. Under it ran a crack of yellow light. She flung herself at the door, forced it open.

The glare of light, the hot breath of flame, terrified her for a moment. Yet although she shrank, she still kept herself in the doorway. The flames were pouring upward from the galley door and a little rippling line of fire was crawling forward along the passageway. It followed and clung and flared where what looked to be old rags were wadded into the angle of the wall and the floor, a line whose unburning end reached forward into shadow. The draft from the door made the flame roar and leap higher, ribbons and rags of light blowing from the galley door and hissing at her. The smoke swooped down upon her, choking and smarting. She had to slam the door behind her, pull her panicky mind into some sort of consecutive thought. That was oil burning in there—oil from the stove. It was oil on the rags. She knew about oil fires. The burning line of rags led forward to the engines and there was oil in the engines, and gasoline. There were tanks of gasoline in the bow. In a flash she remembered hearing someone say that. If the fire got that far ——



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Easily and quickly installed on any car. Your car should have one. Ask your dealer or write us mentioning his name and make and model of your car.

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No. 000 Extra deep tone	$16
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The "safety-first" accelerator placed 4½ in. to right of brake pedal. Cannot strike accelerator accidentally when applying brake. Easily attached to *right* side of motor direct action to carburetor. Nickel plated. Price only... $1.50

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For Fords—per set of three—type DX, illustrated above, $1.25, type D and D Hook $1. Other cars per set of two, $1.

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Automotive Equipment
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With a long shudder, in which her mind suddenly snapped into a tremendous sense of power, she stooped in the dark and fumbled on the floor. There had been rugs—she found a corner of one, jerked heavily so that two chairs in the dark toppled and crashed, and with the rug in her hand opened the door, closed it behind her and crept forward to the burning rags. The heat was all about her, beating back her breath. The floor was warm to her touch. But she dragged the rug forward, doubled, until with it she could muffle the small flames. She pounded the rug down on them with her hands desperately, pounded until the creeping light was darkened. Then she left the rug there and, still crouching, looked about her through the smudge. The flames were pouring upward through the doorway from above the stove and the sink, eating at the woodwork. The whole compartment of the galley boiled with sooty smoke and leaping flashes of fire. Salt—if she could only find a bag of salt, anything to smother with. And then her eye fell on the long brass cylinder of a fire extinguisher.

When Linda at last stumbled up the companionway to the sweet outer air, her eyebrows were singed, her eyes burned, her hands ached and smarted, but the fire was dead behind her. She had left not one smoldering ember of oily rags, not one creeping spark in woodwork. The charred galley reeked of dead soot. She was conscious of a great triumph and a great fatigue. On deck, under the light, she stood a moment brushing her hands vaguely over her hair, breathing deep the salt wet wind, soothing her aching eyes with the thick, enormous dark.

Then someone swore at the landing ladder. Feet, hastily ascending, stumbled up it. Linda stared stupidly into the inflamed face of Sydney, with Cousin George's bald head following him on deck.

"What the—Linda, what are you doing here?" Sydney had already had too much to drink.

"It was afire, Sydney. I got here just in time. It would have burned the yacht. But I put it out."

"You—put it out?" Sydney's face, under his disordered hair, went a mottled purple. Why was he staring at her so stupidly? "You put it out?"

Cousin George, standing beside him, also stared at her, stared at her through his thick lenses with heavy-lidded eyes that were hard and angry. When he spoke, all his suave inflections had given way to a tight-lipped sort of snarl.

"That comes of not telling her, Syd, you fool. It's your fault. Now we'll have to do it all over again."

Sydney raised a fist at her.

"You infernal meddler, you!" he said. "What did you want to do a thing like this for? Weren't you crazy for the money? Haven't you been whining to get away from this hole? Why do you act like an idiot?"

"You mean"—Linda's lips were stiff under the sudden impact of knowledge—"those oiled rags? You mean you wanted the boat to burn? You mean you set it for the insurance?"

George turned on her.

"Aw, shut up, can't you? You needn't shriek it. Syd's right. You ought to've guessed. Where'd you think the money was coming from?"

"Then you—then you're both—like that? You're both—Craddocks, and you'd do a thing like that?"

Linda's breath was coming so painfully she pressed her hands to her breast to stop it, staring from one to the other. Sydney had slumped into a chair. George turned on her from the companionway.

"Shut up, I tell you! I'm going down to see how far it got. Maybe we can start it again without anybody knowing. The crew's dead drunk and I sent the Cocolobo steward to bed. Come on, Syd."

For one long quivering moment Linda felt her dream world crash and whirl around her. The money had to come this way if it came at all. She had to have the money. She had to. Even if it meant being a criminal, even if it meant that the children —— But then something she had won out of the fire and the black water, something deep and permanent rose slowly, calmly, surely within her. She jerked up her head.

"Don't you dare to move a foot, either of you!" she said, and the new metal of her voice brought them both around, staring. "You're not going to burn this boat. I won't let you. I won't have it, I tell you! I won't have it! I won't have my husband a sneak and a criminal. I won't have you disgracing the name you bear. I'd rather go without everything than to have you do that. I know you set that fire. I saw the rags. And if you don't quit, I'll tell."

The face that Sydney Craddock turned to his wife, defying him under the deck light, was a mask of white ferocity.

"Oh, you will, will you?" he said, and moved toward her deliberately, watching her face whiten. George, behind him, grinned sourly.

"Shut her mouth, Syd," he said. Sydney, on long cat feet, moved nearer.

"Tell, will you?" he said once. "I guess not!"

And then, just as Linda's lips parted to scream, a quiet but somehow arresting voice came to them from the blackness alongside.

"Mrs. Craddock," it said, "we're waiting for you at the ladder. Come at once."

Sydney stopped short. George shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"Shut up, Syd," he said under his breath. "There's a man there."

"Mrs. Craddock," the voice came again insistently, "are you ready? Shall I help you down the ladder? It's Watkins."

Linda's blood surged back to her heart in a warm, vivifying tide.

"I'll be right there, Mr. Watkins, thank you," she called, her eyes fixed on Sydney's. "I'm just saying good-by to my husband. He's going on a long trip with his cousin." Still looking at them, she moved over to the rail. "A long trip," she repeated. "Good-by, Sydney."

"You never said a truer word in your life," he muttered. "I'm through. How about it, George?"

"Let's go," George said indifferently. "I don't see how you stood it this long. You'll do better with me. Alice Ambury's got three million coming to her after a bit."

Linda walked down the ladder and stepped calmly into Willie Penney's fish boat, with her hand light and steady in Mr. Watkins' guiding palm. Jamie was a shadow in the stern, an excited, breathless shadow. For one instant she feared what he might have heard. For one instant she feared dreadfully the new loneliness that had come upon her. And then when that moment was over, all her fear had gone from her—all her fears. She smiled serenely to herself in the dark, drawing the boy to her.

"Let's go home, honey," she said to him. "Let's go home. Let's go out and look at your tree again. It's a—it's beautiful, isn't it? Solid mahogany. Think of it! And we never knew! There's nothing really more aristocratic than solid mahogany, is there, Mr. Watkins?"

Between her and the distant line of shore, against a dim starlight, she saw Mr. Watkins inscrutably nod his head.

SAY IT WITH WORDS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Very possibly," said Marilla. She need not have been sarcastic, for I had been in the business less than a month.

Jeremy's work in the box department consisted in pasting together the corners of the Christmas-gift boxes. On the second day he pasted more corners than anyone in the department. The work was monotonous; nevertheless it was considered not undesirable, for since it required no thought, employes were free to talk and even to sing in time to the slow clacking of machinery. Jeremy took no part in the hilarity, and finally the girl at the machine next to his spoke of it.

"Why doncha sing?" she asked.

"I can't sing," said Jeremy.

"Cancha talk neither?"

"I don't talk," said Jeremy, "while I work."

There was a great deal of laughter.

"Whatser matter? Somethin' the matter withya jaw?"

Jeremy pasted a whole box before he answered.

"I think it's better," he said then, "to use the upper part of my head instead of the lower."

They laughed then louder than ever.

"Fat chance you got to use ya head here."

"Whatya thinkya goin' to discover—a fifth corner?"

Jeremy pasted another box.

"If you pick up one box," he remarked mildly, "while you're laying down the one you've finished, you get more done. Then you get more pay."

"Ya know," said the girl beside him after a little, snapping her gum reflectively—"ya know there might be somethin' in what the guy says, at that."

At the end of the second week production in the box department was increased 15 per cent, and they sent a man up from the efficiency department to find out about it. They transferred Jay Smith to the inspection room.

It was that very day that Jeremy walked in unannounced and spoke to Ann Devon. He had met Ann already; I introduced them one day in my office. Ann had come in first, and she looked so cool and sweet in her straight green linen dress, with its little girl's round collar under her soft chin, that I couldn't resist stopping her to ask if she had decided to marry Mr. Amidown or Mr. Bridges.

"When I am engaged," said she, as sweet and cool as ever, "you'll certainly be the first to know it."

Just then Jeremy came by.

"Oh, Mr.—Smith," I called to him. "This is the young lady you were asking me about. Miss Devon, may I introduce Mr. Smith, the janitor?"

But Jeremy never said a word; just bowed and held the door open for Ann Devon to go out.

This time, though, it was different. I heard about it from one of the mail boys. Jeremy marched into her cubby-hole next to Bailey Bridges' office as bold as if he had some business there. He stopped in front of her desk.

"You ought not to be here," he said.

Ann Devon lifted a little pointed face, full of surprise and disapproval.

"Why?"

"Because I say so," said Jeremy, and out he marched again.

"The boy's getting uppish," Marilla said when I told her about it.

He was, too. Only the other night, when I happened to be stopping outside the study door where Marilla and Jeremy were, I heard him say quite loudly and distinctly, "You're wrong. This is the way to manage it." It takes a brave man any day to tell Marilla that she is mistaken.

Jay Smith began his work in the inspection room on a Monday. At first he did barrel inspection, but he did it so fast and accurately that a week later he was promoted to point inspection, which is a more demanding matter. On Thursday he inspected more points than Timothy Peebles, who had worked at the same bench for forty

(Continued on Page 70)

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Mail coupon for details.

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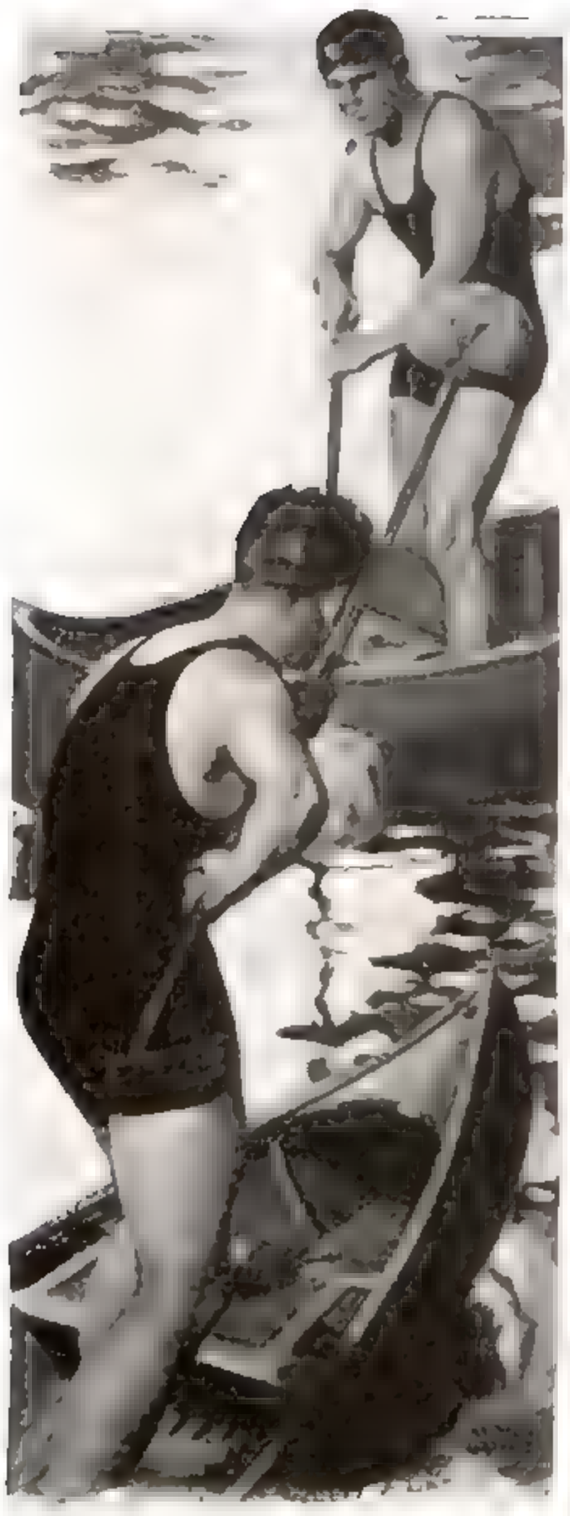

—and when the *splash* comes!

JOUSTING stick at "Ready!" Torso muscles tense! *Go!* And may the best contender topple over last!

"Canoe tilting" is a real man's sport! First, the poised tussle. In a twinkling—*splash*....!

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Only in a Jantzen, for instance, do you get the bow-trunk pattern—and the non-rip crotch. The reinforced shoulder strap is surmounted by the original Jantzen unbreakable button. Fit? Jantzen originated the easy "fit-by-weight" method. The most widely-sold swimming suit in America!

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The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

Companion to the Jantzen Coat

(Continued from Page 68

years and might be heard at any hour bragging that no one ever matched him. There was a great uproar over it; they had all Jeremy's points reinspected to see if he had missed anything, and he had not.

"How do you do it?" asked the man from the efficiency department.

"I don't talk," said Jeremy. "I inspect. Will you step out of my light, please?"

They made him supervisor of his table first, and afterward of the room. At the end of the next month they made him department foreman.

You would think that all this would have made trouble with the other workers, but it never did, because Jeremy himself was so inoffensive. He had a way of smiling at people, a slow, wide, appealing sort of grin, that straightened out more difficulties than any amount of explanation. The fact was that in this department things had been at a loose end, and though most of the people cared little for production, they were paid, you understand, by the piece. A remark that Jeremy made once—"If you have something to say, say it. Otherwise silence is golden. The gold is in your pay envelope"—was handed on from one to another until everyone in the department knew it. Sometimes at noon people from other departments came in to talk to Jeremy.

Jay Smith began to be heard of all through the factory. Finally he was heard of in the offices and by Lawrence Amidown and Bailey Bridges. They went down behind the cut cabinet in the printing department the way they did when they had something to talk over. One of the printer's Satans was working on the other side just where a drawer had been pulled out.

"This Jay Smith, now," said Bridges. "He's getting too big for his shoes or his hat or something. Inspection won't hold him long. First we know he'll be in one of the office departments."

"Efficiency department, I suppose."

"Yes. And the next thing he'll be round telling us not to talk to our secretaries; and the thing after that, the Old Man will hear of it and there'll be hell to pay."

For a little there was golden silence.

"I tell you," Amidown said finally. "We'll get him transferred to your department—sales."

"Mine! Mine! I don't want him."

"Listen here," said Amidown again. "I've got the dope. The man's an oyster—dumb. Can't get a word out of him without drilling. That may be all right in point inspection, but it won't go far in salesmanship. He'll fall down on his sales. That way we'll be rid of him."

"H'm!" said Marilla when I told her. But when she told Jeremy he did not say anything.

The next day he was transferred to the sales department.

After that first time Jeremy appeared every now and then in Ann Devon's office. He used to come in very straight and grave and unhesitating, and so businesslike that no one would have thought of questioning his business. At first Ann Devon was rather amused. After that she was not quite sure whether to be amused or angry or both. He came in the afternoon of his transfer to the sales department.

"I'd like to have you go to walk with me at five o'clock," he said.

"I can't," said Miss Devon shortly. She pushed back the typewriter carriage and held her hands ready to begin the next line.

"Can't what?" inquired Jeremy. "Go—or walk?"

"Go."

The pink came up in Miss Devon's cheeks. She was definitely angry now, but her anger had the curious effect of making her want to laugh.

"Why?"

"I've got to work. If you want to know, I've already refused invitations for tonight from Mr. Amidown and Mr. Bridges."

"If you're not going with them," said Jeremy, "then you can go with me."

"But I tell you I won't be ready at five o'clock. I've got to work—overtime."

"I could come at 5:15," said Jeremy, "if you'll be ready then."

"I won't. I ——"

"I could come at 5:30," said Jeremy.

"But ——"

"All right," said Jeremy. "At 5:30."

Ann Devon said to the filing clerk, who was waiting for her letters, that she thought it would be easier to go with Mr. Smith than to stop to argue with him.

In the sales department Jeremy did neither very well nor very badly. To be sure, he made a slogan widely used in the fall campaign:

It writes all right.
It's tight all right.
You buy it right, all right.

But his own sales were inconspicuous. Before a customer he did little save to lay out a pen, and perhaps repeat his slogan—and smile. His smile was less flashing than Amidown's, less beguiling than Bridges', but it had an honest, dependable quality in it like the goods he represented. Customers bought, but they did not buy largely.

"He's falling down," Bridges said. "But he hasn't fallen flat yet."

Amidown looked at the list of customers Jay Smith had handled.

"He hasn't had a chance to fall flat," he said. "That crowd would buy just so much, anyway, if you sent the bundle boy."

III

THIS was the way matters stood when Gaston McDonald visited the Peerless Pen and Penpoint Company in October. Gaston McDonald had a shock of red hair from the Scotch part of his ancestry and quick black eyes from the French part, and he had the violent temper that went with both of them. He was the head of the Better Penmanship League of America, and there was a project on foot for the use in league activities of a uniform type of pen handled direct through an American manufacturer. The Peerless Pen and Penpoint, of course, was in the running, and if they landed Gaston McDonald's contract it would be the biggest single thing that had ever happened to the company.

The whole factory was put in order for his coming until you would have thought we were getting ready for a state inspector, and Alexander Smythe went on a business trip to Buffalo two days early to be back for the event. You could have knocked me over with a piece of boiled macaroni when the telegraph boy told me that Gaston McDonald had changed his plans and would be there next morning.

Naturally, they wired at once to Alexander Smythe, but it seemed unlikely that he could be back in time. He sent four pages of telegraph paper full of instructions. Amidown and Bridges were to do the honors. Show him the plant. Take him up to the front office and dig in. Nail him. He trusted them to do it.

The next morning Gaston McDonald came. I was so excited that I could hardly eat the box of chocolates that Amidown had given me, and when two or three times I caught sight of them, with Amidown and Bridges each holding on to one of McDonald's arms and talking to him, I was too wrought up to understand a word. When finally they went upstairs to the front office I left a couple of mail boys to take time for me and slipped up to visit Alexander Smythe's secretary. Her office opens into his and the door has a crack round it. She was out, but I sat down a minute to rest myself and it happened that I heard a good deal of what went on inside.

No one could have talked more or better than Amidown and Bridges. Bridges took a whole pen to pieces and demonstrated the strength of every part; and Amidown put it back together again and demonstrated how the whole thing was done. They threw the pen on the floor to show that it would not break. They filled it to show how much it held. They emptied it to show the automatic flow check. Amidown wrote with it. Bridges wrote with it. They made McDonald write with it. Nevertheless, after a little I could see that things were not going entirely well.

"Uh," McDonald kept saying; "uh." And that was all he would say.

"But it writes all right," Amidown reminded him.

"But it's tight all right," Bridges added.

"But you buy it right, all right."

"But you buy it right, all right."

And just then was when things began to happen. There had been some talk in low voices, practically whispers, that I could not understand, and silence; and out of the silence came a great crash like a chair being knocked over, and Gaston McDonald's voice, shouting mad.

"You're crooks!" he shouted. "Both of you! First you talk me blind and deaf and dumb and dizzy, till I wouldn't take your pen at any price, and then you make me a crooked proposition like this. You want your rake-off, that's all you want. And if that's the kind of company you represent, I'm through!"

"But ——"

"But ——"

"When I say I'm through, I'm through!" shouted Gaston McDonald; and upon that the door flew open.

None of them even looked at me. Amidown and Bridges were hanging on to McDonald's coat and trying to say something about setting themselves right and its being the right pen to write with anyway.

"Let go!" shouted McDonald. "Keep still! Be quiet!"

And I believe you could have heard him all the way from the main entrance to the molding room.

I rushed into the front office and hung out the window to see what happened. In a minute Gaston McDonald came out and rushed off up the street, banging down his feet at each step so hard that if you'll believe it dust puffed up out of the solid pavement. Amidown and Bridges I did not see. But in another minute out came Jeremy, bareheaded.

"There!" I cried, and pointed.

And at that Jeremy jumped into his Uncle Alexander's car that they had ready to take McDonald out to lunch, and disappeared in a cloud of dust bigger than McDonald could make with all his stamping.

"I wonder what Alexander Smythe will say to that."

It was some time afterward, but I was still leaning out the window. I admit that I had said the same thing before; still, it was what I did wonder.

"Say to what?" asked a big voice behind me.

You could have knocked me out that window with a piece of boiled macaroni. In fact, what with having wriggled forward until my feet left the floor, and the window's having slipped down until the space between the sash and me was smaller than it had been, I thought I should go out anyway. And then someone gave me a pull backward, and I turned round, and it was Alexander Smythe himself. He was like Jeremy, a little, about the eyes and lips, but grimmer-looking, with bristling white hair and eyebrows.

I thought I might as well be the one to tell him as anybody.

"Well, he's gone," I said.

"Who's gone?"

"Gaston McDonald."

I thought the man was going to burst.

"Don't worry," I said. "Jay Smith's gone after him."

"Get my car," cried Smythe. "I'll catch them. That car can catch anything."

"That car's the one Jay Smith has gone in," I said.

I thought then he was going to burst anyway.

"And who is Jay Smith?"

I am a discreet woman, and I did not tell him.

"He's a young man in the sales department," I said.

Nevertheless, I thought it was a good chance to let him know a few things, so

(Continued on Page 72)

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

THE whole basis of balloon tire cushioning is *low air pressure.*

Reduce the pressure—and you *increase* the comfort.

Pump a balloon tire up hard—and you *lose* the extra cushioning. Size alone won't give it to you.

Whether you can ride on *true* low air pressures with safety to the tire depends on the tire itself.

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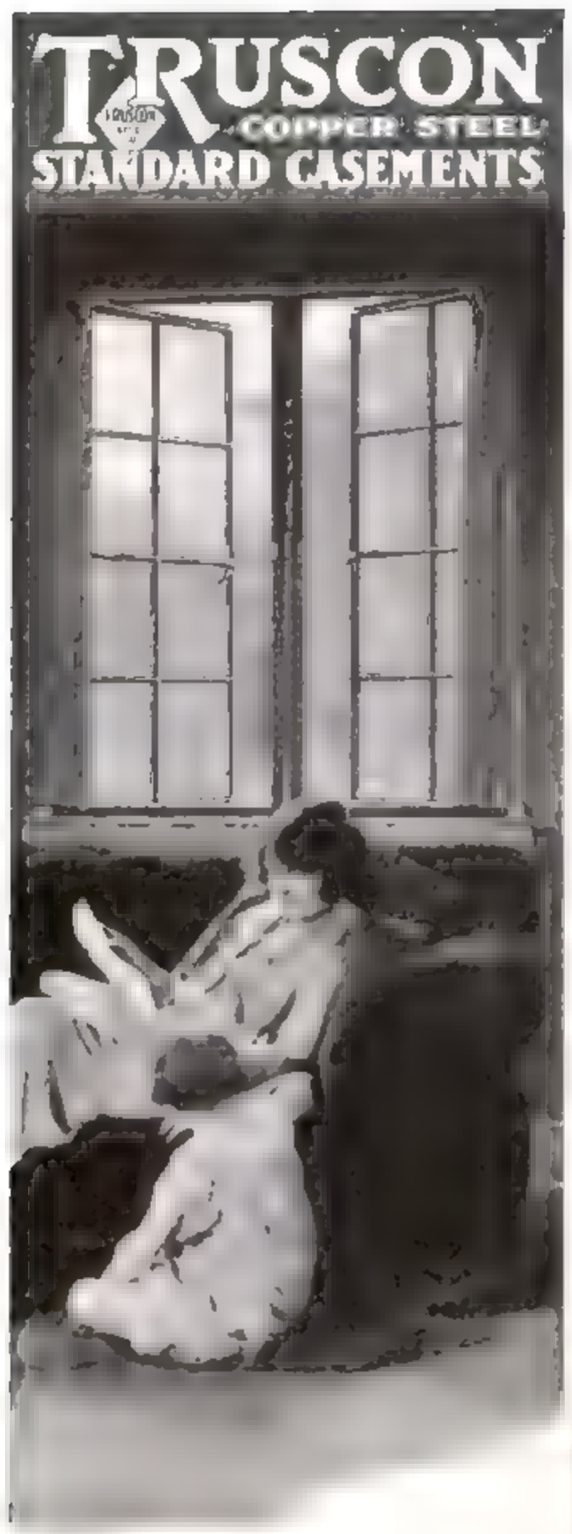
U.S. Royal True Low Pressure Balloons

Built of Latex-treated Web Cord



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(Continued from Page 70)

after making it plain that he could not catch them then anyway, I told him about Jay Smith's being a janitor, and about his being in the box department, and about his being in the inspection room and about his transfer to sales. I told him that he never wasted any time talking, and that was how he got on. I told him that he believed in quality, not quantity, in what he said; like Lincoln when he made the Gettysburg Address that people learn now, though they never learn Everett's speech given at the same time that took two hours to deliver; and like Coolidge when he made the speech to the Massachusetts Senate in 1915 that had only forty-two words in it—and now he is President. Then I went back and told him about Marilla, and how she would not hold the ladder, and how I was his timekeeper at fifteen dollars a week. And I told him about Amidown and Bridges and everything they had done since I came there and everything that had happened in his office that afternoon.

"The hell you say!" he cried.

Of course I had not said anything of the kind, and I told him so.

"It's the only thing then," said Alexander Smythe—whatever he meant by that.

Jeremy overtook McDonald at the second corner and slowed the car to the curb.

"Ride?" asked Jeremy.

"When's the next train to New York?" McDonald's face was so red that it made his hair look pale and ginger-colored.

"Tomorrow," said Jeremy softly. "One just gone." And then—"Get in. I'll catch it at Sillsbury."

For the first twenty miles neither spoke, and in the end it was McDonald who broke the silence.

"Crooks," he said.

"Fact," said Jeremy.

McDonald said then everything that he thought about Amidown and Bridges, separately and together. It took him forty-five miles to do it, and it relieved him a great deal. When he had quite finished, Jeremy nodded.

"That's right," he said.

Twenty miles more skipped over the speedometer. Then Jeremy took from his pocket a small battered black object and laid it on Gaston McDonald's knee.

"Pen," he said mildly.

For a minute it seemed as if McDonald might be going to throw the pen out the window, but in the end he did not. And at last Jeremy spoke again.

"Good pen," he murmured. "Mine. Uncle gave it to me. Used it ten years. School. War. College. Saved my life once. Bullet. Made a dent."

He turned it over and pointed. There was an appreciable pause.

"Peerless," said Jeremy softly.

"But even suppose it will wear forever," McDonald was saying as they slid into the outskirts of Sillsbury, "how do I know it will work?"

"You might try it on a contract," Jeremy suggested. "If it wouldn't work, there'd be nothing lost. You wouldn't have signed anything."

I had no sooner finished what I was saying to Alexander Smythe than everything began to happen at once. He sent for Amidown and fired him. He sent for Bridges and fired him too. He had up the employment manager and talked with him about Jay Smith. He had up the head janitor and the girl from Machine Nineteen in the box department, and Timothy Peebles and the efficiency expert. He sent off several men in search of Gaston McDonald. He sent off several telegrams. He threw the inkpot at the office boy because he was not quick enough. Smythe was a man of tremendous energy.

No one saw Jeremy come back. He left the car at his uncle's house and slipped in through the shipping room. The first that anyone knew of it, Gaston McDonald's contract, rather shaky from having been written in the car, but unblotted—having been written with a Peerless—came up to Alexander Smythe through the office mail. When he realized what it was, he was like a wild man. If there had been uproar before, now there was tumult.

"Call a mass meeting!" he cried. "Find Jay Smith!"

I began to be frightened. And when they came back and said that Jay Smith could not be found, I was relieved. But nothing stopped Alexander Smythe once he was started.

"Call the meeting just the same," he said. "I'll begin, and you can find Jay Smith and bring him in."

Mass meetings were held at the Peerless plant on rare magnificent occasions, and they were events. Alexander Smythe said they kept up the workers' morale, and I guess they did. Anyway, one always meant two hours' vacation with pay and no end of excitement.

When they were all gathered in the big assembly room the place was crowded to the window sills, and I went in by a side entrance and stood in front at the edge of the platform in case anyone needed me. Alexander Smythe stepped forward, a splendid figure, tall and straight, and almost regal with his long nose and high forehead. It was so still you could have heard a wad of gum snap.

Alexander Smythe told them first about the contract, and they all cheered. Then he told them that because of the increased production necessary, he had determined to offer bonuses for better, faster work; and at that they cheered more than ever, although of course most of them never worked fast enough to get anything out of it. But his real reason for calling them together, he said, was to talk about opportunity.

For an hour and a quarter by the clock Alexander Smythe talked about opportunity. He talked about Jay Smith too. From time to time he glanced over his shoulder toward the door and whispered hoarsely, "Where is he? Bring him in. Hurry up!" And still Jay Smith could not be found.

Alexander Smythe told them how Jay Smith had come there, a worker no better than the worst of them; about how he had been a janitor, and how he had pasted the corners of Christmas-gift boxes in the box department, and how he had inspected barrels and inspected points and risen to be a salesman. And now he had succeeded where others had failed, and won this contract. The point was that he had known how to improve the opportunity given him by the company. He had not wasted time. He had not wasted words. He had not wasted opportunities.

Scarface Point on Garden Wall Trail, Glacier National Park

Alexander Smythe was carried forward on the surge of his own eloquence. He was talking against time, waiting for Jay Smith to be brought in, but I believe no one realized it. I think he could have gone on talking forever. It shows what the man had in him.

At last, however, there was a scuffling in the hall. By bending forward I could see across the platform and into the corridor beyond. Down this corridor came several people, pushing Jeremy before them. They were laughing, for they thought him modest; they did not know what reasons he had for not wishing to be thus publicly thrust upon the view of Alexander Smythe. I was scared enough, I can tell you, for my part in it.

At the threshold Jeremy made a last stand, with a foot against the casing. It was in the moment of my catching sight of Ann Devon that she bent down and moved that foot.

"He did not waste words. He did not waste time. He did not waste opportunities."

And at that Jeremy plunged forward across the platform and stopped in front of his Uncle Alexander.

I will say for Alexander Smythe that he was a good sport. He looked at Jeremy, and Jeremy looked back, and there was no triumph in either of their faces, and no apology. They were curiously alike in spite of all their differences. And I think that in that public moment of being alone together, each of them realized what I did—that some can succeed in one way and some in another; some by talking, maybe, and some by keeping still; and that either way is good.

When Alexander Smythe shook hands with Jeremy and turned back to the audience, you would never have guessed from his manner that he had not planned the whole thing this way from the beginning.

"You have known this man," he said, "as Jay Smith. It gives me pleasure now to introduce my nephew and partner, Jeremy Smythe."

They clapped him till the room rang.

"Smith!" they shouted. "Smythe! Speech! Speech!"

And finally Jeremy made one.

"We're the firm that put the pen in penmanship," he said. "Three times for the Peerless Pen and Penpoint."

"That's the stuff," Alexander Smythe muttered. He knew success when he saw it. He knew when a man could handle men.

Jeremy left them cheering and plunged out the door; I went out, too, to see if I could help Ann Devon, because I thought he might be angry with her for what she had done. But he was not. I came upon them together at a turn of the corridor.

"I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you," Jeremy was saying.

Ann laughed a little into his coat collar.

"You're—you're wasting words."

"I'm not wasting opportunities," said Jeremy grimly.

If he kissed her once, I believe he kissed her twenty times.

I hurried home and told Marilla all about it.

"And now," she said when I had finished, "you'd better call up the Peerless Pen and Penpoint Company and resign."

I laid down the cracker I was eating.

"Resign!" I cried. "But I don't want to resign. I never had such a good time in my life."

Marilla shrugged her shoulders in that way she has.

"But a Tredenick work in a factory?"

"My wages would come in nicely."

"Angeline," said Marilla, "be reasonable."

There is no point in arguing with Marilla when she begins to talk about reason.

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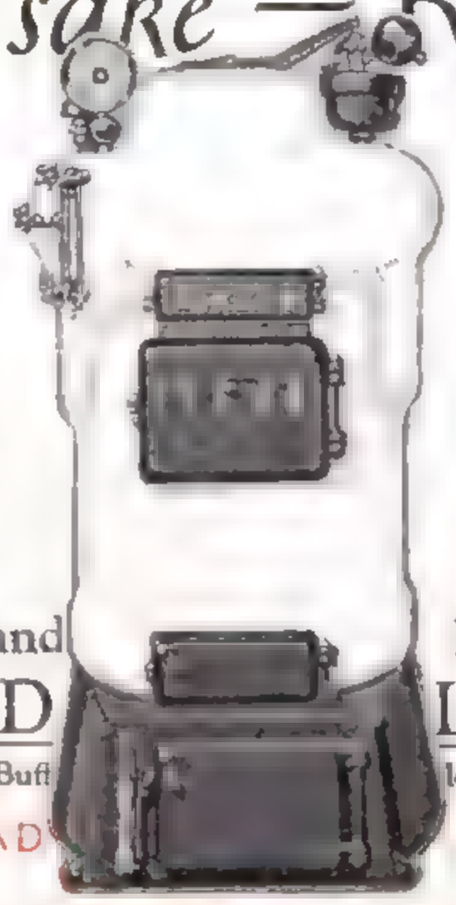

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TRUST

(Continued from Page 36)

as in a sick room or alone in a church. Here in this smothering gray blanket of fog it was like a nightmare, unreal, unsubstantial and grotesque. Also like a nightmare that winds up in a horrid crisis, a shriek and awakening, this one bade fair to get a lot worse before it got any better.

Alexis, after his first swift and skillful efforts to end the business then and there, now gave no sign of life. If he had not fired last, John would not have been sure but that his own chance shot had won the cigars. But as the innings stood, Alexis could not be sure but that John lay in a lifeless heap behind that big rock, and that further delay was unnecessary and absurd. John reflected that as long as he kept entirely out of sight, Alexis might go on thinking that, and in time become impatient and reckless.

The trouble was that it was growing dark. Also, this suspense was pretty terrible for Alwyn. John tried to figure out some way of ending it. He no longer felt any conscientious objections or dread of notoriety about the killing of Alexis. The only bother was to manage it. There was no good in a parley, as Alexis certainly would not quit the island without those plates, somewhere in the grass between them. And John knew that if he were to play safe and let Alexis have them and depart, then he would never be able to look in the mirror or at Alwyn again. The mirror did not matter, but he had suddenly discovered what was to be his reward for all this, and desired to collect.

The utter inertia continued. Gray silence and diminishing visibility all about, and from the distance a low murmur of surf along the shore, and reaching out to them from infinity as it seemed, the faint despairing wail of the siren on Monhegan. A cheerful situation when it got dark, John foresaw. He had left his electric torch in the tent, never counting on a state of siege; and the box of cartridges was there too. Alwyn by this time must think him dead and be wondering why the three still remained.

John longed to let her know that he was not yet in the land of ghosts that the island so much suggested. In the woods it would be even worse, with the tall stark trees and their long festoons of old man's beard. But it was imperative to draw Alexis if possible. Imagining himself in the man's place, John tried to forecast what he would be apt to do when it got dark, or even before the waning light became quenched. Alexis must now realize the difficulty of piloting the launch back through the impenetrable murk. He must by this time be furious and desperate. He might try to crawl round and flank John, or he might worm his way forward and grope round for the plates. There came then a diversion to palliate a little the tension of this deadly silent watching.

From some invisible point at a little distance Paula's low-pitched voice called, "Mr. Argent!"

John decided to answer, even at the cost of revealing the fact that he was still alive and on the alert. His voice would reach Alwyn and reassure her.

"What do you want?" he bellowed.

"You had better give it up. I have got no more than what I was intended to have."

"Nothing doing!" John called. "If this man wants to go he can throw his pistol over here to me and beat it."

This offer to accept an unconditional surrender brought no answer. John had not expected any. But his own voice, reaching Alwyn's ears, would encourage her. She would conclude that John had managed to procure the plates and was now defending them from some point of vantage. Paula tried again, this time from a little nearer.

"You are acting very foolishly. If you keep it up you are certain to be killed."

"Not so sure," John answered. "You had all better go while the going is still good."

He was tempted to add that the plates would be of no use to them either, since he knew about their possession of them. But to give out such a statement, he reflected, would be to make Alexis more than ever determined to kill him. Alexis, if aware of the fact that John knew all about the plates, would be quick to see that John must not be left alive on that island.

Another silence. The gloom deepened, as it seemed, in succeeding waves of growing darkness. John could imagine Alexis' state of silent frenzy. It would be either man's fight in the dark. Both might easily be killed, like two trench raiders from opposing lines, bumping heads on No Man's Land. And Alexis would know by this time that he was up against a man as determined as himself. The curious duel had resolved itself into an affair of nerve rather than marksmanship—the kerchief-across-the-table sort. It was equally apparent that in such a case Alwyn's position would be worse than ever. Paula could walk off with the spoils and Alwyn be deprived of her only protector—a permanent protector, John had already decided, if he managed to get out of this mess alive.

Viewed from such a slant, John was forced to admit that his going on with it was sheer stubborn suicidal folly. He had only to wait a few minutes longer for the dark, then crawl away under cover of his rock and leave the field and the booty to Alexis. But such a prudent measure went entirely against John's gorge. All his traditions, the very surroundings, were violently opposed to it. He sprang of a stock that had defended its first loose foothold on this very soil in this very way; first against aborigines trained to this sort of warfare, then against foreign invaders to whom the minority of colonists applied the tactics they had learned at a high cost from the Indians. And here now was history repeating itself in John, a descendant of colonists, and something impelled him to keep clean his little page.

Then, almost as if the daylight had been turned off by a celestial hand, the dark closed down, dense, black, impenetrable. The last feeble rays to penetrate that mass of vapor had been quenched as the sun slipped down behind the western land with no high sheet of cloud to reflect any slanting beams. The zone of utter darkness moved up to within a few feet of John.

Ears now relieved the watch of sight. But hearing could not avail much on that sodden ground. There was not a sound but the low diapason of wash along the shore. A sixth sense was required, some sort of prescience of an enemy's distance and direction. John wondered how Alexis' nerves were standing it. Perhaps the savage brute hadn't any.

The three parcels of plates would be lying about fifteen paces from his rock, nearly in line with the one behind which Alexis had taken cover. Alexis might now start at any moment to crawl out in search of them. More probably, he would first try to stalk John himself as it would not be easy to find the plates in the dark. Once either adversary had bagged the other, he could take his time about the plates.

But John had this advantage that of noting carefully where they had fallen as Hobbs flung out his arms and got in motion. John's move, even if anticipated by Alexis, seemed to be to procure the plates at whatever risk, then leave that place with dispatch. He did not want Alexis. On the contrary, to kill the man would be to defeat the purpose with which he had set out to keep Alwyn and himself from all future possibility of being discredited by the affair.

Gripping his pistol, John started to crawl ahead. He made about six feet, then flattened down to listen. When just about to start ahead again he seemed to catch the faintest sound over to the right. It was not of a swishing or scuffling sort, but a fine and all but imperceptible jingle, like the tiny rattle of sleeve links.

John waited. Not only were his senses keyed to the finest tension, but his mind was equally tuned in. Men like Alexis were apt to affect wrist bracelets, gold chains, a *gage d'amour* from some sweetheart. The tinkle came again, this time as it seemed a little from behind. If it was something on the person of Alexis, then the man must have started on his stalk several minutes ahead of John and made considerable progress. Also, if it was from Alexis, then he must be trying to flank John behind his rock; and in that case John had now only to make a scramble for where the plates should be, and if he luckily succeeded in finding all three parcels, grab them up and make off.

But something deterred him from doing this. He seemed to feel the danger as projecting not from where the faint sound had been, but directly ahead. The darkness was by this time like that of a closed vault. Under such blind conditions the victory was apt to be, as the two approached closely, with the man who happened to be still and listening as the other moved ahead.

There came a sudden thud and rustle just in front of John, about ten feet away. Some instinct warned him not to fire at the noise. He guessed immediately the ruse. Alexis had come on a heavy stone, and thrown it in the direction of the plates. Trying to draw John's fire and thus locate his position. It was impossible to determine from what direction the missile had come. John moved silently ahead again. It seemed better not to imitate the stratagem, as in that breathless stillness the rustle of the effort might be enough to locate him.

He must be now, John estimated, just about where Hobbs had dropped the parcels when, after his first startled leap, John had fired over his head. The next thing was to find them. With infinite caution, John began to feel round. For all he knew, Alexis might be already close to the spot. It occurred to John that the faint tinkle might have been made by a pebble snapped by a thumb and landing on a stone. Alexis would scarcely be dangling a wrist chain.

And then, as he lay there prone, another sense, and one on which John had not thought to call, rendered service. His nostrils, damp from contact with the wet grass, reported an odor that was alien to that place—the faint scent of artificial perfume. It was delicate and elusive, a fine perfume, but not that of wild flowers. It flashed into John's brain that Alexis might have crept up as a first line of interference while Paula had slipped stealthily in search of the plates. The darkness had fallen so suddenly that Paula might have been able to join Alexis just before John left the rock.

John stretched out an exploring hand. It came down on something wet and slimy and hard. He recognized instantly what he had found—one of the parcels of plates in its oilskin wrapping. If now he could only manage to locate the two others he could spring up and run for it. That in fact would be his only course, as it would be impossible to crawl quietly with those three heavy packages.

The perfume odor had evaporated. Perhaps after all it had been an early eglantine, close to his face, or other wild flower. John listened again before continuing his search. He was convinced that there was some other person very close to him. Then, as he listened, there came a rustling all about and a puff of air struck down on him—a cat's-paw of breeze. That might help a little, if it would only blow hard enough and soon enough. Even the faintest sound of it in the grass and vines would mask a little the rustle of his gropings.

He pawed round again and found another of the parcels. At the same moment he heard, distinctly this time, the clink of something between him and his rock. This, he was certain, was Alexis. The man had probably crawled round in an arc to flank the rock, and finding the enemy had abandoned the position might have decided that he had beat a retreat, found the strain too great an ordeal for even a strong set of nerves. He would argue also that John had actually nothing to gain from the affair.

For an instant John was tempted to make off with what he had. But there was no good in that sort of half measure. He had already been through too much to quit the field ingloriously. He remembered then the picture of Hobbs as he had flung up his arms to run. Two of the parcels had flown to one side and the third to the other. John reached far out to the left, described the arc of a circle with his arm, and as this reached its extreme limit his finger tips brushed the wet oilcloth of the third package. As they did so, he heard that little tinkle close behind him.

x

JOHN had now to make a swift decision. Alexis might be ten feet away, or even less. If they came in contact, it would mean sure death to both. A determined man lives long enough even after receiving a mortal wound to get in a shot or two against the body of his antagonist.

But here the position of the two was not the same. Alexis, believing John to be alone on the island, and no doubt aware of the secret of these parcels, desired ardently to kill him. But John did not want to kill Alexis. To do so would be to ruin everything, get Alwyn and himself tangled up in a criminal affair from which their names might never get entirely clean. They were all known to have visited the island. The thing would have to be reported and investigated, when in the course of such procedure the whole story must come out.

All this John had previously considered, so that he did not waste any time now in its reviewal. Gathering up the parcels as quickly and silently as he could manage, he sprang to his feet and dashed off to the left, back across the moor.

There came instantly a detonation close behind him, and something scorched his thigh, the brush burn of a bullet. John kept on blindly ahead. In the pitch dark, and with the parcels to hold, he was in danger every moment of colliding with a tree or stone or falling over something. There came another report and a bullet whined past. Then he heard Alexis rushing blindly after him. Even in that murk there may have been some sort of vague shape to John's figure as he plunged along, for Alexis fired again. At the same moment John's foot fetched up against a stone and he went headlong over it. He landed in a shallow gully, the plates and his pistol flying from his hand.

Almost as he struck the ground, Alexis came floundering down upon him, his weapon also flying wide. So that this wild Russian game of tiger at which the two had been playing now resolved itself into the international one of catch-as-catch-can.

Alexis appreciated this, grappling for a strangle hold almost as he struck. But John himself was a good wrestler. Although much under the Russian's weight, and with none of the same massive strength, John was of the tough, wiry, fibrous type. Alexis on the wrestling mat might have made quick work of him, if managing to get a hold. But that "if" was in John's favor here.

He squirmed out from under the big bulk of Alexis, contriving as he did so to get in a vicious jab of his fist under the Russian's ear. That helped a little in breaking the strangle hold, when John managed to scramble to his feet. Alexis did the same, when with no effort to strike he tried to grapple again, lowering his head to get a back-breaking waist hold.

But even in the dark, a man cannot afford to lay himself thus wide open to an adversary who knows how to use his fist in other fashion than as a sort of hammer. John's short uppercut took Alexis in the face and straightened up his head. A similar blow delivered immediately with the other fist bent back Alexis' head to a further

(Continued on Page 79)

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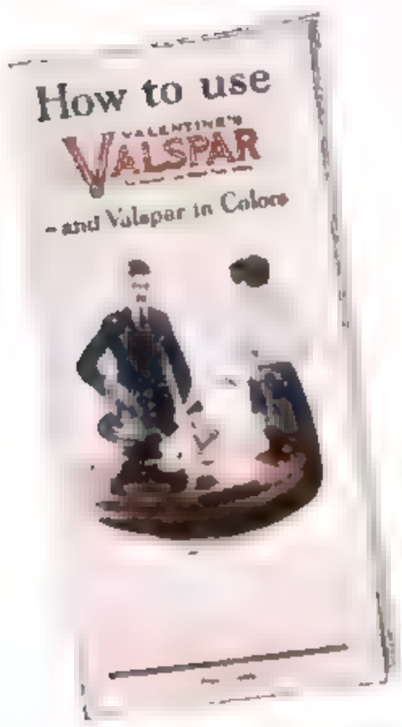

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Screen play by Walter Woods

"THE VANISHING AMERICAN"
A ZANE GREY Production.
With RICHARD DIX and Lois Wilson.
Directed by William Howard.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
A CECIL B. De MILLE Production.
Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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arc with his shoulders—the defenseless, powerless one. John, stepping back a little as Alexis swayed in this position, came through with a straight punch on the chin. It creaked the cervical vertebræ of Alexis, diffused a general concussion through his brain, so that he lost track then and there of what this thing was all about.

John looked down at the huddled figure, then hastily gathered up his plates, also his pistol. He appeared to have fallen into one of those circular depressions that are frequent on such ground, a sort of pocket. Pausing a moment to determine his direction, he set off in what he thought to be that of the camp; and as the distances were all so short on this little island, came presently to the niche in the rocks close to it. Paula's boat would be here, and looking down from the ledge above, John could distinguish the dark bulk of it against the sheen of water.

A sepulchral voice called up in a low, quavering tone, "Is that you, sir?"

"Yes, Hobbs," John said, "it's I. Where is Miss Ashwell?"

"I could 'ardly say, sir. Over yonder on the moor, I think, sir. This is a 'orrid business, Mr. Argent."

"Well, that comes of taking too much for granted. Come ashore, Hobbs, and go find Miss Ashwell and tell her that her friend is over there somewhere and could do with a little attention. And I say, Hobbs, look sharp about it."

The man, whose mission in life it was to obey, fulfilled it. He clambered out and up to where John stood.

From somewhere in the distance beyond, Paula's voice began to call distractedly, "Alexis! Mr. Argent!"

"Go over there and tell her that he is somewhere out near the middle of the moor, asleep," John said. "And make it snappy, Hobbs."

"But, Mr. Argent ——"

"Get going, you old fraud!" John's voice changed suddenly. "And tell her that I'll shoot any one of you on sight. Now move!"

Hobbs shambled off. Then as he disappeared, a fragment of the dark shadow over on the edge of the scrub spruces where John had made his camp detached itself and came drifting over to him, where it took palpable form.

"John, are you all right?"

"Come and see." John opened his arms and this solid bit of shadow disappeared again in them. Any person close at hand would have said there was but one large person standing there.

"I nearly died, John."

"You kept your promise, though, through all that banging back and forth. Look down there beside your feet."

"The plates?" Alwyn whispered.

"All of them—the whole darned table service."

"Is he ——"

"I left him not dead but sleeping. Come now, let's get going. You must be getting tired of this island."

"Yes, I liked it better before it got so overcrowded." She gave a nervous little laugh. "In their boat?"

"Why not? They'd be sure to hit a rock; get drowned, perhaps, and that would be too bad. It's a fair swap. We will leave them the camp. Could you find your way back there and get my coat?"

"Yes. It's in the tent."

She slipped away in a fashion that made John think of fairies and elves and wild things that can see in the dark. He picked up the plates and carried them down into the launch, then cast off the painter. Paula had stopped calling like a lost soul. John thought that she must have found Alexis.

Alwyn resolved out of the murk again, with the motor coat. She got into the launch. John was about to shove off when a low lugubrious voice croaked from the shore above them, "Mr. Argent, sir!"

"I told you to keep away. Beat it!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I daren't stop 'ere. 'E'll kill me."

"John, let the poor old wretch come. There's no great harm in Hobbs"

"All right. Come on, and step lively."

Hobbs came scuffling down the sloping rock, cascaded against the boat and with John's assistance clambered aboard. John picked up an oar and shoved clear. A final thrust sent the cumbersome craft drifting into the fog, swallowed up in it.

John found the switch and was about to turn over the flywheel when Paula's voice called, "Mr. Argent!"

"Good evening, Miss Ashwell. How is Alexis?"

"Oh, Mr. Argent, don't leave us here!"

"Why not?"

"The hardship, the exposure."

"If you push into that woods on the outer side of the niche, you will find my camp. There's a snug little tent and blankets and food and mess gear, and there's a spring just back of the beach on the north end. There's water in the coffeepot."

"Oh, please don't leave us!"

"Sorry, but I'm taking no more chances with your friend. He nearly got me four times, and did bark me once. Good night."

He leaned down, made the contact and the motor started. John put over the wheel, wondering just where they might go from there. Alwyn was beside him in the bow. Hobbs loomed a dark melancholy figure in the stern. Shaping his direction by the long low swell sweeping in from the open sea, John headed straight out until sure that he must be well past the south end of the island, then brought the swell abeam. He had only to keep it so to strike the mainland, hopefully the entrance to the little inlet at the head of which lay the village.

Stopping the motor presently to listen, they heard the wash of water some distance ahead. John swung off a little to starboard and at the end of a few minutes stopped again. Hearing no breaking water directly ahead, he started off again. And so, starting and stopping, they nosed their way presently into the sheltered cove, as they could tell from the absolute stillness of the water. As usually happens, the fog here was less dense than out in the open roadstead, and a few moments later they saw the dimmed glare of a light ahead, then another, and heard the sound of voices.

John switched off and paddled up to a landing. There seemed to be nobody about, though it was only half past nine.

Then suddenly Alwyn said, "John, those plates!"

"No fear. They can't get anybody into trouble now."

"But they might. What if we were to be searched—for spirits or something—coming in like this?"

"They'd find nothing incriminating. When we stopped the first time to listen out there, and you were looking on the other side, I dropped them overboard"

XI

THE big car purred along through the night. Hobbs, at the side of Perry, was slumped back in his seat, chin on chest. On the back seat Alwyn slumbered, across it, her head on the chest of her trustee.

John was wide awake. His mind was too busy for sleep. It reviewed pleasantly this adventure, which had been so unpleasant in spots. But there were bright spots too. John reflected it had been, taken full and by, a most profitable and satisfactory quest for himself, and also, he hoped, for Alwyn. The treasure he had found for her might be sham, but there was nothing counterfeit about the one that he had found for himself.

He would not have believed that there was any such girl as Alwyn. They did not, John had thought, make them any more. He knew a lot of girls—pretty girls, brave girls no doubt, though he had never put their valor to the test; sweet girls, game girls, frank and honest girls, and girls that were in a general way of speaking intensely desirable and enticing to the young he man.

But never before had he discovered all these qualities so bountifully combined in one. That would seem to be Alwyn's descriptive adjective, he thought—full of all bounties of the mind, the spirit and the flesh. He had gone to look for a hundred thousand dollars and he had found a girl of limitless bounties. So, now that he had found her, what was he going to do with her, and how and when?

Well, marry her, to start with. Such an initial step would put him in better shape to decide on the rest. But he wanted to marry her in no hurried or clandestine way, but with all due ceremony, and a dignity that was in keeping with their worth. He had that to occupy his thoughts as they sped along through a country clear of fog and pitfalls and Russians and things.

The best way, John decided, would be to lay the matter before his aunt. Miss Van Rensselaer was a rather terrible old lady to most, but clannish and with a heart. He would tell her the whole story from beginning to end, evoke her sympathy and provoke her Elizabethan humor. He would conclude by saying:

"Now, we are going to get married, dear aunt, and soon. Let it therefore be done with all due pomp and ceremony, as befits the rank of past Argents, the present one, and those of—*Deus solens*—the immediate future. Dig up some of those haughty F. F. V.'s who were her mother's relatives and make them come. Fire a cannon and plaster the premises with confetti. Make a noise."

They came to Boston, where John gave Hobbs some money and told him to take the next train for New York and report at the studio the next afternoon. There were some questions John wished to ask, and that he thought Hobbs might be induced to answer. It was now his plan to run straight through to New York, to arrive the middle of the forenoon. As this would be a severe tax on Perry, John stopped at a big garage where the manager recommended a good man to spell him. It was then after one of the morning. They had provided themselves with some food supplies at Portland, and so large and luxurious a car was far more comfortable than a train; and as for hotels, a young man does not like to park his recent fiancée indiscriminately about.

So they held on, breakfasting in New Haven and arriving in New York about the time that John had figured. His plan now was to take the car to Newport the next day, request the chaperonage of his august aunt for Alwyn, and that she be asked to Newport immediately. The good lady would do this, he knew, after a little preliminary abuse of him for having picked a dark horse or cat in a bag or pig in a poke or other insulting metaphor that John would be compelled to stand fast under.

Meanwhile poor Alwyn would have to thresh things out with Paula. But Alwyn did not seem in any way nervous about it. She had never been afraid of Paula, and the reaction of her roughly dislocated affection, always rather a sense-of-duty sort, took the form of cold contempt. Alwyn appeared to consider her in the light of a crime-struck amateur, trying to run with professional crooks, and with the clumsiness of most dilettantes who try to keep up with professionals because of the glamour of whatever the art or craft may be. Paula, Alwyn maintained, was actually less a criminal than a fool.

John was not so sure. Paula, he feared, was a pretty bad lot. It seemed to him now that Ralph Jones, alias the Grand, had probably intended right up to the time of meeting John, to make Paula heiress to his cache of counterfeits; but had been quick to perceive in John a perfect fence for their distribution. The Grand had probably liked Alwyn, and been sorry for her, perceiving what her future might be with such a guide as Paula. He had therefore left the money in John's trust for Alwyn, knowing that Paula would contrive to get her share. But at some time or other the Grand had moved the plates, and in a moment of whimsicality had dropped in the three of diamonds as a guide for anybody clever enough to read the sign aright. If the intelligence of that person was not keen

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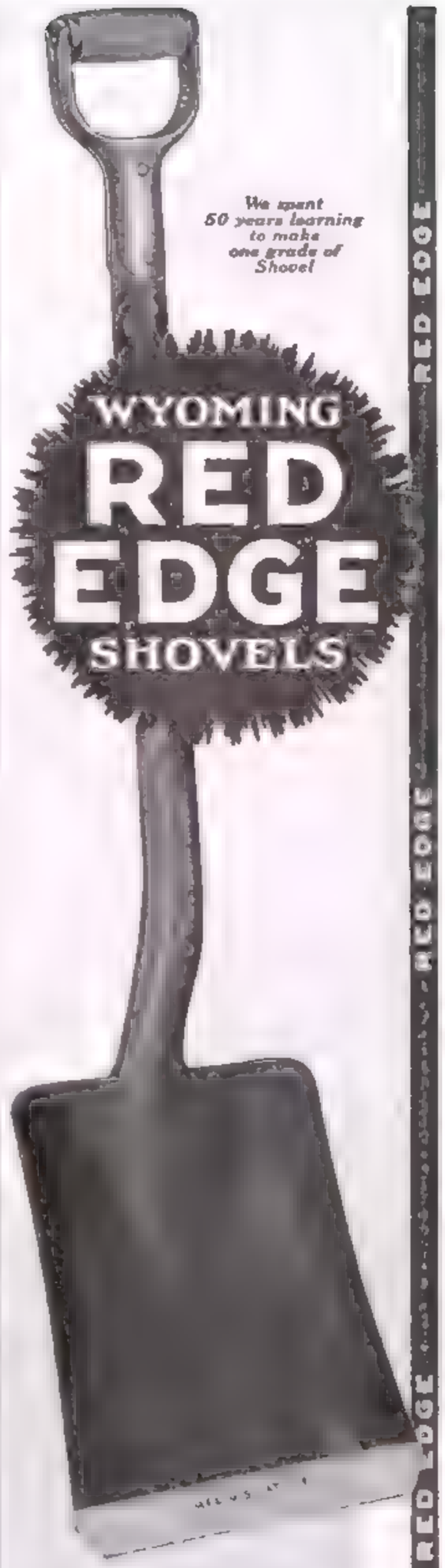

When a Section Hand Waxes Eloquent

about a shovel it must be some shovel. For, the average track worker is not usually a soft soap artist.

"You make the best track shovels and scoops I have ever seen," writes Mr. Geo. C. Walker, a section man of Aberdeen, S. D. "The first of your scoops I ever noticed was one that had been discarded by some fireman and was being used by a man named Johansen.

"I noticed his scoop never got bent or blunt as some do and have to be hammered out each time cinders are loaded. I don't know how long the fireman used it, but Johansen has used it 3 years. It is worn through in several places now, but never gets out of shape. Who handles your shovels in Aberdeen?"

After Mr. Walker has written such a good advertisement why should we try to add anything?

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PAINTS AND
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LINOLEUM AND
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
IN ROLLS AND RUGS

GYPSUM HARD WALL
PLASTERS AND
BUILDING BLOCKS

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enough to read it, then that person ought not to have the plates.

Hobbs had been absolutely right about his late master. And Paula, given that clew that, as Hobbs had quoted, "no highly intelligent person ever does any little thing without a reason," had been keen enough to solve the problem. Alexis might himself be a counterfeiter, or know something about the machinery of the business. And they had brought Hobbs along on the off chance that he might be of some assistance then and later as the former servant of the Grand and knowing something about his habits and associates.

Hobbs, John believed, was a long way from being the sort of dumb waiter he appeared—had a head on his shoulders and a good deal of Old Dog Tray intelligence. He was a sort of dim reflection of the bright mind he had served.

What hurt John now, both in his pride and in his sympathetic nature, was that he should himself have been so gulled. He had liked the Grand, believed him to be square in this affair at least, and it sickened John to reflect that the man had been laughing at him up his sleeve. He wanted to question Hobbs more about him, and also about Paula and Alexis.

Hobbs presented himself at four o'clock, very neat and correct, more obsequious than ever. As he looked pallid, fatigued and nervous, John told him to be seated.

"Since this crazy business is all wound up and the evidence gone overboard, Hobbs, I want you to tell me all that you know about it."

"That's precious little, Mr. Argent. I naturally suspected that the sealed envelope left in my 'ands by Mr. Jones 'ad to do with the plates, so when Miss Ashwell asked for it I was not surprised. It was no good to me, and she agreed to do the right thing by me if anything came of it."

"You knew Mr. Jones was dead, of course."

"Oh, yes, sir; I saw it in the paper."

"Who is this man Alexis?"

"I don't know, sir. I never saw him before, and I 'opes never to see him again. A proper ruffian, sir."

"Is Miss Paula Ashwell a professional crook in good standing? Has she any recognized position in the underworld, or is she just a dilettante dabbler in crime?"

"I couldn't rightly say, sir. Miss Ashwell seemed always the fine lady, and 'obnobbed with the smart people wherever we've 'appened to meet. But I've more than 'arf a notion that at different times she's been a fence like for Mr. Jones; put 'is paper in circulation. I think Miss Ashwell was over 'ere now for this very reason. I over'eard her say in French to the Roosian that she 'ad got nearly to the end of the few thousands left by her father, and that she 'ad counted on another commission from Mr. Jones."

"Why did they take you along?" John asked.

"Because I knew which of the plates Mr. Jones considered to be 'is best work, sir; 'is masterpieces, as one may say. And I knew the lots that 'ad never been drawn from and issued. When I gave Miss Ashwell the sealed envelope I warned 'er that if she managed to find the place she would do well to act on my advice."

"Was this man Alexis a counterfeiter too?"

"I don't rightly know, but I should say he 'ad some experience in that line. The chances are, 'e would know 'ow to go about the business. But so far as I could gather, he 'ad never worked with Mr. Jones."

"No, I should imagine that Mr. Jones would have been particular about his business associates. Alexis did not strike me as at all in his class."

"Right you are, sir. Mr. Jones was a gentleman and scholar and a rare hartist, sir. It always struck me that 'is unlawful practices were in the nature of a game to 'im—a sport, as one may say. Mr. Jones liked to match 'is 'igh intelligence against the law. Then when 'e 'ad made a killing 'e would be the gentleman of leisure for months at a time."

"You understood him pretty well, I should say. But he certainly let me down. He assured me that this hundred thousand we found was clean money."

Hobbs leaned forward.

"Mr. Argent, I believe that he told you the truth."

"What?"

"I do, sir, as I'm a-sitting 'ere. I didn't think of it at first, not being acquainted with the particulars and my 'ead being no more than that of the trained manservant. But now, so 'elp me, I believe that 'undred thousand was clean money and good money. I really 'ope you 'aven't destroyed it, sir."

"No, it's in safe deposit. But why are you so sure?"

"The master 'ad a great admiration and pity for Miss Alwyn, sir. He said to me one day, 'Lor', 'Obbs, I 'ate to think of what's ahead for that lovely child. She's a thoroughbred, which is more than I can say for her sister. And her father's on 'is last legs. I 'ate to think of what may become of 'er,' says 'e. Well now, Mr. Argent, feelin' as 'e did, it's not like Mr. Jones to 'ave left Miss Alwyn a fortune in fake money."

"He might have had such tremendous confidence in his skill as to be sure it could never get her into any trouble."

"No doubt 'e did, sir. But that is not the point. Like all great artists, the master 'ad sentiment. 'E was in no way a common man, sir. In the ten years I 'ad the honor to serve 'im off and on, I never knew 'im to do or say a low thing. And 'e would 'ave considered that as such, sir—to leave a hinnocent girl a large legacy in bad money."

John drew a deep breath.

"When did you think of this, Hobbs?"

"On the island, Mr. Argent. Of course I wouldn't 'ave dared breathe it to Miss Ashwell. She'd 'ave 'ad my blood, sir. And that Roosian—worse."

"But did Mr. Jones have that much real money to your knowledge, Hobbs?"

"I now believe 'e 'ad, sir. About three months before the summer 'e came over 'ere, the time 'e must have 'id it, Mr. Jones told me that 'e had made a rare coup at Monte Carlo, playing baccarat. I think 'e 'id it against a rainy day, and then when 'e found there was no escape for 'im, 'e wanted to leave it to Miss Alwyn."

So here was a new lead, at the very end of this maze of bizarre intrigue. More than that, it might be one that would save John's playing the fool at the finale. He had in fact decided that before going to Newport he would run on to Boston, take that packet from the safe deposit where he had placed it, then at some place on the side of the road souse it with gasoline and touch a match to it.

And now it looked as if this wise old bird of a Hobbs had saved him such an act of imbecility. Perhaps the shade of the Grand had inspired him. More likely, Hobbs had actually a head on his shoulders. John stared at him a little wildly.

"Hobbs, what are your own plans for the future?"

"My plans, sir?" Hobbs looked very much surprised.

"Yes; what do you want to do? Have you saved any money?"

"I've put away a tidy bit, sir. Mr. Jones was more than generous. My object in serving at the 'otel was to enable me to look round about for a proper partner with a bit of capital and some experience. Then I've got my heye on a decent little road 'ouse in Westchester, sir."

"Well, that sounds all right. What I wanted to say was that if you had anything in mind that needed backing, you can count on me, if this money turns out to be the real stuff. I don't mind telling you frankly that it was my intention to destroy it."

"That would 'ave been a pity, sir."

"It would have been the act of a pitiful ass. In any case, you are entitled to a lump of it for having put me wise." He rose. "Well, that's about all for the present, Hobbs." And then, as Hobbs rose to take his respectful leave—"When I showed you Mr. Jones' ring and you were struck by the strong resemblance between us, why didn't you come across with the suspicions you must have had about Paula, and tell me that there was a Miss Alwyn Ashwell?"

The shadow of an apologetic smile crossed Hobbs' high-featured face.

"That would 'ave been better, sir. But it has been my experience that in dealing with gentlemen one can't be too careful."

John's high-powered two-seater was parked at a pastoral section of a turnpike of which he had by this time a nodding acquaintance with every important rut. He and Alwyn had stopped, en route for Newport, to make an al-fresco luncheon under a clump of what John now thought entitled to be his symbolic family tree, the spruce. A most excellent variety of tree when cared for a little; protective in summer's glow and winter's snow, spreading an aromatic springy carpet at its feet, supplying gum to chew, spars for ships, a soft orchestra in the upper branches, and when thick and low and scrubby, useful for the stalking of enemies.

"Now that Paula has sailed," said Alwyn, "I feel as if the sword of Damocles had fallen and missed me."

"Paula's not so bad," John said. "She merely went on the principle that ladies must live, even if they can't always live like ladies. She took it all like a good sport."

"She might not have, if she had known that the hundred thousand dollars was real money. That would just about have finished her."

"Yes, as Hobbs said, she'd 'ave taken it cruel 'ard. No fear that he will ever tell her. And there's nobody else."

"John, I don't want that money."

John busied himself with spreading caviar to hide his smile.

"Why not? What difference does it make if it came from baccarat or oil or the Grand Prix or the stock market? Monte Carlo is legitimate."

"It's not that. The point is this, that Ralph Jones, with all his curious mixture, was after all a criminal. The money that he had, his stake, was dishonest money. Well, I don't want to start my life with you dowered that way—with the proceeds of a gambling coup that may have been square enough, but was won by a gentlemanly crook."

"Then you would rather that I burned it?"

Alwyn looked at him with horror.

"Burn good money? Well, rah-ther not! I'm not the idiotic sort of idealist. Give it to some sort of child-welfare society that helps to keep stray youngsters from growing up on the principle that the world owes them not only a living but a fat one."

"And leave you flat?"

"Except for you, King Cophetua. I'd rather be a beggar maid than the heiress of a kindly and well-intentioned crook, however great an artist he might have been."

"Well, there's a good deal in that. To tell the truth, I rather anticipated something of the sort, and I took action accordingly."

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday," said John, "I deposited one hundred thousand dollars to your credit for a wedding present—one of them. And you may read a little later that on her wedding day, Mrs. Alwyn Ashwell Argent—there are the initials on the cap of the radiator—gave one hundred thousand dollars to the National Child Welfare League. Actually, however, that behest is on the part of the late Ralph Jones, alias Jimmy the Grand, master thief."

"John! Really? Oh, how can I ever——"

"The indebtedness need not take you very long to pay off. Even the most embittered misogynist, if also a full-powered man, would admit that a dollar would not be an exorbitant price for a kiss from you. So all you have to do is to pay me one hundred thousand kisses—and you can start as soon as that truck passes."

(THE END)

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Two buttons on the shoulder: none down the front

Sealpax
Twin-Button Union Suits

THE WHITE HORSE

(Continued from Page 17)

mysterious strangers and painlessly turning them inside out. Before the day was over, before the fish were counted, Jute and the reason for his haunting the valley for the past week would be as transparent as glass to this inquisitive pair.

Obviously this fishing excursion—with an ax—had been a matter of inspiration. Up to the moment of Jute's entrance on the scene no such thought had been in Jason's mind. In the city Oliver Armiston's receptivity was keen enough. In fact it was so keen that Deputy Parr, the famous man-hunter of the metropolitan police, frequently made use of it in difficult cases. Oliver, there, was accustomed to deal in myth and imagination, squaring hypothetical facts with real ones. He was an extinct fiction author; and his old training of tying hard knots and then untying them with a vast air of legerdemain, under the very eyes of his readers, in the tall tales he wrote for print, at times achieved results, brought about revelations that astounded, even awed the versatile Parr. Parr was wont to call it clairvoyance. But it wasn't anything mystic. It was merely Oliver's habit, in the lingo of his craft, of keeping the probabilities sound. Out here in the country it was a different matter. Oliver was lost. These people dealt in simples and trifles that eluded him. They preserved an elemental clarity in cause and effect, and arrived at conclusions without effort, while Oliver was groping helplessly among their signs and omens. The cleverest operative on Parr's staff—the deputy had wizards among his men—would have shown up as an amateur here.

Jute came out looking as if he had been born on the place. He sang melodiously. The transformation wrought by the chore-boy outfit was flattering. Except for his haircut, which smacked of West Point, he was of a piece with Jason and Charlie, and in his movements he had the same economy of effort and absence of backlash as the two lithe countrymen. Now that he had shed his mail-order clothes he seemed to have an instinct for the moment. It was he who teased the surly old flivver with the tickler, and cranked it; it was he who gave a quarter turn to the needle valve that made the tin lizzie feel better. He climbed in the back seat with Uncle Charlie; and Oliver, feeling himself distinctly supercargo now, settled by Jason. They jangled through the gate, with vast starting pains. From their air they suggested that there is nothing so pleasantly vacuous as the mind of man going fishing.

"Did you ever kill a bear with an ax?" asked Uncle Charlie.

"No!" ejaculated Jute. And Uncle Charlie was off, with all the zest of a new pair of ears to astound.

Just above the Red Shop they came on Orlo Sage hand-mowing the gritty roadside as the finishing touch to his summer's haying. The car stopped. Orlo wiped his scythe with a wisp of grass and whetted it with nice musical strokes.

Jason said, "Orlo, if I'm not home by chore time will you milk for me?"

It was a small matter of eight fresh cows and four strippers. Orlo paused and looked at the sky, then at the corner of the mountain. He was considering, not the chore of twelve cows, which was granted, but the weather signs. He rested on the snath.

"I may be along after dark," he said. "If it rains," he added. He resumed mowing as if no one was about. He shuffled forward, stiff-legged, flat-footed, every muscle of his lithe body in perfect time; give him good grass heavy with dew, and not many mowers in this valley could follow Orlo.

The flivver turned up the hill by the post office. The gears ground dismally on the steep pitch, and talk, even bear stories, ceased, as if by silence they would hearten the willing car. They came out on a little flat on the very edge of a ledge, with depths falling away terrifically from the wheel track. They plunged into the woods again, and turned at the corner. It was a road for sleds and skids; but Jason nursed wonders out of the tin lizzie. There were windfalls and bog holes and bare outcrops and encroaching tree trunks, gnashed water bars, sharp little hills and dales, and brush to whip their faces.

Once this road had been four rods wide, with cattle to break open the wheel track after every snow. Uncle Charlie could remember it. His father lived in the last house. He started out first in the snow, with his cattle. Lyme Gage fell in behind with his steers at the next house; Hen Case at the next, and so on down the road, until they had quite a parade at the Corner, what with men, sleds, cattle, dogs and children. Then they turned around. Every man as he fell out on the way back was expected to offer a little hospitality, so they rather looked forward to snowstorms. It took a good man, said Uncle Charlie with a touch of pride, to live in the last house.

They passed crumbling houses that drowsed vacant-eyed in the sheepkill and steeple flower of old dooryards. They came to a dead stop for no apparent reason in front of one such house; and after a time a man appeared at the door. He regarded them, chewing thoughtfully; then he came out and sat down on the step stone.

"Harley, can we get through?" asked Jason.

"I guess so," said Harley. "There was a car went up early this morning." There was a pause, everybody ruminating like so many cows on a hillside. "It wasn't nobody I'd ever heard," added Harley.

Shortly he arose and went into the house, concluding the audience. They moved forward again. Oliver was turning the words over in his mind. These people knew who went by in the dark—by the horse's step, the jingle of the harness, the rumble of the wheels, the rattle of a loose spoke. And recently, adapting themselves to changing environment, they had come to know the voices of their flivvers—they knew every car in town. Harley, for all his casual air, had undoubtedly been waiting for Jason to pass for the last half hour.

Now the road pinched itself almost to nothing. On a little rise they caught sight through the trees of the old Mott homestead on a terrace a hundred feet below. It was a stone house, with a great hole, breached by time, in one of the gables. They came to an open barway showing a lush meadow of lodged grass, and Jason stopped and looked back at Uncle Charlie. Charlie considered the unspoken question; he plucked a strand of horsehair from a branch that had caught some whisking tail, and wound the white wisp about a finger. He nodded. They turned in and churned across the rank grass. There was an opening in the wall opposite that the flivver seemed to divine by instinct, and they passed through, and came out in a hemlock stand on a smooth cool floor of needles. And then, quite suddenly, and unexpectedly for Oliver, the burnished surface of water broke through the trees. And then they were standing on the muddy shore of the old reservoir six hundred feet above the valley.

There was a sunken boat that they hauled out and dumped; and they embarked with their freight on the vast placid surface that seemed like a brimming saucer balanced on top of the world. They tied up to an island that gave under their tread when they walked like a safety net under a flying trapeze in a circus. Uncle Charlie and Jason, good to their word, picked out likely spots and chopped holes in the island and lifted out great cubes of tangled roots that dripped like the head of Medusa, the Gorgon

It was a floating marsh of flags and moss and sheepkill and alders and cranberries, with here and there a dead spar. The roots were matted like felt, the whole as buoyant as a straw mattress. Bullheads in countless numbers lurked in the black depths beneath. Years ago when the reservoir was built the rising waters between the hills had lifted this great section of the spongy forest floor, fully an acre in extent, and it continued to float en masse. Years had added fiber to it, until now it formed a floating island that drifted this way and that with every changing wind. There was nothing mysterious about fishing with a hatchet.

The four men seated themselves comfortably on their soap boxes in a family circle, and baited and smoked and yanked and fought mosquitoes. Occasionally an astonished bullhead would find itself jerked up through a hole and admonished to be good, with a sharp rap on the snout from a knife haft.

"We're moving!" cried Jute, looking at the shore.

It was true. The wind was now in the west; the forest with its creatures had suddenly ceased its stirring. Rain was near. The floating island, on the wings of the gentle wind, was moving slowly but surely across the lake; they were headed for the far shore.

Uncle Charlie, tiring of fishing, went off to explore before dark. They watched him, laughing, as he cautiously made his way over the rubbery going, once just saving himself from going through a treacherous spot. The island was full of holes, souvenirs of bullhead fishermen for years gone by. Charlie tried his luck fishing at one hole and another.

Finally, in the blue of the rainy evening, he came straggling back, without his tackle. He said he had snagged it among the roots, and abandoned it.

II

IT MUST have been past midnight. The air was thick with rain. Rain swept across the surface of the lake with a curious swishing sound.

Oliver found himself, for no apparent reason, wide awake, listening. There was nothing but the crackle of the raindrops; then an owl, somewhere deep in the forest, hooted abysmally. He rearranged the folds of his horse blanket, which served as pillow, quilt and tick. He thought the while of the shriek that would emerge from his wife's throat, could she by some hocus-pocus see him now curled up on a gravelly beach on the lake shore under the overhang of a granite ledge, as dry as a chip, as snug as a bug, as content as a bear holed-in for the winter. Content? Yes. That would have been the straw to break Cynthia's back. Her passions ran to rubbers and umbrellas, and she never could have abided such a shelter for herself—much less for her husband.

The perambulating island had delivered them against this shore just as the heavens were about to open with a succession of cloudbursts. And this cozy paleolithic lean-to offered hospitality for the night, just as it doubtless had been doing since the first anthropophagus wandering this way had been caught in a prehistoric deluge. There had been a supper such as troubadours sing of; and then, while the shards of the fire tinkled metallically under the pelting of the eaves, there had been a campfire palaver drifting this way and that on the lazy spirals of tobacco smoke. The storm was making a night of it. Jason had been the first to fall off to sleep; he had been going for some time before he finally arrived at his destination in the Land of Nod. Child of nature that he was, he lay cherubic in the firelight. One by one they had followed him.

Oliver sat up quietly and pushed a stick into the dull fire. A feeble flare illuminated the interior. Jute lay face up, his head propped neatly across a nice round stone, like a Japanese lady protecting an expensive coiffure. In the deep shadows of the

(Continued on Page 35)

Made in boards 12 inches by 12 or 36 inches—from 1 inch to 3 inches thick.

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NO MORE striking example of the heat insulating value of cork can be found than the cork-lined helmet of the tropics. Wearing an ordinary hat the white man is soon overcome, but the lining of cork in the tropical helmet protects him effectually from the overpowering heat of the sun.

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3. ***Structurally Strong and Easy to Install***

   Armstrong's Corkboard is strong in structure and is easily nailed in place in frame buildings or readily set in Portland cement mortar against brick or tile.

4. ***An Excellent Base for Plaster***

   Armstrong's Corkboard takes and holds plaster permanently. No lath is required since the plaster keys firmly into the surface of the corkboard.

5. ***Slow-Burning and a Fire-Retardant***

   Armstrong's Corkboard is slow-burning and a positive fire-retardant. It will not burn unless flame is applied from an external source, and does not smolder or carry fire.

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(Continued from Page 82)

cavern two vague heaps suggested Jason and Charlie.

Another owl hooted. Every vowel dripped dismal accents. This time it came from another part of the forest. Owls don't hoot in the rain—or do they? Oliver was putting this question to himself somnolently.

Then, somewhere inside his thinking apparatus, a suspicion clicked. Orlo? He dismissed this as untenable. It was too late. Orlo would have come hours ago, if he came at all.

Oliver took up a stick and gently poked the blanket that should be Uncle Charlie. It gave. The blanket was empty. He reached over and felt it. It was still warm inside. It hadn't been empty long. That was probably what woke him. He turned a doubtful eye on the roll of horse blanket that assumed, from its lifelike attitude, to be Jason. Empty too. Naturally. He smiled sheepishly.

Another owl spoke. This time quite close at hand, if one could estimate distance or direction in this seething dark.

"Hoooo. Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Hooooo-ooo!"

Uncle Charlie! No doubt of it! Uncle Charlie had the gift of talking that way, through the funnel of his cupped hands; that is, he could talk to people who understood him—Jason, Orlo, and some few others.

Oliver's cue seemed to be to roll up in his blanket again and play possum. He rolled over and lay still, trying not to think. Hours passed. His thoughts gradually shaped themselves into dreams; there was a white horse, a homely beast with hairy fetlocks and a back as fat as a globe; somehow it took on the identity of a white horse he had seen recently in moving pictures, galloping like a nice old-fashioned rocking-chair across cloud banks up in the sky—an aerial equine.

He awoke staring out of the crocodilelike mouth of the cavern at bright morning sunshine with air washed clean; the obedient island lay moored in the shoals. On the pebbly beach stood Jute, naked except for a pair of trunks; he seemed to have been hanging out his clothes to dry. Jute was watching, spellbound, a procession of men slowly coming down the curving beach.

At their head, laden with a shotgun, and carrying an ax in his belt, walked an old man Oliver recognized as Harley, the occupant of the ramshackle house in the woods. Behind him came Jason, with a rope in his hand; and behind him came three men tied to the rope, its coils about their waists, like mountain climbers. Their hands were fast behind them. Heading the rear guard was a stranger Oliver had never seen; then Uncle Charlie; and then —— Oliver sprang to his feet! Parr! Parr, head of the metropolitan detective bureau! Parr! What the—where the devil did Parr drop from? The usually sartorial circumspect Parr, of hard-seamed conservative cut, looked as if he had come astride a washout; his clothes were sodden and sprinkled with cockleburs and hayseed.

The little procession wheeled into camp. Jason made his rope's end fast to a tree.

"You, Mr. Commissioner?" Jute was exclaiming, coming to something like a salute at sight of the great man-hunter from New York.

Parr nodded genially; he laughed with glee.

"I'm merely a lay figure," he said. "I'm one of the sheriff's posse for the first time in my life." He waved at Orlo, who was now breaking cover on the edge of the woods. "This tea party belongs to you boys from Boston." He nodded brusquely at Oliver.

Jute walked over to the stranger of the group, who did not give way, but stood staring at him, waiting.

"So you had to butt in, Thorpe," said Jute savagely. "You couldn't keep your hands off!"

The man, Thorpe, reddened.

"Sorry," he said. "Orders."

"Whose orders? The chief's?"

Thorpe nodded.

"I don't thank him!" said Jute tartly.

"Tell that to him," retorted Thorpe shortly. Everybody had stopped, listening; even the prisoners, tied to the tree, were intent. "The chief wired you yesterday to bring in Merino," said Thorpe.

At mention of the name Merino, Oliver pricked up his ears. Where had he heard that name—recently—the last few days?

"And when I didn't do it," said Jute, with a curl to his lip, "he sent you!"

"Yes."

Jute turned on the three prisoners, who returned his stare unmoved.

"Well," he said, sneering again, "I don't see that you have done it! You haven't got Merino!"

"No." Thorpe flushed. "We didn't get Merino," he said slowly. "I had to act quick," he said, after an embarrassing pause. "I couldn't find you, Jute. By luck I met the New York commissioner." He nodded at Parr. "He had come up fishing over Sunday. He picked up the constable for me"—indicating Orlo. "They seem to have their own way of gathering a gang, around here, I will say!" He looked dazed.

"I see," said Jute, eying Thorpe; then he demanded, slowly: "How did you know where to look for Merino?"

Thorpe jerked his head at Orlo.

"The sheriff, here," he said. "He told me you were watching somebody hiding out at the old Mott house back here; that was enough for me."

"People around here seem to know my business better than I do myself," cried Jute sarcastically.

"We had to move fast," said Thorpe; "they were making their get-away in the rain. This man, Barnes," he said, pointing to one of the three prisoners—"he brought up a car yesterday morning." Jute was suddenly interested; this was the man in the car Harley had heard in the early dawn. "They would have slipped through our fingers then," Thorpe was saying, "but they got mired—in a mudhole—in the woods."

Jute's eye was still savage.

"And Merino?" he said.

Thorpe shrugged—with the gesture of a beaten man.

"You didn't find hide nor hair of him!" pursued Jute.

Thorpe did not reply.

"Do you know why?" cried Jute, with bitter emphasis. "I'll tell you! Merino has been dead for three days!"

It was as if he had fired a shot. The shock of it was reflected in every face. It formed a startling picture, there on the lake shore, in the bright morning; the dramatic mind of Oliver began to fumble with the material so startlingly presented. The two detectives, toe to toe, and eye to eye, seemed to have forgotten that they were not alone; they faced each other like snarling curs. Oliver was asking himself how much of it was real, how much play-acting. His eye moved to the prisoners. In the confusion of this curious attack and defense, feeling themselves for the moment free from observation, they ventured significant glances.

"Merino dead?" Thorpe got a hold on himself. "Do you know that? Prove it!"

Jute turned on his heel without a word to him.

"Ben," he said, addressing himself to the tallest of the three prisoners, in a tone that was wholly colorless, yet clear, "it *was* Wednesday morning you and your brother knocked Merino on the head, wasn't it?" He was making a statement, rather than asking a question.

The man addressed as Ben turned his head curiously, looking as if he did not comprehend the words. He turned to his two companions with a look, to admonish patience on their part. The whole attitude was that of philosophic men content to await developments that were bound to clear up a mistake and relieve them from their present predicament.

"Now that you've got them," Jute was crying, wheeling on Thorpe, "what are you going to do with them? Where is your Missing Witness? Where is your dead body? You can't convict kidnapers of murder without producing a corpse. Look at them!" he roared, shooting a finger at the prisoners. "They are laughing at you!"

As if actuated by a common mechanism the entire audience turned on the prisoners.

The Missing Witness—Merino! Something clicked in Oliver's brain. Now he knew what they were there for. He suddenly recollected, saw it all. Merino!—one of those sporadic creatures of the day's news. Yesterday he was nobody. Today the headlines were shrieking his name. Today he had suddenly crystallized in every front page—the Missing Witness!

This Merino—who had been dead three days!—was the witness on whose testimony four men had been convicted of a peculiarly atrocious murder in Boston. Recently one of the men had been granted a new trial, and the governor had given a month's respite to the three murderers awaiting electrocution in the death house, on the ground that new evidence might be developed. There had been a public outcry against it, because the crime itself had been so shockingly brutal and guilt so obvious. Then, at the opening of the new trial, Merino, the necessary witness, had turned up mysteriously missing.

"Where is your dead body?" Jute was driving home. He stamped savagely. "I've been holding off—for days!—watching these men! And then you had to butt in!"

"It's lucky I did butt in," retorted Thorpe. "Your birds would have been gone—if it hadn't been for the particularly efficient bunch of farmers you grow in the neighborhood."

Jute laughed unpleasantly.

"Let them go!" he cried. "I don't want them. I could pick them up any time, anywhere! It's the Missing Witness I'm after."

Uncle Charlie had found a seat on a stump and was absently weaving a lover's knot out of a strand of white horsehair. Jason was kicking up the fire, as if thinking of breakfast. The other countrymen had found comfortable seats and were vaguely regarding the sky, as if their interest in the matter of a dead man was purely casual. Oliver, stringing together the trifles of the past twenty-four hours, conceded the skill of these apparently simple rustics in drawing out the sophisticated Jute, of the Boston police. A white horse, bullheads, a howling dog. How much did they know—how much were they guessing? This forgathering on the shore of the lake, a million miles from newspapers, was no accident. A loon laughed; swallows skimmed the water. A dace rose, and fell back with a splash, and a kingfisher swooped, just missing. Their floating island, scene of yesterday's foolish adventure, was now picking up its straggling tendrils and moving, almost imperceptibly, away from shore on the changing wind.

Then Jute's voice broke in on Oliver's musings.

"Ben," he was saying, in that same colorless tone, "do you remember what you were doing Tuesday night?"

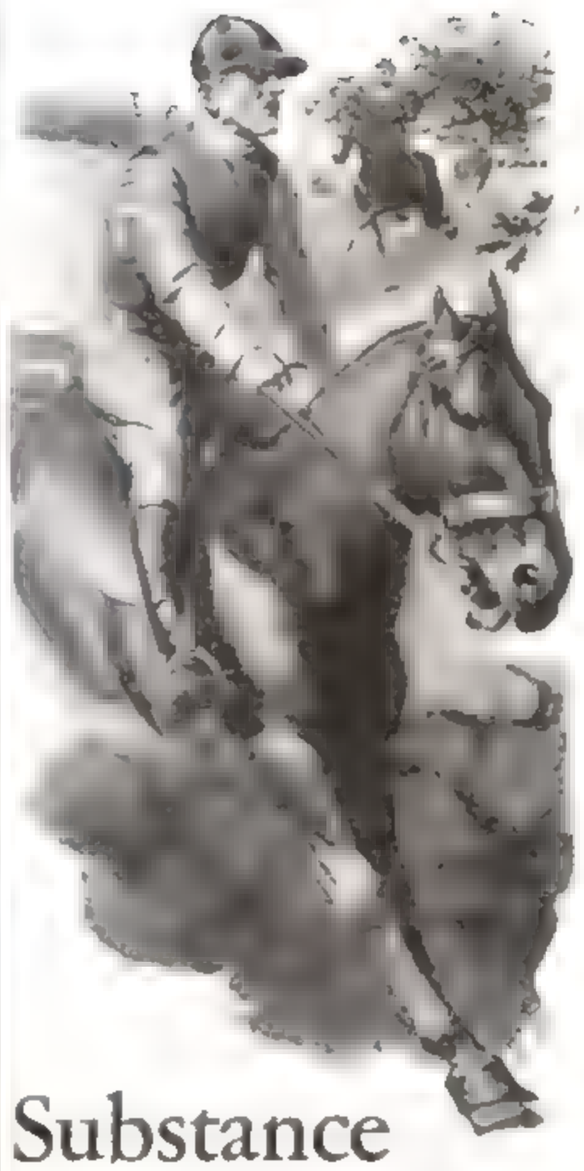
Ben waited, without answering.

"I found you, Tuesday night—about nine o'clock," said Jute. "You and your brother and Merino were sitting out on the old porch in the dark. I could hear you talking. But I couldn't quite make you out. Merino struck a match. He wanted to smoke. You swore at him—and knocked it out of his hands. Recollect?"

To the surprise of everybody Ben replied, "Yes, very well."

"Oh, you do!" Jute said. He let this sink in. "I'd have had you—all three of you—then, if it hadn't been for your dog! It was three to one—and I would have had to jump you. But your dog suspected me. I couldn't get close enough—with that dog sniffing the air, and making false passes in the dark." He was snarling again. "I guess you missed your dog next morning, didn't you?"

A slow look of hatred, which he made no attempt to conceal, showed in Ben's eyes.



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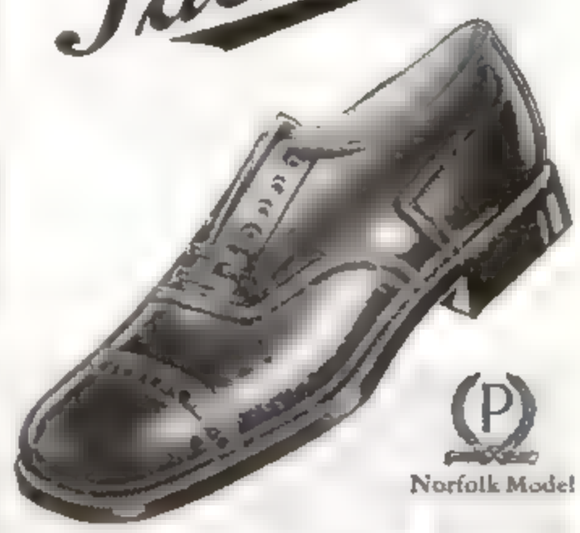

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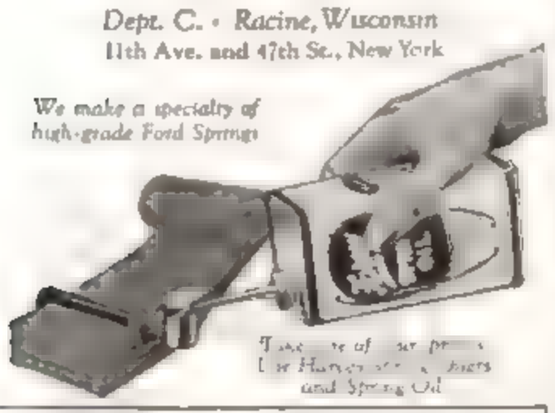

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"Did you kill that dog?" he asked quietly.

"No. I don't kill dogs," replied Jute. "I've got him over in back yonder." He jerked his head over a shoulder to indicate some vague place in the woods. "Now let's move forward to Wednesday: Wednesday is the day, Ben." He eyed Ben for a long time speculatively. "After you had beaten around the bush for several hours in the morning, looking for your dog, and couldn't find him," he was saying with a drawl—"then what? You got scared. You knew we were closing in on you. Tell us just what happened."

The air was tense. The two other prisoners were regarding their leader with vague apprehension; he was calm enough. Parr, from his resting place, followed the mountain drama with grim approval. It was a new type of third degree to him, and he shot a look at Oliver. Oliver was fingering his white lock.

"All right," said Ben dispassionately, almost contemptuously. "I'll tell you quite frankly. As you say, it became apparent that we were under observation. My brother and I were perfectly safe, so far as I knew. It was Merino you wanted."

"You kidnaped him?"

"If you choose to call it that," said Ben. "With his connivance, yes." He sniffed in contempt. "We were trying to help the poor fellow out. He was nearly out of his mind—the thought of his having sent three men to the chair, and of his having to repeat his testimony over the fourth. So he asked us to hide him out, up here. He knew we had the old place."

"Oh, you own the place?"

Jute's questions were categorical; he knew.

"Yes," said Ben Mott. "It came to me from my grandfather. We haven't been back in years. We had been thinking of opening up again."

"I see. Now let's get back to Wednesday. About the dog. When you finally decided we'd got the dog, what then?"

The same electric impulse actuated the auditors; their eyes moved from questioner to prisoner.

"I advised Merino to get out quick," said Ben.

"Did he?"

"Yes, certainly. He was nearly wild, I tell you!"

"I can imagine. Which way did he go?"

Ben Mott looked up, to orientate himself in this wilderness. He indicated a westerly direction.

"Into the woods!" exclaimed Jute derisively. "Oh, come! That's a bit thin, isn't it? Merino had never been off a paved street before in his life. He was a pool-room tout. And you tell me he took to the woods! What for? To starve to death?"

Mott shrugged, but did not speak.

"Did you go with him?"

"No."

"You didn't follow him?"

"No." The strain was telling a little on Mott.

Jute poked a stick idly among the ashes.

"That accounts for your morning," said he. "Where were you and your brother all afternoon?" he asked casually. Ben Mott seemed to be striving to recollect. "Come now!" laughed Jute. "That afternoon is pretty well stamped on your memory. You don't have to jog your brains for it." He bent forward, staring hard into Ben's face. "The job took you till seven o'clock, didn't it?" he snapped.

The barest suggestion of pallor seemed to creep over the younger brother's face. The third man was holding himself hard. Ben shook his head. His lip curled. But it was plain that a sort of bravado, not contemptuous calm, was actuating him now.

"When you two came in," said Jute, "you stopped at the old pump and washed yourselves for supper. Recollect? Then you came in the house. You were looking for something. What were you looking for, Ben?"

Mott's eyes, still steady, met those of his taunting interlocutor, but he said nothing.

"You were looking for something," went on Jute. "You went all over the house. You were looking for one of us, weren't you?"

Still no answer.

"You were looking for me," said Jute tartly. "Well, I was there. I was hiding in that old cream box in the kitchen."

"Were you aiming to take the pair of us single-handed?" asked Ben, an ugly gleam in his eyes.

"Two of you? No! Three! I came out for the three of you." Jute laughed harshly. "But I changed my mind when you two came back alone. I knew then what had happened to Merino—that he wouldn't tell any more tales on the witness stand!"

He let it hang fire there. He got up and paced about nervously.

The relief of the prisoners was immediate. There was a look almost of exultation in the eyes of the man called Ben. But he kept still.

Jute came to a pause before Parr.

"That's the case, sir," he said suddenly. "The Mott boys—they brought Merino up here to kill him. And they killed him! As they say, they own the place. It was abandoned by their people two generations ago, after a wholesale murder by a maniac in the family. No one ever comes up here. Fishermen go around the other road, by the spillway. They figured they were perfectly safe out here. You suspected them, Orlo—that someone was here." Orlo nodded. "You knew it, Harley." Yes, Harley had known there were strangers in the woods. "I've been looking for the dead man for three days!" cried Jute grimly. He eyed the natives. He turned suddenly, almost fiercely on Oliver, who was fingering his single white lock. "You are psychic!" he cried. "You can tell me! Where is the dead man?"

"I? Psychic? No!" ejaculated Oliver. He laughed nervously.

Parr sat forward.

"What do you make of it, Oliver?" he asked. "Speak up; this is open court."

A curious smile passed among the three prisoners.

"But, Parr," Oliver found himself protesting, "I am hearing it for the first time. I was brought up here yesterday by this bunch. They were looking for a white horse ——"

"A white horse?" It was Jute who exploded.

"It's all right," said Uncle Charlie. "We found the horse." He was talking to Jute. "You used Johnny Martin's horse—over to the sawmill on Blanford Brook—when you came in here nights over the mountain. Didn't you?"

"But what's the horse got to do with it?" cried Jute, exasperated at this piffling turn. "And who said I was using a white horse?"

"White hairs in your hat, man," said Charlie. He laughed dryly. "That's why we came up here fishing yesterday. It's the only white horse in town. Jason thought of it—I didn't recollect till after we started."

The cards were all on the table, everybody's cards. Oliver's fingers itched. If his typewriter were here he could untangle his thoughts. He was looking vaguely at the three prisoners, who now seemed conscious of the tension rising again. This was

murder! He had no doubt of that now. What did they do with it? They didn't bury it; foxes would dig it up! They didn't burn it; ashes tell tales! They wouldn't sink it in the water; these things have a habit of bobbing up!

"But I ask again—what has a white horse got to do with it?" the exasperated Jute was demanding.

"Everything!" exclaimed Oliver in a curiously hollow voice. He had risen. "The white horse brought us here, didn't he?" he was demanding querulously. He broke off, stared at the placid mirror of the lake. He slowly raised one arm, aimed a pointing finger. The tension became terrific. Why, no one could say.

Jason nudged Orlo. "Look at the prisoners," he whispered.

The prisoners were straining in their bonds, staring wild-eyed, following the direction of Oliver's pointing finger.

"There it goes now!" said Oliver in a high voice.

"Goes?" roared Parr. "What?" He swore a great oath.

Oliver turned on him as if bewildered.

"The island," he said. "Don't you see the island?"

Parr raised his hand for silence as the rest started forward. Only Uncle Charlie held his seat, apparently giving no heed to what was going on.

"Have you looked under it?" asked Oliver of Jute.

Jute seized Oliver and shook him violently.

"Of course! Of course! That's where it is!" he was crying hoarsely. He drew a deep whistling breath, and turned, half crouching as if to spring upon his prisoners. One of them, the younger Mott boy, slumped down in a shapeless heap, burying his face in the grass. He was moaning like an animal.

The elder brother, a man of iron, looked down with contempt on the prostrate figure. He kicked him savagely.

"Silence!" he commanded; and strange to say, the younger brother became still. So great was the force of his will that for an instant Ben held them all—excepting only Uncle Charlie. He got up and walked over to Ben Mott's side and, turning, pointed to the drifting island.

"Look!" he ordered. "Do you see that dead hemlock spar down in the reeds—in the middle of the island? The one with the arrowwood growing out of one end?" He turned on Ben, still pointing. The man was staring in spite of himself. "Now follow your eyes along that spar to this end. See the little laurel bush there? Do you want to row out there with me now? I'll show you a fishline of mine tied to that stump. It's snagged onto something down in under the water. Do you know what it is?"

The man took it cold. He had in his veins some of the old Mott blood with its virus for calm slaughter. He considered the quaking form of his brother through a long silence. He raised his eyes and encountered the gaze of his confederate, Barnes, the man who had come through with the car to carry him off in the night to safety. Barnes was regarding it all as an outsider. He averted his gaze before the burning eyes of Ben Mott. Mott made an ineffectual gesture with his roped hands. "It is the end," he seemed to say. Probably that face of the drowned man he had pushed down through the tangled roots of the floating island was staring up through some hole from the water, to damn him.

Jute had seized Uncle Charlie.

"You found it?" he was crying.

Charlie nodded.

"Yesterday—while we were fishing," Charlie replied.

"Why in blank dashed blank," roared Jute with an awful oath, "didn't you tell us?"

Uncle Charlie disengaged himself from the grasp of the agitated Jute as if the police detective had been a weak child.

"I was figuring you as the villain of the piece," Charlie said.

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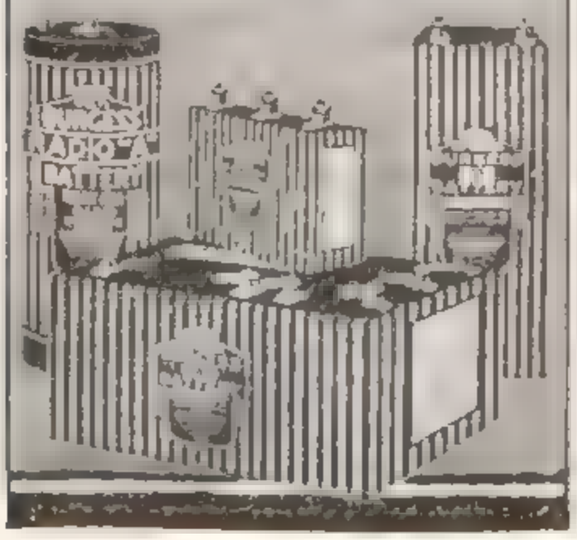

WORTH THEIR SALT

(Continued from Page 21)

two more solid wallops to the stomach did Mr. Hart's blazing eyes cloud with doubt. When another heavy punch drove his head back against the ladder itself, making his head ring fiercely, the mate bethought him of using tact. The crew had sneaked aft to watch, and at a level with the main hatch they formed a pop-eyed line. They saw Mr. Hart thrust his hand into his pocket.

They heard the skipper call out, mildly remonstrative, "No shooting, Mr. Hart, please!"

They saw Sam Porter dance back a step and plunge, grinning victoriously, forward again to meet not a gun but a brass-knuckled fist that impacted upon his eyebrow and hurled him bleeding and dazed to the deck.

Some of the men edged nearer, for the skipper had turned away altogether when the fight was apparently over. Some of them looked about ready to take a hand. But Mr. Hart had implanted his ideas upon them very well in the early days, and they hung back while he faced them. They withdrew a step when he stooped to pick up one of Sam's arms, twisting it savagely; they muttered when he kicked Sam heavily in the ribs and head. They obeyed like sheep when he straightened up from the unconscious sailor and ordered them to take him forward.

In the bright breezy days that followed, driving the ship swiftly on her course, Sam went about his duty quietly and obediently. His hurts healed in time; and under his care the wounds of Hawkes mended until the little guttersnipe was able to perform simple little jobs about the decks. The indifferent food of the Hiogo's forecastle was perhaps the most sumptuous Hawkes had ever known. It was certainly the most regular. And that, combined with the strong ocean air and the necessity of always being out in it, worked a change in the lad until he would have looked human had it not been for a certain animal furtiveness which persisted in his expression whenever he was spoken to sharply, and particularly when Mr. Hart was within sight.

The beating up of Sam Porter decided the crew in their submission too. It was a docile crew that worked the Hiogo across the line and through the wearisome doldrums. The sharp squalls of the calm belt discovered all the weaknesses of the old ship's rigging; there was work for all hands in both watches that kept them so busy there was no time for brooding on wrongs. And in fact there were no wrongs. Once the men were worked into shape and could be depended on to work the ship, Mr. Hart had no further excuse for using his peculiar brand of tact upon them. After all, perhaps Mr. Hart was only true to type rather than a deliberate hard case.

The declining days of the square-rigger were troublous days for masters and mates; a crew able to handle a big deep-water ship was the rarest thing to be found over the wide oceans of the world. A sailing day was bound to be a horrible experience to a chief mate, on whom all the executive work of the complicated fabric of the ship devolved. And a stowaway simply meant one more incompetent to eat rations and clutter up the decks. Mr. Hart no doubt had one fault, not easily excused—he had the mistaken idea that brutality meant power; that men cowed by brutality were of necessity whipped.

Believing that, and because of all the crew the men most thoroughly beaten up were Sam Porter and young Hawkes, Mr. Hart considered those two to be beyond any need of further attention from him. He watched Sam instruct Hawkes in the more elementary parts of a ship's work. Hawkes learned to pass the marline, to turn the spun-yarn spinning jenny, to sweep the decks with a broom so that bits of fiber did not stick in the angle irons. The lad could be depended upon to draw a bucket of fresh water for the cook without waste. But nobody except Sam Porter could make him do either of these things. The men left him alone, for his grinning snarl was a nasty thing to see. Only to catch a glimpse of that undernourished, ill-favored youth glaring after Mr. Hart's receding back was to see that which would murder sleep in any nervous observer.

Hawkes, brought up in devious environment, had probably never been entirely human since babyhood. Sam caught him one hot windless evening after work at the carpenter's grindstone, rubbing away at the tip of the blade of a strange knife. Hawkes grinned up at Sam, licking his thin lips as he thumbed the steel.

"What's the idea? Whose knife is that?" Sam demanded.

"Mine," replied Hawkes, bending over the stone.

"I think you lie. That looks like the cook's sheep-sticking knife. Give it here."

"Cook asked me to put a point on it," the lad said stubbornly. Sam reached for the knife and the lad sprang to his feet, spitting like a wildcat.

"Son," said Sam, reaching with never a sign of fear, "you give me that knife or I'll do things to you that even the mate don't know of. Come on!"

"Try it!"

Sam stepped nearer, his steady gaze never once leaving the furtive eyes of the scowling lad.

"Men don't settle little grievances with knives, me son. And you don't want to get hung for mutiny and murder. Give me the knife. Before this voyage is up you'll be man enough to tackle him ashore with your hands. If you ain't man enough to do without cold steel, I'm through with you; but I want that knife just the same."

Sam suddenly closed in and seized the knife. Hawkes began to whimper.

"He hurt me cruel. I can't walk proper yet. And if you got a crush on him after what he done to you too, you're nutty."

"Never mind," Sam soothed; "I know how you feel, sonny. Don't get the idea I'm forgetting anything. But not with steel, lad, not with steel."

The strong winds came and the Hiogo foamed south, leaning to the pressure until the brine spurted halfway across her decks through the scupper holes. Other ships came in sight; the Hiogo passed them. She overtook a wallowing steamer, and Captain Trew wore a uniform cap next time he appeared on deck, instead of the ancient felt hat he usually wore at sea. Mr. Hart seemed to feel enthusiastic for the first time. He personally overlooked the various jobs being done by his watch, instead of remaining aloof on the poop and leaving the overseeing to the boson.

Sam Porter always had some fine bit of sailorizing to do when he was not taking his trick at the helm. And the mate was not above giving a word of praise, as from one good seaman to another. Sam never replied at such times. Always he raised his eyes in a swift glance, holding it until the mate's eyes met it. And a more observant man than Mr. Hart might have noticed that the quality of that glance never varied. It was hard and clear.

One gusty morning a backstay snapped. Sam went to work to put a long splice in the wire. The ship had no spare wire of the size. The work had to be done in the foretop, unless the whole stay were sent down, which was overmuch of a job, since Sam asserted that he could put in the splice aloft. It was a hard piece of work, up there on a dizzy platform, and any man connected with the doing of it was worthy of a good word. Sam had two helpers. When they returned to the deck to set up the mended backstay, the mate found the job good and said so. The two helpers grinned, and thought Mr. Hart not such a bad sort after all.

Sam raised his eyes, met the mate's approving glance briefly, and went about the completion of the work in silence.

Then came the calm again. After a week of powerful sailing on one tack, with the scuppers foaming and the lee rail sometimes lipping the sea, the Hiogo found herself bereft of wind, swinging idly with thunderous canvas and clashing gear. She listed heavily to starboard. The cargo had shifted to that side. Then the rolling on the glassy swells loosened the stowage. Dull thudding in the hold had an ominous sound.

"Take your watch below and see what you can do, Mr. Hart," the Old Man said anxiously. There were some heavy cases among the cargo.

Like a good officer, the mate led the way through the hatch and over the creaking, dangerously working cargo. Midway between hatches he found a place where a bulk of bale goods had fetched away from poor stowage and gone over to leeward, where they were jammed by an accidental disposition of a key package. Beneath the bale goods, in the lower hold, pitch and oil were securely stowed. It was the upper tiers of the general cargo that had been given a hurried finish, and they had given the ship a list that might easily cause trouble in bad weather.

"Jump down here with me, one o' you," the mate sang out.

Sam Porter was in the cavity at the word. There was not much room, and the cargo was moving in shivery fashion. A man might venture, but he would prefer to be named before acting hastily. The rest of the watch crouched on the top tiers, peering down at the moving shadowy figures.

"If we can level this tier, we'll shore up the sides until we can tumble the loose bales back into place," the mate muttered.

Sam tugged and hauled at the bales, making no reply. It was too dark down there for seeing anything except vague forms.

"One o' you bring a lantern," the mate ordered, hauling shoulder to shoulder with Sam.

The lantern came and cast a dim radiance into the space where they toiled. Soon there would be room for more men to work there. In the yellow light, the wolfish face of Hawkes projected over the edge of an iron-bound bale like the face of a demon looking into the pit.

It was steamy and hot, the ship rolling sickeningly. In the vast interior every frame and rivet seemed to complain. Every clang of scupper port or clatter of gear up above in the open air thundered through the holds reverberatingly. Mr. Hart flicked the sweat from his eyes and straightened up. Sam worked on like a machine.

"You men go up on the for'ard house and bring down some deals," said the mate. "And hurry the carpenter up about those wedges he was making."

There was a scuffling of feet and bodies as the men crawled to the hatchway. Then Sam straightened his back and stood up. Mr. Hart caught his eye by the lantern light and stared curiously. Sam's well-bronzed face looked pale.

"Feeling sick?" asked the mate. Sam hitched up his trousers belt.

"I feel fine," he answered tersely. "Put 'em up!" His fists were clenched and he touched the mate lightly on the shoulder. "I haven't had a chance before to pay you for that booting. Put 'em up, sir!"

"Put 'em up?" roared Mr. Hart. "I'll have you triced up and flogged!"

"Never mind flogging. It's man to man now. Here, none o' that!"

The mate was tugging furiously at his pocket, and Sam stepped forward to smother his arms. And without warning, and with no heavier motion of the ship than usual, a huge iron-bound bale tumbled over the edge of the top tier and into the cavity. A yell of pain and panic clangored through the hold as the mate went down under it. And as if such a thing had been waited for, as the bale fell and the cry rang out, the

(Continued on Page 91)

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—Boston Globe, May 23, 1923

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— Detroit News, Nov. 23 1924

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—Detroit News, Dec. 10, 1923

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MOTOR CAR BODIES

(Continued from Page 88)

men reappeared with their deals and wedges, their faces jutting over the edge of the top tier like masks at a waxwork show; and fiercest mask of all was that of Hawkes, projecting a full two feet farther over the edge than any other man's.

Sam glanced up, horrified, then knelt down to see how best to raise the weight of the bale. He looked straight into the mate's terrified eyes.

"I guess you got even," gasped Hart painfully. "Dirty trick!"

"No trick o' mine!" snapped Sam, putting his weight to the bale. "If I was your sort, mister, I'd watch out before I got into a hole like this with men left on top. Where's it nipped you?"

"Middle o' my back. For God's sake raise it!"

"Give me a short plank down here. One o' you jump down and lend a hand."

Sam reached up and dragged down a board, with which he tried to lever up the bale. The cavity was too small for any efficient use of such means. The sailor who jumped down, none too briskly, put a half-hearted shoulder to the bale, grumbling all the while that the job needed hooks and a tackle, that it waan't safe to work down there with the ship rolling.

"Get to hell out of it then, and fetch hooks and tackle!" growled Sam.

The man went. Other men went too. Hawkes never left the rim of the tier. Presently the captain clambered down the hatch, puffing painfully in his anxiety.

"What is it? What's happened?" he stammered.

Sam was desperately prying with his short plank. He was near to the mate's face and could see what nobody else saw—that the weight of the bale was slowly pressing the life out of the man. A trickle of blood ran from Mr. Hart's lips. His breath was stertorous. His eyes closed tight. His great arms, that so often had bruised a helpless sailor, were bowed under the strain to support him and prevent his back from breaking. There was no more whimpering. The man fought doggedly and in silence against the murderous weight.

"Hold fast just a minute, sir," Sam cried cheerfully. He was not cheerful, but forced the tone, for he was shocked at the change in the mate's face. It had the sweat and the fear of death in it. "Hold fast a minute." And at the risk of mangling the victim's leg, Sam thrust with all his might and got the end of his plank under the bale.

"What is it? Can't you speak?" bleated the Old Man. "Who is down there with Mr. Hart?"

"The man Mr. Hart tried to murder wiv brass knucks and boots!" screamed Hawkes.

The cry sounded horrible in the clangorous interior. Sam looked up and uttered a fierce warning which silenced the venomous voice. Then he called for help, and without waiting for response writhed his body under his plank and began to heave up on it.

The whole cargo about the cavity worked. Every time the ship rolled, the side walls of the space moved the big bale; not much, but enough to ease or injure the man under it according to the direction it took. Sam heard the skipper ordering men down; but nobody came; and he got his shoulder fairly to work under the plank lever and put forth all his strength. He felt the bale lift. Gritting his teeth, he bade the mate try to free himself when it moved again. The ship lurched heavily. The bale jumped, and Sam heaved up with all his might, freeing the mate. Mr. Hart was almost beaten; but he had instinct left to urge him to one more effort, and he rolled clear as the ship gave another stupendous lurch and hurled the great bale back into the cavity, crushing Sam under the plank with an ominous sound of breaking bones.

There was confusion. Men who had hung back while the mate lay beneath the bale crowded to get into the cavity to help Sam Porter. And the squealing voice of Hawkes rose above all.

"There goes th' blessed lantern! Look out below!"

The lantern, overturned in the scuffling, spilled its oil over the burlap of bales; and in a moment a flame ran along the wall of the cavity to where Sam lay groaning. Mr. Hart rolled over, instinctively, beating at the fire with his hands. Only the flickering light from the blazing oil illuminated the scene; and as it spread with fierce rapidity it revealed a grim group. Two seamen who had dropped down to help Sam crowded the mate so that none could work effectively. And divided between fear of the fire and fear for Sam, both were for the moment useless.

"Get that man out and stop that fire before it takes hold! There's tar and oil beneath!" the skipper wailed. "One of you men tell the second mate to bring along the fire hose. Rouse all hands! Hurry!"

Hawkes lay sprawled on the top tier, staring at the spreading flame, which had reached Sam's clothing. Sam lay as still as death, consciousness crushed out of him by the cruel weight of the bale on the plank. He was like a nut in the nutcrackers. A streak of fire ran along the plank; and the two seamen scrambled out of the hole, their hair singed as they bent over to pull uselessly at Sam's clothes.

A reeking fire arose. Whatever was in the fabric covering the upper tiers of cargo, the oil saturated it like blotting paper and the fire caught hold of it with fearful avidity. Mr. Hart, gasping for breath, still numbed from his own narrow escape, left the fire-fighting and struggled madly to raise the plank.

"Can't you get him out?" bleated Hawkes.

The little wastrel was shivering and his teeth chattered. The horrible suggestiveness of those creeping flames and the whirling smoke turned his blood to water; and what small remnant of courage he possessed was beyond his call. He would have leaped down to help had he dared.

"Aw, Sam's gone out. He's croaked," growled one of the seamen who had just quit the hole.

"Is that man dead, Mr. Hart?" cried the skipper nervously. The second mate was at the hatch with the hose. "If he is, you can't waste time on him. It's a bad business; but that fire must be controlled."

"Afraid he is dead," stammered the mate chokingly, straightening up and groping blindly for a handhold to climb out. The hose was being dragged along under the beams and water already spurted from the nozzle, but weakly, for a hundred leaks in the dry canvas pipe drained it.

"You're a liar! He can't be dead! Sam can't be dead!" screamed Hawkes, scrambling toward the mate as he dragged himself painfully over the top. "It's you who ought to be dead, not a white feller like him. It wasn't him I tumbled that bale onto. He never done nothing to get corpsed for. I tell yer he ain't dead!"

The water streamed into the cavity and steam billowed up. Added to the smoke, it made the place an inferno. All that broke the darkness of the hold was the thick cloud of smoke and steam, and the red and yellow spears of flame. Into the flame-shot cloud plunged Hawkes, sobbing with fear, squeezing his eyes shut against the bitter reek, feeling the scorch of fire on his skin, but driven inexorably by the blind urge that makes a cur dog share death with the master who has befriended it.

With a half-stifled groan, Mr. Hart turned at the edge he had attained and rolled back into the pit, while the hose poured water in a thickening stream. The great bale which had caused all the trouble had an inner wrapping of tar paper, which took fire as the burning burlap tore away under the frenzied hands of Hawkes. The whimpering wastrel was crazed with panic, pain and fury. When the mate crashed against him he was showering the man he sought to save with fragments of blazing burlap.

Mr. Hart tried to force the lad away. The skipper was nervously bawling to them to get out and leave the fire fighters a clear field. But it was impossible to force Hawkes away. He was possessed of the strength of frenzy. His clothes were on fire, as were Sam Porter's; the water spouting upon them threatened to drown all three.

"S'pose he is dead, he ain't going to get burned up this way!" Hawkes sobbed, and stooped once more to try to raise the plank.

"Stop that water, sir, or you'll have another dead man down here!" shouted Mr. Hart abruptly. "Hurry along those hooks and tackle!"

Then two men of natures as wide apart as the poles, a brute of courage and a wastrel possessing nothing better than a dog's loyalty which he could not control any more than the mate could control his brutality when aroused, struggled together to save from the flames, another man whose attack on one in defense of the other had almost certainly killed him.

"Yer burnin'! I can smell it!" sobbed Hawkes.

"It's you!" growled Mr. Hart, kneeling with every bone of his strained body protesting against the effort. "Get your hands under this plank, can't you? Ain't you any use at all?"

"You shove. Yer big enough to eat the bale!" squealed Hawkes, feeling the sting of flame, but incapable of responding one degree more to pain.

"If they'd only get that tackle!" the mate panted, with one knee under the plank and fire reaping the hair from his scalp.

"He moved! I felt him move his arm!" Hawkes chattered. Men above were overhauling a tackle. Hooks clattered over the bale. Water poured down in a steady torrent.

"Haul him out while I hold the weight!"

Mr. Hart did much as Sam had done before. He inserted his own body bit by bit under the plank and pried up on it. He could no longer see. He could breathe only with frightful stabbing pains at his lungs. Hawkes sobbed and screamed without regard to ethics of manhood. Together they labored. Together they hauled Sam Porter free. And together they slowly went down under the falling plank as the hooks and tackle above were hauled taut and the murderous weight rose from their unconscious bodies.

Near evening a smoky second mate cast a final glance down the hold and had the hatches replaced. Sailors hung up the hose in the rigging to dry. The steward was waiting with a can of grog for the men to come and get it. A cook who growled while thanking his lucky stars for his escape from a blazing shipwreck pounded up crackers and potatoes for hash as a special treat to the forecastle.

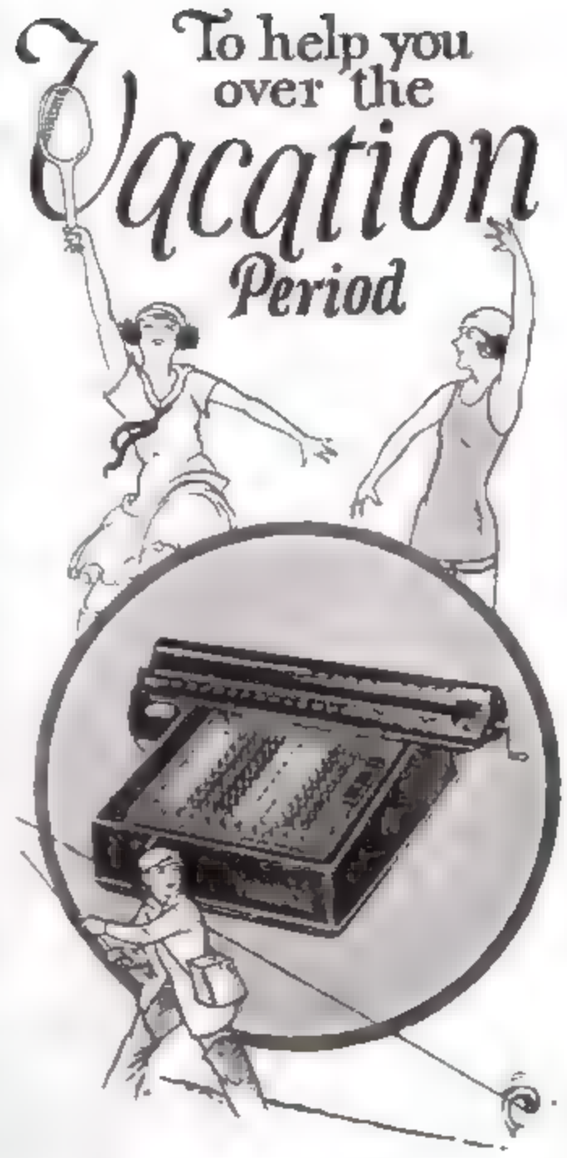
On the sunny poop lay three cots with a swathed and bandaged figure on each. Captain Trew, dressed for the part in a white jacket, had given the last touches to three badly burned patients and was leaving individual glasses of medicine on the saloon skylight seats at the head of the two outer cots. Sam Porter lay in the middle, and he was not very far from Fiddler's Green. He would need all the care available if he hoped to splice a wire again. Mr. Hart lay silent and sore on one side; Hawkes lay piteously burned on the other. Neither had a hair left.

"You two men watch Porter," the skipper said, preparing to go below. "I'll have an awning rigged over you for the night. You'll be better here than below. And take your medicine every hour by the bell. I'll leave Porter's medicine here, where one of you can reach it and give it to him. Don't forget." Two pairs of lashless eyes glared up at the Old Man. "I'll have a man stand by you through the night. Where shall I leave this?"

"Put it here!" growled Mr. Hart, reaching a bandaged hand to the skylight seat.

"Gimme it here!" whined Hawkes, gripping the skipper's white jacket. "Mr. Hart's worser burned 'n me."

Mr. Hart made a terrifying sound which might in better moments have been recognized as a contemptuous laugh. Captain Trew regarded both with a queer little smile; then separated the two items of the medicine, the tablets and the liquid, and silently placed one at the head of Hawkes' cot, one in the reach of Mr. Hart.



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VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

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SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 27)

his luck downstairs. The board outside had said "To Let, Furnished," which suggested the possibility of a drawing-room sofa. He left the room and started to walk down the stairs.

At first, as he began the descent, the regions below had been in complete darkness. But now a little beam of light suddenly pierced the gloom—a light that might have been that of an electric torch. It was wavering uncertainly, as if whoever was behind it was in the grip of a strong emotion of some kind.

Sam also was in the grip of a strong emotion. He stopped and held his breath. For the space of some seconds there was silence. Then he breathed again.

Perfect control of the breathing apparatus is hard to acquire. Singers spend years learning it. Sam's skill in that direction was rudimentary. It had been his intention to let his present supply of breath gently out and then, very cautiously, to take another supply gently in. Instead of which he gave vent to a sound so loud and mournful that it made his flesh creep. It was half a snort and half a groan, and it echoed through the empty house like a voice from the tomb.

This, he felt, was the end. Further concealment was obviously out of the question. Dully resentful of the curse that seemed to be on him tonight, he stood waiting for the inevitable challenge from below.

No challenge came. Instead there was a sharp clatter of feet, followed by a distant scrabbling sound. The man behind the torch had made a rapid exit through the open window.

For a moment Sam stood perplexed. Then the reasonable explanation came to him. It was no caretaker who had stood there, but an intruder with as little right to be on the premises as he himself. And having reached this conclusion, he gave no further thought to the matter. He was feeling extraordinarily sleepy now and speculations as to the identity of burglars had no interest for him. His mind was occupied entirely by the question of whether or not there was a sofa in the drawing-room.

There was, and a reasonably comfortable sofa too. Sam had reached the stage where he could have slept on spikes, and this sofa seemed to him as inviting as the last word in beds, with all the latest modern springs and box mattresses. He lay down and sleep poured over him like a healing wave.

IX

IT WAS broad daylight when he woke. Splashes of sunlight were on the floor, and outside a cart clattered cheerfully. Rising stiffly, he was aware of a crick in the neck and of that unpleasant sensation of semi-suffocation which comes to those who spend the night in a disused room with the windows closed. More even than a bath and a shave, he desired fresh air. He made his way down the passage to the window by which he had entered. Outside, glimpses of a garden were visible. He climbed through and drew a deep breath.

The rain of the night had left the world sweet and clean. The ragged grass was all jeweled in the sunshine, and birds were singing in the trees. Sam stood drinking in the freshness of it all, feeling better every instant.

Finally, having performed a few of those bending and stretching exercises which form such an admirable corrective to the effects of a disturbed night, he strolled down the garden path, wishing he could somehow and at no very distant date connect with a little breakfast.

"For goodness sake!"

He looked up. Over the fence which divided the garden from the one next door a familiar face was peering. It was his hostess of last night. But, whereas then she had been curling-pinned and dressing-gowned, she was now neatly clad in print and wore on her head a becoming cap. Her face, moreover, which had been hard and hostile, was softened by a friendly grin.

"Good morning," said Sam.

"How did you get there?"

"When you turned me out into the night," said Sam reproachfully, "I took refuge next door."

"I say, I'm sorry about that," said the girl remorsefully. "But how was I to know that you were telling the truth?" She giggled happily. "Mr. Braddock came back half an hour after you had left. He made such a rare old row that I came down again ——"

"And shot him, I hope. No? A mistake, I think."

"Well, then he asked where you were. He said your name was Evans."

"He was a little confused. My name is Shotter. I warned you that he was not quite himself. What became of him then?"

"He went up to bed. I've just taken him up a tray, but all he did was to look at it and moan and shut his eyes again. I say, have you had any breakfast?"

"Don't torture me."

"Well, hop over the fence then. I'll get you some in two ticks."

Sam hopped. The sun seemed very bright now, and the birds were singing with a singular sweetness.

"Would it also run to a shave and a bath?" he asked, as they walked toward the house.

"You'll find Mr. Wrenn's shaving things in the bathroom."

"Is this heaven?" said Sam. "Shall I also find Mr. Wrenn by any chance?"

"Oh, no; him and Miss Kay have been gone half an hour."

"Excellent! Where is this bathroom?"

"Up those stairs, first door to the left. When you come down, go into that room there and I'll bring the tray in. It's the drawing-room, but the dining-room table isn't cleared yet."

"I shall enjoy seeing your drawing-room, of which I have heard so much."

"Do you like eggs?"

"I do—and plenty of them. Also bacon—a good deal of bacon. Oh, and by the way ——" added Sam, leaning over the banisters.

"Yes?"

"—— toast—lots and lots of toast."

"I'll get you all you can eat."

"You will? Tell me," said Sam, "it has been puzzling me greatly. How do you manage to get that dress on over your wings?"

X

SAM, when he came downstairs some twenty minutes later, was definitely in what Mr. Hash Todhunter would have described as the pink. The night had been bad, but joy had certainly come in the morning. The sight of the breakfast tray on a small table by the window set the seal on his mood of well-being; and for a long, luxurious space he had eyes for nothing else. It was only after he had consumed the eggs, the bacon, the toast, the coffee and the marmalade that he yielded to what is usually the first impulse of a man who finds himself in a strange room and began to explore.

It was some half minute later that Claire Lippett, clearing the dining-room table, was startled to the extent of dropping a butter dish by a loud shout or cry that seemed to proceed from the room where she had left her guest.

Hurrying thither, she found him behaving in a strange manner. He was pointing at a photograph on the mantelpiece and gesticulating wildly.

"Who's that?" he cried as she entered. He seemed to have difficulty with his vocal cords.

"Eh?"

"Who the devil's that?"

"Language!"

"Who is it? That girl—who is she? What's her name?"

"You needn't shout," said Claire, annoyed.

The photograph which had so excited this young man was the large one that stood in the center of the mantelpiece. It represented a girl in hunting costume, standing beside her horse, and it was Claire's favorite. A dashing and vigorous duster, with an impressive record of smashed china and broken glass to her name, she always handled this particular work of art with a gentle tenderness.

"That?" she said. "Why, that's Miss Kay, of course."

She came forward and flicked a speck of dust off the glass.

"Taken at Midways, that was," she said, "two or three years ago, before the old colonel lost his money. I was Miss Kay's maid then—personal maid," she added with pride. She regarded the photograph wistfully, for it stood to her for all the pomps and glories of a vanished yesterday, for the brave days when there had been horses and hunting costumes and old red chimneys against a blue sky and rabbits in the park and sunlight on the lake and all the rest of the things that made up Midways and prosperity. "I remember the day that photograph was took. It was printed in the papers, that photograph was."

Sam continued to be feverish.

"Miss Kay? Who's Miss Kay?"

"Miss Kay Derrick, Mr. Wrenn's niece."

"The man who lives here, do you mean?"

"Yes. He gave Miss Kay a home when everything went smash. That's how I come to be here. I could have stopped at Midways if I'd of liked," she said. "The new people who took the place would have kept me on if I'd of wanted. But I said 'No,' I said. 'I'm going with Miss Kay,' I said. 'I'm not going to desert her in her mis-for-chewn,' I said."

Sam started violently.

"You don't mean—you can't mean—you don't mean she lives here?"

"Of course she does."

"Not actually lives here—not in this very house?"

"Certainly."

"My gosh!"

Sam quivered from head to foot. A stupendous idea had come to him.

"My gosh!" he cried again with bulging eyes. Then, with no more words—for it was a time not for words but for action—he bounded from the room.

To leap out of the front door and clatter down the steps to the board which stood against the fence was with Sam the work of a moment. Beneath the large letters of the To Let, Furnished, he now perceived other smaller letters informing all who might be interested that applications for the tenancy of that desirable semidetached residence, Mon Repos, should be made to Messrs. Matters & Cornelius, House Agents, of Ogilvy Street, Valley Fields, S. E. He galloped up the steps again and beat wildly upon the door.

"Now what?" inquired Claire.

"Where is Ogilvy Street?"

"Up the road, first turning to the left."

"Thanks."

"You're welcome."

Out on the gravel he paused, pondered and returned.

"Back again?" said Claire.

"Did you say left or right?"

"Left."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it," said Claire.

This time Sam performed the descent of the steps in a single leap. But reaching the gate, he was struck by a thought.

"Fond of exercise, aren't you?" said Claire patiently.

"Suddenly occurred to me," explained Sam, "that I'd got no money."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"These house-agent people would expect a bit of money down in advance, wouldn't they?"

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"Sounds possible. Are you going to take a house?"

"I'm going to take Mon Repos," said Sam. "And I must have money. Where's Mr. Braddock?"

"In bed."

"Where's his room?"

"Top floor back."

"Thanks."

"Dee-lighted," said Claire.

Her statement that the guest of the house was in bed proved accurate. Sam, entering the apartment indicated, found his old school friend lying on his back with open mouth and matted hair. He was snoring rhythmically. On a chair at his side stood a tray containing a teapot, toast and a cold poached egg of such raffish and leering aspect that Sam, moving swiftly to the dressing table, averted his eyes as he passed.

The dressing table presented an altogether more pleasing picture. Heaped beside Mr. Braddock's collar box and hairbrushes was a small mountain of notes and silver—a fascinating spectacle with the morning sunshine playing on them. With twitching fingers, Sam scooped them up; and finding pencil and paper, paused for a moment, seeking for words.

It is foolish to attempt to improve on the style of a master. Hash Todhunter had shown himself in a class of his own at this kind of literary composition, and Sam was content to take him as a model. He wrote:

"*Dear Bradder:* You will doubtless be surprised to learn that I have borrowed your money. I will return it in God's good time. Meanwhile, as Sir Philip Sidney said to the wounded soldier, my need is greater than yours.

"Trusting this finds you in the pink,

"Yrs. Obedtly,

"S. SHOTTER."

Then, having propped the note against the collar box, he left the room.

A sense of something omitted, some little kindly act forgotten, arrested him at the head of the stairs. He returned; and taking the poached egg, placed it gently on the pillow beside his friend's head. This done, he went downstairs again, and so out on the broad trail that led to the premises of Messrs. Matters & Cornelius, House Agents, of Ogilvy Street.

XI

WHAT Mr. Matters would have thought of Sam as he charged breezily into the office a few minutes later we shall never know, for Mr. Matters died in the year 1910. Mr. Cornelius thought him perfectly foul. After one swift, appraising stare through his gold-rimmed spectacles, he went so far as to share this opinion with his visitor.

"I never give to beggars," he said. He was a venerable old man with a white beard and bushy eyebrows, and he spoke with something of the intonation of a druid priest chanting at the altar previous to sticking the knife into the human sacrifice. "I do not believe in indiscriminate charity."

"I will fill in your confession book some other time," said Sam. "For the moment, let us speak of houses. I want to take Mon Repos in Burberry Road."

The druid was about to recite that ancient rune which consists of the solemn invocation to a policeman, when he observed with considerable surprise that his young visitor was spraying currency in great quantities over the table. He gulped. It was unusual for clients at his office to conduct business transactions in a manner more suitable to the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights than to a respectable modern suburb. He could hardly have been more surprised if camels laden with jewels and spices had paraded down Ogilvy Street.

"What is all this?" he asked, blinking.

"Money," said Sam.

"Where did you get it?"

He eyed Sam askance. And Sam, who, as the heady result of a bath, shave, breakfast and the possession of cash, had once more forgotten that there was anything noticeable about his appearance, gathered that here was another of the long line of critics who had failed to recognize his true worth at first sight.

"Do not judge me by the outer crust," he said. "I am shabby because I have been through much. When I stepped aboard the boat at New York I was as natty a looking young fellow as you could wish to see. People nudged one another as I passed along the pier and said, 'Who is he?'"

"You come from America?"

"From America."

"Ah!" said Mr. Cornelius, as if that explained everything.

"My uncle," said Sam, sensing the change in the atmosphere and pursuing his advantage, "is Mr. John B. Pynsent, the well-to-do millionaire of whom you have doubtless heard. . . . You haven't? One of our greatest captains of industry. He made a vast fortune in fur."

"In fur? Really?"

"Got the concession for providing the snakes at the Bronx Zoo with earmuffs, and from that moment never looked back."

"You surprise me," said Mr. Cornelius. "Most interesting."

"A romance of commerce," agreed Sam. "And now, returning to this matter of the house ——"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Cornelius. His voice, as he eyed the money on the table, was soft and gentle. He still looked like a druid priest, but a druid priest on his afternoon off. "For how long a period did you wish to rent Mon Repos, Mr.—er ——"

"Shotter is the name. . . . Indefinitely."

"Shall we say three months rent in advance?"

"Let us say just those very words."

"And as to references ——"

Sam was on the point of giving Mr. Wrenn's name, until he recollected that he had not yet met that gentleman. Using his shaving brush and razor and eating food from his larder seemed to bring them very close together. He reflected.

"Lord Tilbury," he said. "That's the baby."

"Lord Tilbury, of the Mammoth Publishing Company?" said Mr. Cornelius, plainly awed. "Do you know him?"

"Know him? We're more like brothers than anything. There's precious little Lord Tilbury ever does without consulting me. It might be a good idea to call him up on the phone now. I ought to let him know that I've arrived."

Mr. Cornelius turned to the telephone, succeeded after an interval in getting the number, and after speaking with various unseen underlings, tottered reverently as he found himself talking to the great man in person. He handed the instrument to Sam.

"His Lordship would like to speak to you, Mr. Shotter."

"I knew it, I knew it," said Sam. "Hello! Lord Tilbury? This is Sam. How are you? I've just arrived. I came over in a tramp steamer, and I've been having all sorts of adventures. Give you a good laugh. I'm down at Valley Fields at the moment, taking a house. I've given your name as a reference. You don't mind? Splendid! Lunch? Delighted. I'll be along as soon as I can. Got to get a new suit first. I slept in my clothes last night. . . . Well, good-by. It's all right about the references," he said, turning to Mr. Cornelius. "Carry on."

"I will draw up the lease immediately, Mr. Shotter. If you will tell me where I am to send it ——"

"Send it?" said Sam, surprised. "Why, to Mon Repos, of course."

"But ——"

"Can't I move in at once?"

"I suppose so, if you wish it. But I fancy the house is hardly ready for immediate tenancy. You will need linen."

"That's all right. A couple of hours shopping will fix that."

Mr. Cornelius smiled indulgently. He was thoroughly pro-Sam by now.

"True American hustle," he observed, waggling his white beard. "Well, I see no objection, if you make a point of it. I will find the key for you. Tell me, Mr. Shotter," he asked as he rummaged about in drawers, "what has caused this great desire on your part to settle in Valley Fields? Of course, as a patriotic inhabitant, I ought not to be surprised. I have lived in Valley Fields all my life, and would not live anywhere else if you offered me a million pounds."

"I won't."

"I was born in Valley Fields, Mr. Shotter, and I love the place, and I am not ashamed to say so. 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead,'" inquired Mr. Cornelius, "'who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd as home his footsteps he hath turn'd from wandering on a foreign strand?'"

"Ah!" said Sam. "That's what we'd all like to know, wouldn't we?"

"'If such there breathe,'" proceeded Mr. Cornelius, "'go, mark him well! For him no minstrel raptures swell. High though his titles, proud his name, boundless his wealth as wish can claim, despite those titles, power and pelf, the wretch, concentered all in self ——'"

"I have a luncheon engagement at 1:30," said Sam.

"'—— Living, shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.' Those words, Mr. Shotter ——"

"A little thing of your own?"

"Those words, Mr. Shotter, will appear on the title page of the history of Valley Fields, which I am compiling—a history dealing not only with its historical associations, which are numerous, but also with those aspects of its life which my occupation as house agent has given me peculiar opportunities of examining. I get some queer clients, Mr. Shotter."

Sam was on the point of saying that the clients got a queer house agent, thus making the thing symmetrical, but he refrained from doing so.

"It may interest you to know that a very well-known criminal, a man who might be described as a second Charles Peace, once resided in the very house which you are renting."

"I shall raise the tone."

"Like Charles Peace, he was a most respectable man to all outward appearances. His name was Finglass. Nobody seems to have had any suspicion of his real character until the police, acting on information received, endeavored to arrest him for the perpetration of a great bank robbery."

"Catch him?" said Sam, only faintly interested.

"No; he escaped and fled the country. But I was asking you what made you settle on Valley Fields as a place of residence. You would seem to have made up your mind very quickly."

"Well, the fact is, I happened to catch sight of my next-door neighbors, and it struck me that they would be pleasant people to live near."

Mr. Cornelius nodded.

"Mr. Wrenn is greatly respected by all who know him."

"I liked his razor," said Sam.

"If you are going to Tilbury House it is possible that you may meet him. He is the editor of Pyke's Home Companion."

"Is that so?" said Sam. "Pyke's Home Companion, eh?"

"I take it in regularly."

"And Mr. Wrenn's niece? A charming girl, I thought."

"I scarcely know her," said Mr. Cornelius indifferently. "Young women do not interest me."

The proverb about casting pearls before swine occurred to Sam.

"I must be going," he said coldly. "Speed up that lease, will you? And if anyone else blows in and wants to take the house, bat them over the head with your office ruler."

"Mr. Wrenn and I frequently play a game of chess together," said Mr. Cornelius.

Sam was not interested in his senile diversions.

"Good morning," he said stiffly, and passed out into Ogilvy Street.

XII

THE clocks of London were striking twelve when Sam, entering the Strand, turned to the left and made his way toward Fleet Street to keep his tryst with Lord Tilbury at the offices of the Mammoth Publishing Company.

In the interval which had elapsed since his parting from Mr. Cornelius a striking change had taken place in his appearance, for he had paid a visit to that fascinating shop near Covent Garden which displays on its door the legend, "Cohen Bros., Ready-Made Clothiers," and is the Mecca of all who prefer to pluck their garments ripe off the bough instead of waiting for them to grow. The kindly brethren had fitted him out with a tweed suit of bold pattern, a shirt of quality, underclothing, socks, a collar, sock suspenders, a handkerchief, a tie pin and a hat with the same swift and unemotional efficiency with which, had he desired it, they would have provided the full costume of an Arctic explorer, a duke about to visit Buckingham Palace, or a big-game hunter bound for Eastern Africa. Nor had they failed him in the matter of new shoes and a wanghee. It was, in short, an edition de luxe of S. Pynsent Shotter, richly bound and profusely illustrated, that now presented itself to the notice of the public.

The tonic effect of new clothes is recognized by all students of human nature. Sam walked with a springy jauntiness, and his gay bearing, combined with the brightness of his exterior, drew many eyes upon him.

Two of these eyes belonged to a lean and stringy man of mournful countenance who was moving in the opposite direction, away from London's newspaper land. For a moment they rested upon Sam in a stare that had something of dislike in it, as if their owner resented the intrusion upon his notice of so much cheerfulness. Then they suddenly widened into a stare of horror, and the man stopped, spellbound. A hurrying pedestrian, bumping into him from behind, propelled him forward, and Sam, coming up at four miles an hour, bumped into him in front. The result of the collision was a complicated embrace, from which Sam was extricating himself with apologies when he perceived that this person with whom he had become entangled was no stranger, but an old friend.

"Hash!" he cried.

There was nothing in Mr. Todhunter's aspect to indicate pleasure at the encounter. He breathed heavily and spoke no word.

"Hash, you old devil!" said Sam joyfully.

Mr. Todhunter licked his lips uncomfortably. He cast a swift glance over his shoulder, as if debating the practicability of a dive into the traffic. He endeavored, without success, to loosen the grip of Sam's hand on his coat sleeve.

"What are you wriggling for?" asked Sam, becoming aware of this.

"I'm not wriggling," said Hash. He spoke huskily and in a tone that seemed timidly ingratiating. If the voice of Mr. Cornelius had resembled a druid priest's, Clarence Todhunter's might have been likened to that of the victim on the altar. "I'm not wriggling, Sam. What would I want to wriggle for?"

"Where did you spring from, Hash?"

Mr. Todhunter coughed.

"I was just coming from leaving a note for you, Sam, at that place Tilbury House, where you told me you'd be."

"You're a great letter writer, aren't you?"

The allusion was not lost upon Mr. Todhunter. He gulped and his breathing became almost stertorous.

"I want to explain about that, Sam," he said. "Explain, if I may use the term, fully, Sam," said Mr. Todhunter thickly,

(Continued on Page 99)

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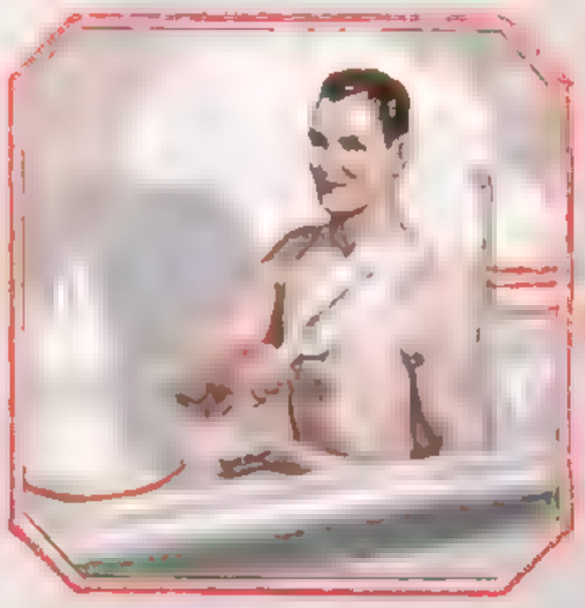

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THERE is one beauty standard upon which *everyone* agrees. That is natural beauty, a skin which depends neither upon lights nor shadows for its allure, nor upon artificial means for its charm.

More and more, every day, the world is turning to the *natural* type of girl . . . fresh, charming, and above all things, *real,* she attracts by being wholesome. Sweet and lovely, hers is the type that women envy, and men paint in mental pictures as their wives.

Yet that beauty is the simplest of all to attain. No costly beauty treatments—simply common sense, daily care with soothing olive and palm oils as combined in Palmolive.

Try this—see what a difference it will make

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

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AFRICAN PALM TREE

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YOUR boy or girl cuts a finger or bruises a leg. "Shucks—that's nothing! Grin and forget it! It's unmanly or unwomanly to make a fuss over a minor hurt!"

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But how pitifully often, so statistics show, these neglected little scratches and abrasions result in serious consequences.

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OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 94)

"what I say and what I always have said is, when there's been a little misunderstanding between pals—pals, if I may use the expression, what have stood together side by side through thick and through thin—pals what have shared and shared alike ——" He broke off. He was not a man of acute sensibility, but he could see that the phrase, in the circumstances, was an unhappy one. "What I say is, Sam, when it's like that—well, there's nothing like letting bygones be bygones and, so to speak, burying the dead past. As a man of the world, you bein' one and me bein' another ——"

"I take it," said Sam, "from a certain something in your manner, that that moth-eaten whippet of yours did not win his race."

"Sam," said Mr. Todhunter, "I will not conceal it from you. I will be frank, open and aboveboard. That whippet did not win."

"Your money then—and mine—is now going to support some bookie in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

"It's gorn, Sam," admitted Mr. Todhunter in a deathbed voice. "Yes, Sam, it's gorn."

"Then come and have a drink," said Sam cordially.

"A drink?"

"Or two."

He led the way to a hostelry that lurked coyly among shops and office buildings. Hash followed, marveling. The first stunned horror had passed, and his mind, such as it was, was wrestling with the insoluble problem of why Sam, with the facts of the whippet disaster plainly before him, was so astoundingly amiable.

The hour being early even for a perpetually thirsty community like that of Fleet Street, the saloon bar into which they made their way was free from the crowds which would have interfered with a quiet chat between old friends. Two men who looked like printers were drinking beer in a corner, while at the counter a haughty barmaid was mixing a cocktail for a solitary reveler in a velours hat. This individual had just made a remark about the weather in a rich and attractive voice, and his intonation was so unmistakably American that Sam glanced at him as he passed; and, glancing, half stopped, arrested by something strangely familiar about the man's face.

It was not a face which anyone would be likely to forget if they had seen it often; and the fact that it brought no memories back to him inclined Sam to think that he could never have met this rather striking-looking person, but must have seen him somewhere on the street or in a hotel lobby. He was a handsome, open-faced man of middle age, who reminded Sam of William Jennings Bryan as that great statesman must have been in his earlier days.

"I've seen that fellow before somewhere," he said, as he sat with Hash at a table by the window.

"'Ave you?" said Hash, and there was such a manifest lack of interest in his tone that Sam, surprised at his curtness, awoke to the realization that he had not yet ordered refreshment. He repaired the omission and Hash's drawn face relaxed.

"Hash," said Sam, "I owe you a lot."

"Me?" said Hash blankly.

"Yes. You remember that photograph I showed you?"

"The girl—Nimrod?"

"Yes. Hash, I've found her, and purely owing to you. If you hadn't taken that money it would never have happened."

Mr. Todhunter, though he was far from understanding, endeavored to assume a simper of modest altruism. He listened attentively while Sam related the events of the night.

"And I've taken the house next door," concluded Sam, "and I move in today. So, if you want a shore job, the post of cook in the Shotter household is open. How about it?"

A sort of spasm passed across Hash's wooden features.

"You want me to come and cook?"

"I've got to get a cook somewhere. Can you leave the ship?"

"Can I leave the ship? Mister, you watch and see how quick I can leave that ruddy ocean-going steam kettle! I've been wanting a shore job ever since I was cloth-head enough to go to sea."

"You surprise me," said Sam. "I have always looked on you as one of those tough old salts who can't be happy away from deep waters. I thought you sang chantey in your sleep. Well, that's splendid. You had better go straight down to the house and start getting things fixed up. Here's the key. Write the address down—Mon Repos, Burberry Road, Valley Fields."

A sharp crash rang through the room. The man at the bar, who had finished his cocktail and was drinking a whisky and soda, had dropped his glass.

"'Ere!" exclaimed the barmaid, startled, a large hand on the left side of her silken bosom.

The man paid no attention to her cry. He was staring with marked agitation at Sam and his companion.

"How do I get there?" asked Hash.

"By train or bus—there's any number of ways."

"And I can go straight into the house?"

"Yes; I've taken it from this morning."

Sam hurried out. Hash, pausing to write down the address, became aware that he was being spoken to.

"Say, pardon me," said the fine-looking man, who was clutching at his sleeve. "Might I have a word with you, brother?"

"Well?" said Hash suspiciously. The last time an American had addressed him as brother it had cost him eleven dollars and seventy-five cents.

"Did I understand your pal who's gone out to say that he had rented a house named Mon Repos down in Valley Fields?"

"Yes, you did. What of it?"

The man did not reply. Consternation was writ upon his face, and he passed a hand feebly across his broad forehead. The silence was broken by the cold voice of the barmaid.

"That'll be threepence I'll kindly ask you for, for that glass," said the barmaid. "And if," she added with asperity, "you 'ad to pay for the shock you give me, it 'ud cost you a tenner."

"Girlie," replied the man sadly, watching Hash as he shambled through the doorway, "you aren't the only one that's had a shock."

While Sam was walking down Fleet Street on his way to Tilbury House, thrilled with the joy of existence and swishing the air jovially with his newly purchased wanghee, in Tilbury House itself the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company was pacing the floor of his private office, his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, his eyes staring bleakly before him.

Lord Tilbury was a short, stout, commanding-looking man, and practically everything he did had in it something of the Napoleonic quality. His demeanor now suggested Napoleon in captivity, striding the deck of the Bellerophon with vultures gnawing at his breast.

So striking was his attitude that his sister, Mrs. Frances Hammond, who had called to see him, as was her habit when business took her into the neighborhood of Tilbury House, paused aghast in the doorway, while the obsequious boy in buttons who was ushering her in frankly lost his nerve and bolted.

"Good gracious, Georgie!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

His Lordship came to a standstill and something faintly resembling relief appeared in his square-cut face. Ever since the days when he had been plain George Pyke, starting in business with a small capital and a large ambition, his sister Frances had always been a rock of support. It might be that her advice would help him to cope with the problem which was vexing him now.

"Sit down, Francie," he said. "Thank goodness you've come. Just the person I want to talk to."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm telling you. You remember that when I was in America I met a man named Pynsent?"

"Yes."

"This man Pynsent was the owner of an island off the coast of Maine."

"Yes, I know. And you ——"

"An island," continued Lord Tilbury, "densely covered with trees. He used it merely as a place of retirement, for the purpose of shooting and fishing; but when he invited me there to spend a week-end I saw its commercial possibilities in an instant."

"Yes, you told me. You ——"

"I said to myself," proceeded Lord Tilbury, one of whose less engaging peculiarities it was that he never permitted the fact that his audience was familiar with a story to keep him from telling it again, "I said to myself, 'This island, properly developed, could supply all the paper the Mammoth needs and save me thousands a year!' It was my intention to buy the place and start paper mills."

"Yes, and ——"

"Paper mills," said Lord Tilbury firmly. "I made an offer to Pynsent. He shilly-shallied. I increased my offer. Still he would give me no definite answer. Sometimes he seemed willing to sell, and then he would change his mind. And then, when I was compelled to leave and return to England, an idea struck me. He had been talking about his nephew and how he was anxious for him to settle down and do something ——"

"So you offered to take him over here and employ him in the Mammoth," said Mrs. Hammond with a touch of impatience. She loved and revered her brother, but she could not conceal it from herself that he sometimes tended to be prolix. "You thought it would put him under an obligation."

"Exactly. I imagined I was being shrewd. I supposed that I was introducing into the affair just that little human touch which sometimes makes all the difference. Well, it will be a bitter warning to me never again to be too clever. Half the business deals in this world are ruined by one side or the other trying to be too clever."

"But, George, what has happened? What is wrong?"

Lord Tilbury resumed his patrol of the carpet.

"I'm telling you. It was all arranged that he should sail back with me on the Mauretania, but when the vessel left he was nowhere to be found. And then, about the second day out, I received a wireless message saying, 'Sorry not to be with you. Coming Araminta. Love to all.' I could not make head or tail of it."

"No," said Mrs. Hammond thoughtfully; "it is very puzzling. I think it may possibly have meant ——"

"I know what it meant—now. The solution," said Lord Tilbury bitterly, "was vouchsafed to me only an hour ago by the boy himself."

"Has he arrived then?"

"Yes, he has arrived. And he traveled on a tramp steamer."

"A tramp steamer! But why?"

"Why? Why? How should I know why? Last night, he informed me, he slept in his clothes."

"Slept in his clothes? Why?"

"How should I know why? Who am I to analyze the motives of a boy who appears to be a perfect imbecile?"

"But have you seen him?"

"No. He rang up on the telephone from the office of a house agent in Valley Fields. He has taken a house there and wished to give my name as a reference."

"Valley Fields? Why Valley Fields?"

"Don't keep on saying why," cried Lord Tilbury tempestuously. "Haven't I told you a dozen times that I don't know why—that I haven't the least idea why?"

"He does seem an eccentric boy."

"Eccentric? I feel as if I had allowed myself to be saddled with the guardianship of a dancing dervish. And when I think that if this young idiot gets into any sort of trouble while he is under my charge, Pynsent is sure to hold me responsible, I could kick myself for ever having been fool enough to bring him over here."

"You mustn't blame yourself, Georgie."

"It isn't a question of blaming myself. It's a question of Pynsent blaming me and getting annoyed and breaking off the deal about the island."

And Lord Tilbury, having removed his thumbs from the armholes of his waistcoat in order the more freely to fling them heavenward, uttered a complicated sound which might be rendered phonetically by the word "Cor!" tenser and more dignified than the "Coo!" of the lower-class Londoner, but expressing much the same meaning.

In the hushed silence which followed, the buzzer on the desk sounded.

"Yes? Eh? Oh, send him up." Lord Tilbury laid down the instrument and turned to his sister grimly. "Shotter is downstairs," he said. "Now you will be able to see him for yourself."

Mrs. Hammond's first impression when she saw Sam for herself was that she had been abruptly confronted with something in between a cyclone and a large Newfoundland puppy dressed in bright tweeds. Sam's mood of elation had grown steadily all the way down Fleet Street, and he burst into the presence of his future employer as if he had just been let off a chain.

"Well, how are you?" he cried, seizing Lord Tilbury's hand in a grip that drew from him a sharp yelp of protest.

Then, perceiving for the first time the presence of a fair stranger, he moderated his exuberance somewhat and stared politely.

"My sister, Mrs. Hammond," said Lord Tilbury, straightening his fingers.

Sam bowed. Mrs. Hammond bowed.

"Perhaps I had better leave you," said Mrs. Hammond. "You will want to talk together."

"Oh, don't go," said Sam hospitably.

"I have business in Lombard Street," said Mrs. Hammond, discouraging with a cold look what seemed to her, rightly or wrongly, a disposition on the part of this young man to do the honors and behave generally as if he were trying to suggest that Tilbury House was his personal property but that any relative of Lord Tilbury was welcome there. "I have to visit my bank."

"I shall have to visit mine pretty soon," said Sam, "or the wolf will be scratching at the door."

"If you are short of funds ——" began Lord Tilbury.

"Oh, I'm all right for the present, thanks. I pinched close on fifty pounds from a man this morning."

"You did what?" said Lord Tilbury blankly.

"Pinched fifty pounds. Surprising he should have had so much on him. But lucky—for me."

"Did he make any objection to your remarkable behavior?"

"He was asleep at the time, and I didn't wake him. I just left a poached egg on his pillow and came away."

Lord Tilbury swallowed convulsively and his eye sought that of Mrs. Hammond in a tortured glare.

"A poached egg?" he whispered.

"So that he would find it there when he woke," explained Sam.

Mrs. Hammond had abandoned her intention of withdrawing and leaving the two men together for a cozy chat. Georgie, it seemed to her from his expression, needed a woman's loving support. Sam appeared to have affected him like some unpleasant drug, causing starting of the eyes and twitching of the muscles.

"It is a pity you missed the Mauretania, Mr. Shotter," she said. "My brother had hoped that you would travel with him so

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 99)

that you could have a good talk about what you were to do when you joined his staff."

"Great pity," said Sam, omitting to point out that it was for that very reason that he had allowed the Mauretania to depart without him. "However, it's all right. I have found my niche."

"You have done what?"

"I have selected my life work." He pulled out of his pocket a crumpled paper. "I would like to attach myself to Pyke's Home Companion. I bought a copy on my way here, and it is the goods. You aren't reading the serial by any chance, are you—Hearts Aflame, by Cordelia Blair? A winner. I only had time to glance at the current installment, but it was enough to make me decide to dig up the back numbers at the earliest possible moment. In case you haven't read it, it is Leslie Mordyke's wedding day, and a veiled woman with a foreign accent has just risen in the body of the church and forbidden the banns. And," said Sam warmly, "I don't blame her. It appears that years ago ——"

Lord Tilbury was making motions of distress, and Mrs. Hammond bent solicitously, like one at a sick bed, to catch his fevered whisper.

"My brother," she announced, "wishes ——"

"—— was hoping," corrected Lord Tilbury.

"—— was hoping," said Mrs. Hammond, accepting the emendation, "that you would join the staff of the Daily Record so that you might be under his personal eye."

Sam caught Lord Tilbury's personal eye, decided that he had no wish to be under it and shook his head.

"The Home Companion," said Lord Tilbury, coming to life, "is a very minor unit of my group of papers."

"Though it has a large circulation," said Mrs. Hammond loyally.

"A very large circulation, of course," said Lord Tilbury; "but it offers little scope for a young man in your position anxious to start on a journalistic career. It is not—how shall I put it?—it is not a vital paper, not a paper that really matters."

"In comparison with my brother's other papers," said Mrs. Hammond.

"In comparison with my other papers, of course."

"I think you are wrong," said Sam. "I cannot imagine a nobler life work for any man than to help produce Pyke's Home Companion. Talk about spreading sweetness and light, why, Pyke's Home Companion is the paper that wrote the words and music. Listen to this: 'A. M. B.—Brixton—You ask me for a simple and inexpensive method of curing corns. Get an ordinary swede, or turnip, cut and dig out a hole in the top, fill the hole with common salt and allow to stand till dissolved. Soften the corn morning and night with this liquid.'"

"Starting on the reportorial staff of the Daily Record," said Lord Tilbury, "you would be in a position ——"

"Just try to realize what that means," proceeded Sam. "What it amounts to is that the writer of that paragraph has with a stroke of the pen made the world a better place. He has brightened a home. Possibly he has averted serious trouble between man and wife. A. M. B. gets the ordinary swede, digs out the top, pushes in the salt, and a week later she has ceased to bully her husband and beat the baby and is a ray of sunshine about the house—and all through Pyke's Home Companion."

"What my brother means ——" said Mrs. Hammond.

"Similarly," said Sam, "with G. D. H.—Tulse Hill—who wants to know how to improve the flavor of prunes. You or I would say that the flavor of prunes was past praying for, that the only thing to do when cornered by a prune was to set your teeth and get it over with. Not so Pyke's ——"

"He means ——"

"—— Home Companion. 'A little vinegar added to stewed prunes,' says the writer, 'greatly improves the flavor. And although it may seem strange, it causes less sugar to be used.' What happens? What is the result? G. D. H.'s husband comes back tired and hungry after a day's work. 'Prunes for dinner again, I suppose?' he says moodily. 'Yes, dear,' replies G. D. H., 'but of a greatly improved flavor.' Well, he doesn't believe her, of course. He sits down sullenly. Then, as he deposits the first stone on his plate, a delighted smile comes into his face. 'By Jove!' he cries. 'The flavor is greatly improved. They still taste like brown paper soaked in machine oil, but a much superior grade of brown paper. How did you manage it?' 'It was not I, dearest,' says G. D. H., 'but Pyke's Home Companion. Acting on their advice, I added a little vinegar, with the result that not only is the flavor greatly improved but, strange though it may seem, I used less sugar.' 'Heaven bless Pyke's Home Companion!' cries the husband. With your permission then," said Sam, "I will go straight to Mr. Wrenn and inform him that I have come to fight the good fight under his banner. 'Mr. Wrenn,' I shall say ——"

Lord Tilbury was perplexed.

"Do you know Wrenn? How do you know Wrenn?"

"I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting him, but we are next-door neighbors. I have taken the house adjoining his. Mon Repos, Burberry Road, is the address. You can see for yourself how convenient this will be. Not only shall we toil all day in the office to make Pyke's Home Companion more and more of a force among the intelligentzia of Great Britain but in the evenings, as we till our radishes, I shall look over the fence and say, 'Wrenn,' and Wrenn will say, 'Yes, Shotter?' And I shall say, 'Wrenn, how would it be to run a series on the eradication of pimples in canaries?' 'Shotter,' he will reply, dropping his spade in his enthusiasm, 'this is genius. 'Twas a lucky day, boy, for the old Home Companion when you came to us.' But I am wasting time. I should be about my business. Good-by, Mrs. Hammond. Good-by, Lord Tilbury. Don't trouble to come with me. I will find my way."

He left the room with the purposeful step of the man of affairs, and Lord Tilbury uttered a sound which was almost a groan.

"Insane!" he ejaculated. "Perfectly insane!"

Mrs. Hammond, womanlike, was not satisfied with simple explanation.

"There is something behind this, George!"

"And I can't do a thing," moaned His Lordship, chafing, as your strong man will, against the bonds of fate. "I simply must humor this boy, or the first thing I know he will be running off on some idiotic prank and Pynsent will be sending me cables asking why he has left me."

"There is something behind this," repeated Mrs. Hammond weightily. "It stands to reason. Even a boy like this young Shotter would not take a house next door to Mr. Wrenn the moment he landed unless he had some motive. George, there is a girl at the bottom of this."

Lord Tilbury underwent a sort of minor convulsion. His eyes bulged and he grasped the arms of his chair.

"Good God, Francie! Don't say that! Pynsent took me aside before I left and warned me most emphatically to be careful how I allowed this boy to come in contact with—er—members of the opposite sex."

"Girls," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Yes, girls," said Lord Tilbury, as if pleasantly surprised at this neat way of putting it. "He said he had had trouble a year or so ago ——"

"Mr. Wrenn must have a daughter," said Mrs. Hammond, pursuing her train of thought. "Has Mr. Wrenn a daughter?"

"How the devil should I know?" demanded His Lordship, not unnaturally irritated. "I don't keep in touch with the home life of every man in this building."

"Ring him up and ask him."

"I won't. I don't want my staff to think I've gone off my head. Besides, you may be quite wrong."

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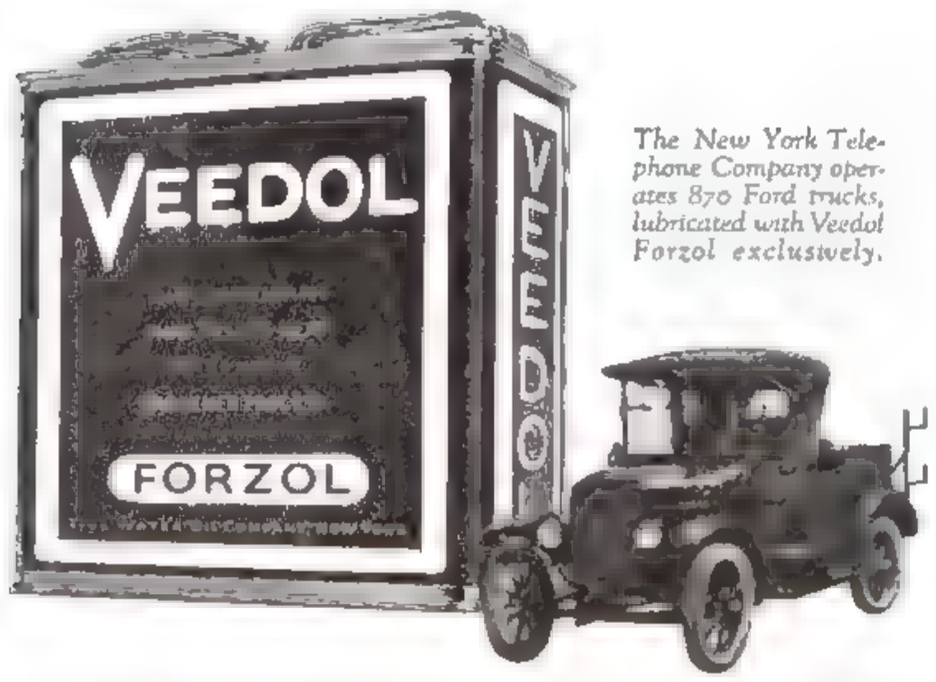

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"I shall be extremely surprised if I am," said Mrs. Hammond.

Lord Tilbury sat gazing at her pallidly. He knew that Francie had a sixth sense in these matters.

XIII

AT ABOUT the moment when Sam entered the luxuriously furnished office of the Mammoth Publishing Company's proprietor and chief, in a smaller and less ornate room in the same building Mr. Matthew Wrenn, all unconscious of the good fortune about to descend upon him in the shape of the addition to his staff of a live and go-ahead young assistant, was seated at his desk, busily engaged in promoting the best interests of that widely read weekly, Pyke's Home Companion. He was, in fact, correcting the proofs of an article—ably written, but too long to quote here—entitled What a Young Girl Can Do in Her Spare Time; Number 3, Bee Keeping.

He was interrupted in this task by the opening of the door, and looking up, was surprised to see his niece, Kay Derrick.

"Why, Kay!" said Mr. Wrenn. She had never visited him at his office so early as this, for Mrs. Winnington-Bates expected her serfs to remain on duty till at least four o'clock. In her blue eyes, moreover, there was a strange glitter that made him subtly uneasy. "Why, Kay, what are you doing here?"

Kay sat down on the desk. Having ruffled his grizzled hair with an affectionate hand, she remained for a while in silent meditation.

"I hate young men!" she observed at length. "Why isn't everyone nice and old—I mean elderly, but frightfully well preserved, like you, darling?"

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Wrenn anxiously.

"Nothing much. I've left Mrs. Bates."

"I'm very glad to hear it, my dear. There is no earthly reason why you should have to waste your time slaving ——"

"You're worse than Claire," said Kay, her eyes ceasing to glitter. "You both conspire to coddle me. I'm young and strong, and I ought to be earning my living. But," she went on, tapping his head with her finger to emphasize her words, "I will not continue in a job which involves being kissed by worms like Claude Bates. No, no, no, sir!"

Mr. Wrenn raised a shocked and wrathful face.

"He kissed you?"

"Yes. You had an article in the Home Companion last week, uncle, saying what a holy and beautiful thing the first kiss is. Well, Claude Bates' wasn't. He hadn't shaved and he was wearing a dressing gown. Also, he was pallid and greenish, and looked as if he had been out all night. Anything less beautiful and holy I never saw."

"He kissed you! What did you do?"

"I hit him very hard with a book which I was taking to read to Mrs. Bates. It was the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham's Is There a Hell? and I'll bet there was. Until then I had always rather disliked Mrs. Bates' taste in literature, which shows how foolish I was. If she had preferred magazines, where would I have been? There were about six hundred pages of Aubrey Jerningham, bound in stiff cloth, and he blacked Claude's eye like a scholar and a gentleman. And at that moment in came Mrs. Bates."

"Yes?" said Mr. Wrenn, enthralled.

"Well, a boy's best friend is his mother. Have you ever seen one of those cowboy films where there is trouble in the barroom? It was like that. Mrs. Bates started to dismiss me, but I got in first with my resignation, shooting from the hip, as it were. And then I came away, and here I am."

"The fellow should be horsewhipped," said Mr. Wrenn, breathing heavily.

"He isn't worth bothering about," said Kay.

The riot of emotion into which she had been plunged by the addresses of the unshaven Bates had puzzled her. But now she understood. It was galling to suppose so monstrous a thing, but the explanation was, she felt, that there had been condescension in his embrace. If she had been Miss Derrick of Midways, he would not have summoned up the nerve to kiss her in a million years; but his mother's secretary and companion had no terrors for him. And at the thought a deep thrill of gratitude to the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham passed through Kay. How many a time, wearied by his duties about the parish, must that excellent clergyman have been tempted to scamp his work and shirk the labor of adding that extra couple of thousand words which just make all the difference to literature when considered in the light of a missile.

But he had been strong. He had completed his full six hundred pages and seen to it that his binding had been heavy and hard and sharp about the edges. For a moment, as she sat there, the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham seemed to Kay the one bright spot in a black world.

She was still meditating upon him when there was a hearty smack on the door and Sam came in.

"Good morning, good morning," he said cheerily.

And then he saw Kay, and on the instant his eyes widened into a goggling stare, his mouth fell open, his fingers clutched wildly at nothing, and he stood there, gaping.

Kay met his stare with a defiant eye. In her present mood she disliked all young men, and there seemed nothing about this one to entitle him to exemption from her loathing. Rather, indeed, the reverse, for his appearance jarred upon her fastidious taste.

If the Cohen Bros., of Covent Garden, have a fault, it is that they sometimes allow their clients to select clothes that are a shade too prismatic for anyone who is not at the same time purchasing a banjo and a straw hat with a crimson ribbon. Fittings take place in a dimly lit interior, with the result that suits destined to make phlegmatic horses shy in the open street seem in the shop to possess merely a rather pleasing vivacity. One of these Sam had bought, and it had been a blunder on his part. If he had intended to sing comic songs from a punt at Henley Regatta, he would have been suitably, even admirably, attired. But as a private gentleman he was a little on the bright side. He looked, in fact, like a bookmaker who won billiard tournaments, and Kay gazed at him with repulsion.

He, on the other hand, gazed at her with a stunned admiration. That photograph should have prepared him for something notable in the way of feminine beauty; but it seemed to him, as he raked her with eyes like small dinner plates, that it had been a libel, an outrage, a gross caricature. This girl before him was marvelous. Helen of Troy could have been nothing to her. He loved her shining eyes, unaware that they shone with loathing. He worshiped her rose-flushed cheeks, not knowing that they were flushed because he had been staring at her for thirty-three seconds without blinking and she was growing restive beneath his gaze.

Mr. Wrenn was the first to speak.

"Did you want anything?" he asked.

"What?" said Sam.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Eh?"

Mr. Wrenn approached the matter from a fresh angle.

"This is the office of Pyke's Home Companion. I am Mr. Wrenn, the editor. Did you wish to see me?"

"Who?" said Sam.

At this point Kay turned to the window, and the withdrawal of her eyes had the effect of releasing Sam from his trance. He became aware that a gray-haired man, whom he dimly remembered having seen on his entry into the room some hours before, was addressing him.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes," said Sam; "yes, yes."

(Continued on Page 105)

THIS HAPPENED TO MR L. W. W., Jr.—*and then he got his Philco!* What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had from battery failure?

March 12, 1925

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gents:

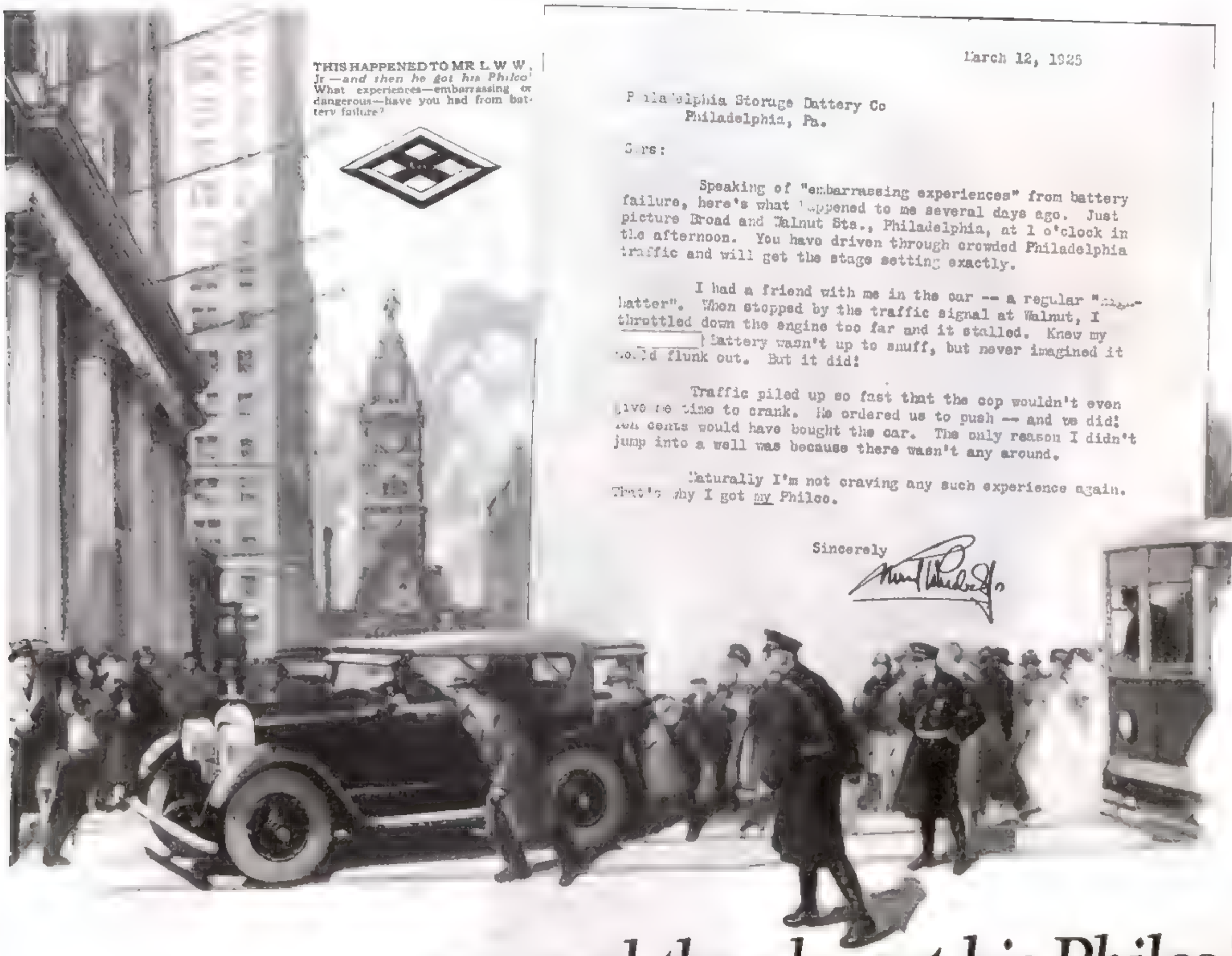
Speaking of "embarrassing experiences" from battery failure, here's what happened to me several days ago. Just picture Broad and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. You have driven through crowded Philadelphia traffic and will get the stage setting exactly.

I had a friend with me in the car -- a regular "[illegible] hatter". When stopped by the traffic signal at Walnut, I throttled down the engine too far and it stalled. Knew my [illegible] battery wasn't up to snuff, but never imagined it would flunk out. But it did!

Traffic piled up so fast that the cop wouldn't even give me time to crank. He ordered us to push -- and we did! Ten cents would have bought the car. The only reason I didn't jump into a well was because there wasn't any around.

Naturally I'm not craving any such experience again. That's why I got my Philco.

Sincerely



—*and then he got his Philco!*

Whether you drive on traffic-jammed streets, over railroad crossings or on lonely roads at night—*you can depend on a super-powered Drynamic Philco.* No humiliating experiences. No hand-cranking ordeals. No battery "flunking" where it means distress or actual danger.

Philco has the tremendous surplus power you need for quick, certain starts—the over-size capacity for steady, white-hot ignition—the rugged, shock-proof construction that stands the heat and stresses of heavy overcharging in summer.

Philco *Drynamic* is a high-powered battery made even more powerful. With Diamond-Grid Plates and Philco Retainers, it is guaranteed for TWO YEARS—yet costs you no more than just an ordinary battery. With bar grid plates, it costs as low as $14.50 exchange.

See the acid poured in!

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED. Being dry, they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—For better radio reception, use Philco "A" and "B" Storage Batteries. Acid-tight glass containers—built-in charge indicators—mahogany cases. Recharge in your living room without changing a single wire.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS ~ INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

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(Continued from Page 102)

"What about?" asked Mr. Wrenn patiently.

The directness and simplicity of the question seemed to clear Sam's head. He recalled now what it was that had brought him here.

"I've come over from America to join the staff of Pyke's Home Companion."

"What?"

"Lord Tilbury wants me to."

"Lord Tilbury?"

"Yes; I've just been seeing him."

"But he has said nothing to me about this, Mr. ——"

"—— Shotter. No, we only arranged it a moment ago."

Mr. Wrenn was a courteous man, and though he was under the impression that his visitor was raving, he did not show it.

"Perhaps I had better see Lord Tilbury," he suggested, rising. "By the way, my niece, Miss Derrick. Kay, my dear, Mr. Shotter."

The departure of the third party and the sudden institution of the intimacies of a tête-à-tête had the usual effect of producing a momentary silence. Then Kay moved away from the window and came to the desk.

"Did you say you had come from America?" she asked, fiddling with Mr. Wrenn's editorial pencil. She had no desire to know, but she supposed she must engage this person in conversation.

"From America, yes. Yes, from America."

"Is this your first visit to England?" asked Kay, stifling a yawn.

"Oh, no. I was at school in England."

"Really? Where?"

"At Wrykyn."

Kay's attitude of stiff aloofness relaxed. She became interested.

"Good gracious! Of course!" She looked upon him quite benevolently. "A friend of yours was talking to me about you only yesterday—Willoughby Braddock."

"Do you know the Bradder?" gasped Sam, astounded.

"I've known him all my life."

A most extraordinary sensation flooded over Sam. It was hard to analyze, but its effects were thoroughly definite. At the discovery that this wonderful girl knew the old Bradder and that he knew the old Bradder and that they could pave the way to a beautiful friendship by talking about the old Bradder, the office of Pyke's Home Companion became all at once flooded with brilliant sunshine. Birds twittered from the ceiling, and blended with their notes was the soft music of violins and harps.

"You really know the Bradder?"

"We were children together."

"What a splendid chap!"

"Yes, he's a dear."

"What a corker!"

"Yes!"

"What an egg!"

"Yes. Tell me, Mr. Shotter," said Kay, wearying of this eulogy, "do you remember a boy at your school named Bates?"

Sam's face darkened. Time had softened the anguish of that moment outside the Angry Cheese, but the sting still remained.

"Yes, I do."

"Willoughby Braddock told me that you once beat Bates with a walking stick."

"Yes."

"A large walking stick?"

"Yes."

"Did you beat him hard?"

"Yes, as hard as ever I could lay it in."

A little sigh of gratification escaped Kay.

"Ah!" she said.

In the course of the foregoing conversation the two had been diminishing inch by inch the gap which had separated them at its outset, so that they had come to be standing only a short distance apart; and now, as she heard those beautiful words, Kay looked up into Sam's face with a cordial, congratulatory friendliness which caused him to quiver like a smitten blancmange. Then, while he was still reeling, she smiled. And it is at this point that the task of setting down the sequence of events becomes difficult for the historian. For, briefly, what happened next was that Sam, groping forward in a bemused fashion and gathering her clumsily into his arms, kissed Kay.

It might, of course, be possible to lay no stress upon this occurrence—to ignore it and pass on. In kissing, as kissing, there is nothing fundamentally reprehensible. The early Christians used to do it all the time to everyone they met. But the historian is too conscious of the raised eyebrows of his audience to attempt this attitude. Some explanation, he realizes, some argument to show why Sam is not to be condemned out of hand, is imperative.

In these circumstances the embarrassing nature of the historian's position is readily intelligible. Only a short while back he was inviting the customers to shudder with loathing at the spectacle of Claude Bates kissing this girl, and now, all in a flash, he finds himself faced with the task of endeavoring to palliate the behavior of Sam Shotter in doing the very same thing.

Well, he must do the best he can. Let us marshal the facts.

In the first place, there stood on Mr. Wrenn's desk, as on every other editorial desk in Tilbury House, a large framed card bearing the words, DO IT NOW! Who shall say whether this may not subconsciously have influenced the young man?

In the second place, when you have been carrying about a girl's photograph in your breast pocket for four months and brooding over it several times a day with a beating heart, it is difficult for you to regard that girl, when you eventually meet her, as a perfect stranger.

And in the third place—and here we approach the very root of the matter—there was the smile.

Girls as pretty as Kay Derrick, especially if their faces are by nature a little grave, should be extremely careful how and when they smile. There was that about Kay's face when in repose which, even when she was merely wondering what trimming to put on a hat, gave strangers the impression that here was a pure white soul musing wistfully on life's sadness. The consequence was that when she smiled it was as if the sun had suddenly shone out through clouds. Her smile seemed to make the world on the instant a sweeter and a better place. Policemen, when she flashed it on them after being told the way somewhere, became of a sudden gayer, happier policemen and sang as they directed the traffic. Beggars, receiving it as a supplement to a small donation, perked up like magic and started to bite the ears of the passers-by with an abandon that made all the difference. And when they saw that smile, even babies in their perambulators stopped looking like peevish poached eggs and became almost human.

And it was this smile that she had bestowed upon Sam. And Sam, it will be remembered, had been waiting months and months for it.

We have made out, we fancy, a pretty good case for Samuel Shotter; and it was a pity that some kindly person was not present in Mr. Wrenn's office at that moment to place these arguments before Kay. For not one of them occurred to her independently. She could see no excuse whatever for Sam's conduct. She had wrenched herself from his grasp and moved to the other side of the desk, and across this she now regarded him with a blazing eye. Her fists were clenched and she was breathing quickly. She had the air of a girl who would have given a year's pocket money for a copy of the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham's Is There a Hell?

Gone was that delightful spirit of comradeship which, when he had been telling of his boyish dealings with Claude, had made him seem almost a kindred soul. Gone was that soft sensation of gratitude which had come to her on his assurance that he had not risked spoiling that repulsive youth by sparing the rod. All she felt now was that her first impressions of this young man had been right, and that she had been mauled and insulted by a black-hearted bounder whose very clothes should have warned her of his innate despicableness. It seems almost incredible that anyone should think such a thing of anybody, but it is a fact that in that instant Kay Derrick looked upon Sam as something even lower in the graduated scale of human subspecies than Claude Winnington-Bates.

As for Sam, he was still under the ether.

Nothing is more difficult for both parties concerned than to know what to say immediately after an occurrence like this. An agitated silence was brooding over the room, when the necessity for speech was removed by the reëntry of Mr. Wrenn.

Mr. Wrenn was not an observant man. Nor was he sensitive to atmosphere. He saw nothing unusual in his niece's aspect, nothing out of the way in Sam's. The fact that the air inside the office of Pyke's Home Companion was quivering with charged emotion escaped his notice altogether.

He addressed Sam genially.

"It is quite all right, Mr. Shotter. Lord Tilbury wishes you to start work on the Companion at once."

Sam turned to him with the vague stare of the newly awakened sleepwalker.

"It will be nice having you in the office," added Mr. Wrenn amiably. "I have been short-handed. By the way, Lord Tilbury asked me to send you along to him at once. He is just going out to lunch."

"Lunch?" said Sam.

"He said you were lunching with him."

"Oh, yes," said Sam dully.

Mr. Wrenn watched him shamble out of the room with a benevolent eye.

"We'll go and have a bite to eat, too, my dear," he said, removing the alpaca coat which it was his custom to wear in the office. "Haven't had lunch with you since I don't know when." He reached for the hook which held his other coat. "I shall like having this young Shotter in the office," he said. "He seems a nice young fellow."

"He is the most utterly loathsome creature I have ever met," said Kay.

Mr. Wrenn, startled, dropped his hat.

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. He's horrible."

"But, my dear girl, you only met him five minutes ago."

"I know."

Mr. Wrenn stooped for his hat and smoothed it with some agitation.

"This is rather awkward," he said.

"What is?"

"Your feeling like that about young Shotter."

"I don't see why. I don't suppose I shall ever meet him again."

"But you will. I don't see how it can be prevented. Lord Tilbury tells me that this young man has taken a lease of Mon Repos."

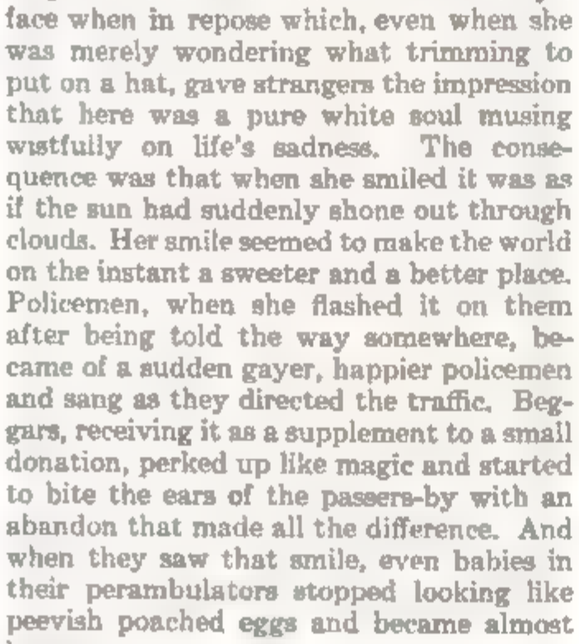
"Mon Repos!" Kay clutched at the desk. "You don't mean Mon Repos next door to us?"

"Yes; and it is so difficult to avoid one's next-door neighbors."

Kay's teeth met with a little click.

"It can be done," she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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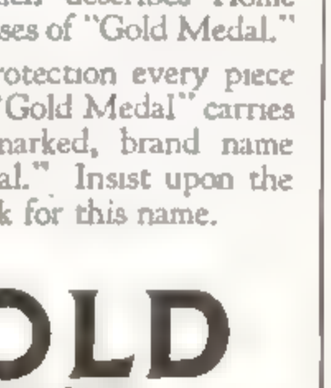

No. 3 Chair

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1736 Packard Ave.
Racine, Wis.

No. 23 Table

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 54)

to have a look at a certain bare space of sand which I never pass without examination.

That spot is an unfailing treasure house of thrills; mild thrills, but pleasant nevertheless. Aside from a few small finches, we are likely to see no living thing there, for cover is lacking; but always we find in the clean sand a fascinating record of wild things that passed in the night. We found trails of deer, apparently seven or eight, ranging all the way from the delicate impression of a fawn's tiny foot to the deep, bold, strong, yet graceful track of a splendid buck; and as a fitting prelude to a walk along Lynx Lane, we found amid the deer tracks the rounded print of a wildcat's paw.

It was what I was looking for and we passed on, through the gold and crimson and coppery glory of the sweet-gum thicket, across the small stream flowing through the swamp, and so with cautious, deliberate steps to the remote woodland spot where the swamp path joins Lynx Lane. It was well that we had come noiselessly. Around the corner, hidden from us until that moment by the low, dense undergrowth, three wild turkeys, at least two of which were big gobblers, stood not forty feet away in the narrow path, their burnished plumage glowing in the sun. In that wild, secluded place, in that rich setting of gorgeously painted foliage, they were a sight never to be forgotten, as they gazed for a brief instant, rapt and motionless.

The wonderful moment passed, to be succeeded by another not less memorable. As though powerful steel springs propelled them, they shot upward—up and up and up, with strong surging strokes of their wide wings—until they topped the trees bordering the trail. Some hunters say that a turkey must run a considerable distance before rising; and I know of one hunter who, flushing a wild turkey in a woods road closely hemmed in by trees, spurred his horse and, riding madly, actually snatched the flying bird out of the air, the turkey being unable to rise swiftly because the impetus of its start was insufficient.

But these gobblers of Lynx Lane needed no running start. Possibly they took two steps before rising. Then they simply catapulted upward. They had been facing towards us and took no time to turn; hence, if they were not to fly over us, they had to mount very sharply and wheel in the air. They flew not straight up, of course, but at so steep a grade that their ascent was almost rocket-like. I have some fine memories of wild turkeys, some spirited mind pictures of noble gobblers seen in the woods. But those rocketing turkey cocks of Lynx Lane make the finest picture of all.

A good beginning, indeed, for a walk along Lynx Lane; and in high spirits we followed that tunnel-like trail for five miles or so through wild swamp woods full of life and full of mystery. Yet, except birds of various common kinds, we saw scarcely a living thing. Again and again, in dozens or even scores of places, we found evidences of the unseen life that was all around us—tracks and sign of deer, of raccoon, of otter, and of wildcat. At least twenty times in those five miles we found wildcat sign. In one spot four or five wildcats had paused on the same log, and none of the sign was more than two nights old; but all day long we saw not a wildcat.

That is generally the way of it in lynx-haunted woods—in these woods of Lynx Lane and in all other woods that are inhabited by bay lynxes. Other good things you may see—a big buck, a raccoon, a log-cock, a rare warbler, perhaps three splendid bronze wild turkeys; but ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will look in vain for *Lynx ruffus*, as the naturalists call him. At last, after long seeking, a lucky wholly unexpected glimpse, a glimpse so brief that you can scarcely be sure of what you saw—this is the utmost you can hope for; and months may pass before this meager reward is repeated.

Yet his tracks and his sign show that he is still with us, that he walks familiarly at night where we walk in the day; and here in the Low Country the proofs of his presence are so numerous that he will surely be with us for a long while to come. Perhaps it is just as well that we see him so seldom in the woods or on the trails. The mere possibility of meeting him in some green solitary place is precious; but if we met him often, the mystery which is his principal charm would vanish.

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS.

THE ROMANTIC 90'S

(Continued from Page 50)

through all the ensuing boom of the new Gaelic writer, which came on fast and furious. Sharp followed his telegram by a letter, promising to explain it at our next meeting. This he did, apparently in the fullest confidence, under oath of secrecy—an oath which it has long been unnecessary to keep, as the secret has long been out, though the story still retains certain elements of mystery, for Sharp would appear to have been an incorrigible romancer, and it may well have been that he gave his explanation an added color of romance for my benefit. At all events, there was a very beautiful lady in the story—Sharp once spoke of her as a "cousin"—under whose influence he found himself inspired to write stories and poems that were not within his own unaided power. It was not ordinary collaboration; something much stranger than that, inexplicably psychic maybe.

One thing was sure: The lady was very beautiful, and their romantic friendship resulted in—Fiona Macleod. It sounds today as though his mysterious "cousin" was a sort of embodied Patience Worth. Sharp once showed me a photograph purporting to be the lady, but I did not believe him, for I thought I recognized it as the portrait of someone else. Also he further mystified me by saying that Fiona Macleod was shortly coming to London, and that he intended to introduce her to three people only—George Meredith, Mr. W. B. Yeats and myself. These introductions were never made, and I believe it was all just a part of Sharp's masterly game of hide and seek. Certainly the way in which he kept it up was remarkable, and must have entailed upon him infinite industry and ingenuity. Though I never met that beautiful *alter ego*, I have several letters from her, which Sharp must have written himself, or got someone to write—one of which is here reproduced—and his personal letters to me are full of references to her, messages from her, accounts of their work together, which had a most deceiving air of veracity. Here are one or two extracts:

"I have only now seen your delightful article on Miss Macleod's book. It came most aptly, for Miss M. is at present in London *en passant*, and so I was able to show it to her a little while ago. . . . Good news from Elizabeth, I am glad to say. But F. M., alas! is not well. A glimpse of her today was all that was possible; but she will be on the south coast for a time, and I shall go there for all next week."

"F. is well, and pleased deeply by the success of her last book—in which, at last, you will see far more of her than of her friend."

At that time I possessed a fine and rare edition of Ossian, the father of modern Celticism, and Sharp was anxious to see whether it contained anything missing from his own copy. So he wrote me: "Do you cling to that Ossian of yours? Is he a disposable piece of goods? If a lady asked you to negotiate, would you yield?" The "lady," I presume, was Fiona Macleod, and as I was glad to make Sharp a present of the volume, it perhaps contributed a little toward inspiring that mysterious dual personality.

The truth behind all this romantic mystification probably was that Sharp had inherited in a high degree from his Highland blood—intermixed with Scandinavian on his mother's side—that psychic sensitiveness which has often found manifestation in second sight. This, quickened by the friendship of a beautiful woman of spiritual and intellectual intuitions akin to his own, resulted in Fiona Macleod. Such is the view of Mrs. William Sharp—than whom, of course, no one is in a better position to know the truth—who, in her admirable Life of her husband, identifies his muse as the lady to whom, under the initials of E. W. R., he dedicated the first Fiona Macleod romance, Pharais—which is Gaelic for Paradise—in these words:

"There is another Paras than that seen of Alastair of Innisron—the Tir-Nan-Oigh of friendship. Therein we both have seen beautiful visions and dreamed dreams. Take then, out of my heart, this book of vision and dream."

Mrs. Sharp expressly identifies this friend as a lady whom her husband had met in Rome in 1893, and of whom he himself wrote to her—that is, Mrs. Sharp: "To her I owe my development as Fiona Macleod, though, in a sense, of course, that began long before I knew her, and indeed while I was still a child. . . . Without her there would have been no Fiona Macleod."

Personal considerations apart, the whole story is of immense interest as illustrating the little known processes of artistic creation, for no one can compare the work written by William Sharp, under his own name, with that written by Fiona Macleod without being aware that some sort of miracle had taken place, for there is all the difference between something like genius and a not specially notable literary talent.

Still, it is evident, too, that without William Sharp there would have been no Fiona Macleod, for William Sharp being dead, Fiona Macleod has vanished too. Sharp's death at the early age of forty-nine, all too likely accelerated by the strain of his dual existence, which at one time, Mrs. Sharp tells us, threatened him with complete nervous collapse, was a peculiarly deep loss to his friends, for he was one of those personalities so vital, so radiant, so charged with elemental fire and golden joyousness, that we can never conceive of their dying like other less animate people.

As I have been looking through a great sheaf of his sun-filled letters, I cannot believe that they have not just come to me warm from the touch of his generous hand. But Sharp was far from being the only "too quick despairer" who departed prematurely from the scene in the 1890's, for particularly in the case of the men who are in a special sense identified with that period, the men of The Yellow Book, the Rhymers' Club and the Bodley Head, of whom I have now to write, early death seemed to be a *macabre* shadow taking part in the joyous spring dance of that *fin-de-siècle* renaissance. Perhaps it was because some of the dancers too zealously applied the counsel of the master who bade them burn always with that hard gem-like flame.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles. The next will appear in an early issue.

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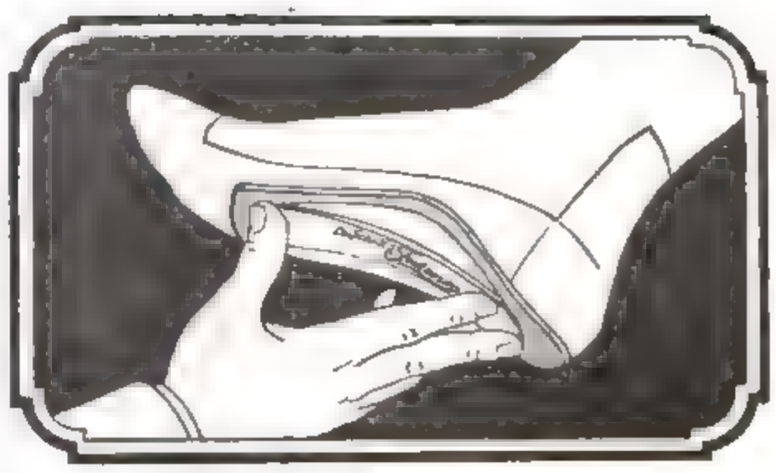

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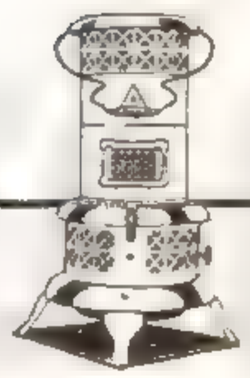

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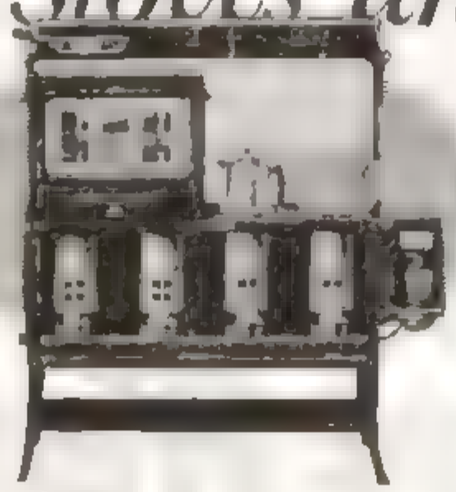

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A MOTHER OF THE TWO-A-DAY

(Continued from Page 44)

hilarious Chicco, who had hurried across from Ding Dong's Café, where he was pianist at the time, was the debut of a boy so embarrassed that he never once took his eyes off the back drop; and his embarrassment showed in other ways.

The change to the Six Mascots was made when the Four Nightingales had about worn out the available territory; and it occurred to the guileful Mrs. Marx that if she herself and her sister joined the act and renamed it, the vaudeville houses would think something quite new and magnificent was being offered. This momentous change was effected at Richmond, Indiana. It was an equally embarrassing debut, for the mother and the aunt—agreeably dressed as schoolgirls—were supposed to sit down and enchant Richmond by playing a guitar duet. In their pretty confusion, however, the two sat by mistake on the same chair, which rebelled and gave way. I regret to have to report that, at this unannounced feature of the bill, the whoops of joy from the audience were echoed from the wings. For if you expected gentle sympathy from the watching sons backstage, you know not the ways of clowns and their great immemorial delight when anyone—even from their own Mishpokah—falls down.

Then the family tour was augmented by Gummo, who contributed the new element of good looks, and finally by the prodigal and sheepish Chicco, who came home at last. That worthy had been playing the piano at Sheriff Scanlon's Café in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and an altercation in which he tossed a local dignitary through an expensive window had made it seem advisable that he leave Scranton ere another dawn. Unfortunately, he was without funds; but with the help of a crony at the Manhattan Restaurant he managed to raise the car fare in time for the midnight train. He was able to get as far as Chicago, whither the family had migrated. There he learned they were playing that afternoon at Waukegan, near by, and when the curtain rose on them, whom should they see playing the piano in the orchestra but the grinning Chicco. It was too much, and the mildly surprised Waukeganites were treated to the spectacle of a pianist dodging every portable object that could be hurled from the stage, including the wigs and shoes of the other Marxes.

Mute But Musical

Gradually the contributions of the youngsters were taking the shape they now maintain. Chicco, the first-born, developed the greatest single feat of the family—a capacity to play the piano humorously, his fleet and facetious fingers performing a kind of rakish and quizzical ballet up and down the keyboard, at which great audiences roar nightly with surprised laughter.

Groucho, the Napoleon of the recent Marxian revision of French history, emerged as the wag of the tribe, an immensely witty oral paragrapher whose gibes and japeries change from night to night, and who, like Master Will Rogers, can retire from the stage and conduct a column whenever F. P. A. and Don Marquis are gathered to their respective fathers.

Harpo, going on first as a kind of tousle-headed Patsy Brannigan, was once in an emergency thrust into an act without any preparation whatever—an emergency he met manfully by saying never a word. But in that crisis it was discovered that few lips in the world could speak so eloquently as the twitch of his smile and the roll of his restless eye. A Chaplinesque mute is Harpo Marx, and since that discovery he has uttered no sound except once. That was on a certain moist New Year's Eve when he kept bursting unwelcome into each scene on a long vaudeville bill, crying each time "Cheer up, cheer up!" and being fined ten dollars by the management for his unscheduled coöperation.

His name, of course, is derived from the majestical instrument which he had ploddingly learned to play because he had grown up in the company of that silent harp, standing in the corner, on which his grandmother had once twanged helpfully between feats of legerdemain in far-off Hanoverian courtyards. Self-taught, he plays so beautifully that the houses are breathless as he cuddles up to the gleaming harp and coaxes fond melodies from its reluctant strings. But after all he cannot read a note of the heathenish hieroglyphics in which the music is set down, and quite naturally he is a source of deep annoyance to all orthodox harpists, who can be heard complaining not only that his playing is a shock to their finer sensibilities but that he tunes the harp as never harp was tuned before. If, as they say, he cannot play the harp, at least he has fixed his own so that no one else can play it.

His Only Music Lesson

Recently a sadness about his lack of education smote him, and in his thirty-fourth year he reported humbly at the door of a *maestro* in New York who graciously imparts lessons at ten dollars every half hour. The *maestro*, who had listened thunderstruck to several of this intruder's illegitimacies at the Casino, accepted the fee for the first lesson, but protested a conviction that Harpo could never in one mere lifetime unlearn all the mischief his years of unenlightened concerts had wrought. There were things he did, the indignant *maestro* said, which never harpist had done before. How, for instance, did he manage that curious quaver of the strings in Mighty Lak a Rose? Harpo showed him, and after several silent struggles the *maestro* mastered the trick himself. And how, he then wanted to know, did Harpo manage that funny arpeggio at the end of his second number? Well, Harpo showed him that one too, and after another struggle the *maestro* mastered it as well. This exhausted the allotted half hour of Harpo's first and last lesson. He was too discouraged ever to return. Instead, he has taken up painting, and somewhat surprised hotel managers in Boston and Chicago report a horrid smear of oils in his room and the sight of a head bent over canvas as late as six in the morning.

If all the years of barnstorming which lay between that first dreary recital of the Three Nightingales in Gloversville, New York, and the rapturous reception which awaited the battered and travel-stained Four Marx Brothers at the Casino on Broadway were to be here faithfully chronicled, it would be a record of continuous hardship and misadventure. For fate has a way of playing slapstick with clowns, which axiom was once dramatized into a play called He Who Gets Slapped, and is the secret of the infinite sadness in the eyes of one of the funniest men in the world—a man named Charlie Chaplin. But on the Marxes, as they have gallivanted four abreast along all the dusty highways of America, sympathy would be wasted utterly. For their days—especially their darkest days—have been full of a crazy laughter. If something ancestral within them whispers that it's a pretty funny thing when anyone falls down, it should be recorded in their high honor that they also think it richly comic when they themselves fall down—as they usually do.

Such zanies have a kind of hilarious innocence. It would take the Marxes out in Salt Lake City to spend a fortune on a waggish Airedale, only to discover that the dog was erratic, it being his idiosyncrasy to walk only north. It would also take the Marxes, with immense guile, to swap this inconvenient animal for four city lots and then find out, too late, that their real estate lay beneath the waters of Great Salt Lake. Among their investments have also been some lots under the ocean up Boston way, and since I last saw them listening fascinated to the discourse of a gentleman selling oil stock, I take it that they will have to work hard all next season.

A kind of cheerful innocence even about the tricks of their own trade has kept their years eventful. When, some seasons ago, they decided that the vaudeville halls were beneath such flowering artists as themselves, and had come to the conclusion that, like this Mr. Ziegfeld of whom they had vaguely heard, they might as well go forth with a show of their own, they started out on the venture with about as much professional sagacity as Mrs. Marx herself had had when she organized the Three Nightingales and started for Gloversville. They neglected some not unimportant details, such as getting a playwright and some photographs for display in front of the theater, and so useful a preliminary as a sheet of instructions to the electrician, who, after all, might want to know when to let there be light. It was a state of unpreparedness traceable in part to the fact that their advance agent was not only not ahead of the company but never less than two weeks behind it. For a libretto they had a little something they themselves had dashed off at home—on the back of a laundry list—and in the crisis involved in the discovery that they had no photographs, they showed real ingenuity by just placing a large and attractive photograph of Theda Bara in front of the theater, without, however, going so far as to state explicitly that she was in their troupe.

Keeping Accidents in the Family

All told, that was a not strikingly successful venture. The show opened in Battle Creek during the flu epidemic of 1918, and although 30,000 soldiers were encamped near by, only twenty-eight dollars was taken in at the box office for the first performance. The next towns were equally discouraging, and it became pressingly desirable to cancel the rest of the tour. But from the theaters thus abruptly cut off there was always the threat of a suit for damages unless—well, unless one of the brothers could himself be stricken down. In family conclave appendicitis was selected as a nice, plausible ailment; and Harpo, as the most expressive of the brothers, was appointed invalid for the troupe. A doctor was summoned for the assistance which his medical certificate would be in court. On his arrival Harpo fell desperately ill. But nothing ever goes quite right with a clown's plans, and the onlooking family was rendered slightly hysterical by the sight of the determined patient, paling, writhing and groaning magnificently, but laboring, unfortunately, under the delusion that his appendix was on the left side.

In these misadventures it is possible for the onlooking historian to detect the traces of a kind of impish justice—the justice which, for instance, decreed that on the two occasions when Chicco was rewarded for reckless driving in the night-mantled park by colliding with another car, that other car—out of all the plunging motors in the world—should be in each instance his brother Harpo's.

And it is the kind of impishness which attended the final fulfillment of every vaudeville player's dream—the first engagement at the Palace in New York. On this occasion the embattled brothers achieved what is tersely described in the lexicon of the two-a-day as a wow. But so great was the energy of Harpo's dance on that great day that he danced right off the stage into the orchestra pit, having, at the end of the week, to settle a small sum for the complete ruin of one cornet and the considerable bruising of one cornetist.

The mother, who long ago selected Chicago as a nice central city from which she could keep a disciplinary eye on her trouping tribe, would receive strange tidings of

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mishaps in far places; and to this day a map of the world means to her just a succession of towns where things went wrong with the Marx Brothers.

London, for example, is a city not without its rich associations in many exiled memories. To Mrs. Marx, it's merely the city where the boys—however popular they afterward grew with the audiences there—were booed on the afternoon of their first appearance in an inhospitable London music hall. In one of his own descriptions of such London disapproval, Mr. Dickens said, "The general indignation took the form of nuts." For the Marxes, it took the form of pennies pitched at the stage, with Groucho criticizing the audience severely for never once venturing a shilling. To the brothers themselves, London means chiefly the town where their room was so cold and their supply of firewood so meager that they were driven to the inconvenience of splitting up two chairs, one small table and a chiffonier in order to keep a poker game cozy until the decent hour of sunrise.

Oklahoma City? Why, that was the first city where the family felt financially equal to stopping at a hotel, going wild at the luxurious latitude of an American-plan menu and jumping for joy at the sight of the waiter staggering in under his mountainous tray, which was supposed to contain several orders of everything.

"But," protested Groucho at a venture, "haven't you forgotten something?"

Luckily, he had—the oyster plant.

Renovo, Pennsylvania? Let's see, that was the town wherein quarantine threatened to imprison them and from which they escaped by stealing forth in the dead of night and walking, suitcases in hand, to the next city.

Not on the Program

Nacogdoches, Texas? Wasn't that where they were slightly surprised and a trifle insulted to have the audience rise as one man and suddenly leave the theater in the middle of their best effort? Their feelings were appeased when the crowd returned five minutes later.

There had been a runaway team, and if there's one show they prefer to all others in Nacogdoches, it's a good runaway.

And East St. Louis? That's where the German lady, whose bonnet Harpo seized and put on in what was then his routine playful descent into the audience, proved so unexpectedly resentful. This was a regular part of the bill, but only in East St. Louis did it engender passion. This passion took the form of the lady's giving chase—around and around the theater—to the great pleasure of the audience, which reached its climax when the baffled matron hurled at his dodging and delighted head the empty beer pitcher she happened to have with her at the time.

Such reports kept drifting in to Mrs. Marx in her Chicago headquarters, where her success with her own brood had emboldened her to undertake the assembling and booking of other acts. For such an ambitious project she felt the need of a professional name and she adopted that of Minnie Palmer.

Her worries were two. She knew that the managers of the remote vaudeville houses were apt to be tyrannous, and, in the bad old days, given to dismissing or at least fining the helpless troupers without cause. She also knew that her sons were clannish and prone to battle on the slightest provocation. She feared ructions all along the route. It was known in the circuits of the Middle West that the outrageous Marxes carried blackjacks, and at a cry of help from any one, the three others were always ready to charge into the fray. Thus there was once a great falling out between them and Jack Root, sometime middleweight champion and then manager of the theater at Burlington, Iowa. The trouble began when he tried to fine Chicco five dollars for smoking backstage, and the ensuing brawl could only be straightened out by the mayor. Thanks to his decision, the five-dollar deduction was never made; but Root got even by paying them their total salary in nickels and quarters, in the furious counting of which they wasted so much time that they missed their train, arrived late at the next town and were fined for that anyway.

Sometimes to the historian these old tyrannies seem, in retrospect, a trifle capricious. Thus there seemed no justice in the penalty inflicted at Springfield, Ohio, when the singer for the illustrated songs fell ill and a worried local management appealed to the Marxes for a tenor to help them through the afternoon. The cheerful and possibly mischievous Harpo volunteered and the management was immensely relieved—up to the moment when he lifted his voice in a ballad. Thereafter the feelings of the manager, who must have been a music critic at heart, found expression in a ten-dollar fine.

The Beetle Act

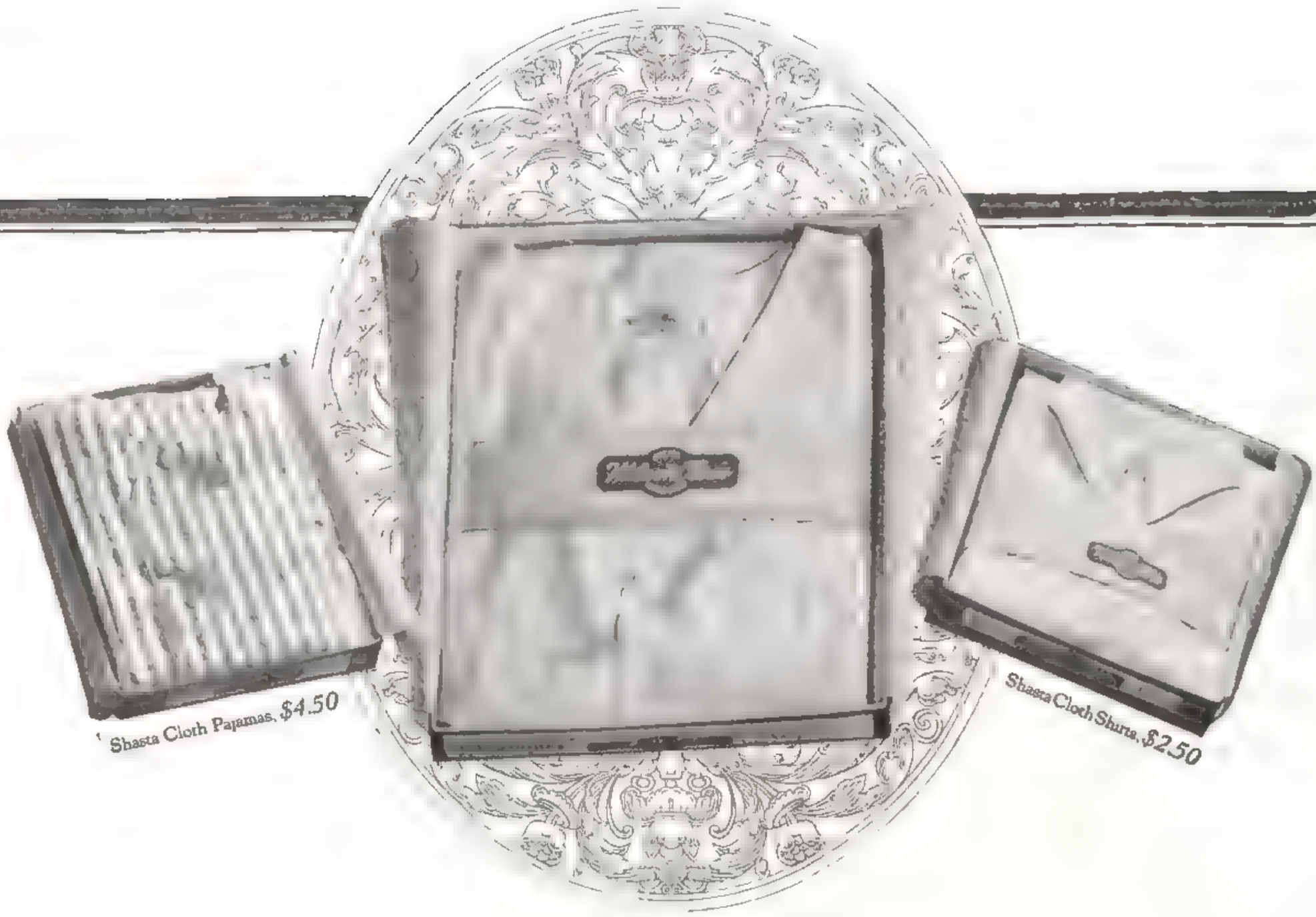
And it was at Oklahoma City that the most grotesque injustice was done. For economy's sake, in what looked like a lean week, the house manager began pruning. He cut out at once a needy German tenor, who was therefore stranded with a sick wife. In his misery he appealed to the imposing Marxes, as the presumably influential headliners, to intervene in his behalf. To help the poor fellow out, they painted such a touching picture of his distress that the local despot was deeply moved. With a magnanimous gesture, he replaced the tenor on the bill and then instead—because, after all, he had to economize somewhere—he fired the Marxes.

Another worry of Mrs. Marx's derived from the incurable frivolity of her offspring. They were gaggers all—prone to mischief during a performance. I suppose the arch type of this comedian is Willie Collier, who is fairly happy if he can but wring a reluctant smile from some fellow player on the stage, quite happy if he can unseat that player's composure utterly. Probably there is one such gamin spirit in every troupe. In any show boasting—or bearing up under—the presence of the Marx Brothers, there are four. Rebukes, resentment, fines and cancellation used to be the penalty all along the route of the two-a-day—from Lebanon, Pennsylvania, to New Iberia, Louisiana, to mention only two towns burned into the memory of Mrs. Marx.

Once there drifted into Chicago disturbing tidings that her sons were running especially wild in such improvisations. So, heavily veiled, she took train to Cedar Rapids, where they were booked for the week, and—which must have pained her not a little—bought a ticket that she might attend their performance incognito. As she slipped watchfully into her seat, the four were drawn up on the stage for a ditty of some sort. The music cue was due, but the song was halted by Chicco's discovery that a huge beetle—a local insect not on the bill at all—was sharing the spotlight with them. Down went Chicco on all fours, and at this intimacy, the offended beetle decided to withdraw, heading straight for the wings. On all fours Chicco gravely followed; and at that picture down flopped the three others. Thus did the beetle lead a kind of mad, unpremeditated procession offstage, while the outraged Minnie Palmer smoldered.

This was really too much. At the hotel, between matinée and night performance, she stood them up in a row and read them the riot act. In language reënforced for a great occasion by snatches of German and Yiddish, she pointed out that, after all, the Marxes were not yet conspicuously solvent, nor so greatly prized by the two-a-day that the whole structure of vaudeville would collapse without them. She further argued that on their house in Chicago—it was at No. 4512 Grand Boulevard—a mortgage was held by one Mr. Greenbaum, who might, perhaps, lack their own elfin sense of humor. At which suggestion sobriety descended like a wet blanket on the spirits

(Continued on Page 112)



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(Continued from Page 110)

of the four, and for as much as a year decorum was almost the order of the day. If the old instinct did from time to time raise its ugly head in the antics of one of the brothers, the three others could suppress him with a single word. It was a family code word selected for the purpose. The word was "Greenbaum."

Of course, long seasons before the gala debut at the Casino, the name of "Marx" had grown golden in vaudeville. Far behind lay the days when forty dollars a week was considered ample salary for the entire family. That had been a day of lower scales throughout, of course. For once when the Four Nightingales were sharing the bill at the Third Avenue in New York with such subsequently famous vaudeville names as Ryan and White, Bert Baker, Al Shean and the Patricolas—father and son—the forty dollars paid the Nightingales was at least the best salary paid to anyone in the program.

Far behind, certainly, lay the days when Mrs. Marx was driven to such thrifty subterfuges as making her boys wear long stockings and on boarding a train roll up their trousers to the knee and talk falsetto as a device for riding half fare. She still turns white at remembering the morning when the conductor observed to her icily that one of her little ones was smoking a cigar on the back platform and that another tot was shaving himself in the washroom.

The Ukulele Invasion

Yet the Broadway success, when it came, was presumably the sweeter for having followed on a year that had been dire. For the Marxes had been one of the rebel acts to desert Keith's when the Shuberts—for a brief time—raised the standard of a competing circuit. Like many of the troupes which took that nervous plunge, the Marx unit came eventually to grief. Their own part of it was all that was left by the time the tour had reached Indianapolis. They thought to save some of the pieces by playing out that one week, anyway, and to supplement their part of the program, they wired an agency to send on four other acts. When this additional talent arrived, it was noted with the hilarity of despair that they had not thought to stipulate also for variety. The agent had sent four acts all right. But all four were ukulele players. News of this melancholy state of things spread through the cautious community of Indianapolis, and when the first curtain rose there was just twenty-six dollars in the till, an audience which looked even smaller when sprinkled through the vasty depths of the huge Murat Theater. So, with Marxian chuckles, they rang down the curtain at once, refunded the twenty-six dollars and themselves spent a riotous evening nicely divided between playing stud poker and wiring to remote friends for the car fare back to New York.

Once there, they cast about them for an outlet for their art. Instinct told them that the powers in the Keith office would not be out with a band to welcome them. Besides, they felt the time had come for a break into the world of revue, where such comical fellows as Wynn, Tinney, Will Rogers and other graduates of the two-a-day had done so well. It was more difficult to find the manager of such an enterprise who seemed to crave them. To one of the leading producers of New York they proffered themselves for a figure far below what they had grown accustomed to in their latter days. The salary proposed, in fact, was $540 a week, and the producer only yawned. It might be added that exactly fifteen months later this same producer offered to present them on a percentage basis with a guaranty of $2500 a week, but in the interval they had had their hour of triumph on Broadway and had made up their minds to cast in their lot with Irving Berlin for the season now just ahead. So this time it was the Marxes who only yawned.

Eventually negotiations were opened with a producer whose musical comedy, entitled The Thrill Girl, was starving to death on tour. It needed new blood, and the Marxes explained that their blood was about the newest imaginable. He was doubtful and wanted to see their act. They explained that this was no longer playing and that the ten girls who had been part of the decorations were scattered far and wide. However, if he could imagine the ten girls, they would do the rest for him in some out-of-the-way vaudeville house in an obscure corner of Brooklyn. When it came time for the big musical finale, they substituted My Country, 'Tis of Thee. It had not been an especially happy demonstration.

The onlooking producer was still dubious. The upshot of the tryout was that the Marxes opened in the show—renamed I'll Say She Is—in Philadelphia, but without any salary whatever. At the end of the third week, in an enormously profitable engagement that lasted two full years, they came to terms.

Such business is done on the soviet system, the three elder brothers—for Zeppo is as yet too young to have a say—voting solemnly and all three abiding by the decision. By that system they have worked at peace together for fifteen years, and by that system they decided recently to go forth next season in a musical comedy with tunes written for them by Berlin. The librettist appointed for that project is Harold Atteridge, and he has had a difficult time settling down with the brothers for a conference on the nature of the opus.

Anyone with business to transact with the Marxes steps confidently backstage and finds himself tossed in a blanket of banter. Such veterans of the road settle easily into any string of dressing rooms as if they had been born there. Their trunks, their traveling libraries, their mandolins and saxophones and guitars, their wives and guests, are all there; and between their own numbers—in two years of I'll Say She Is not one of them ever underwent the anguish of seeing the rest of the show. Atteridge, groping his way through the churning crowds of chorus girls, stage hands, falling scenery and guide ropes, used to invade this domain at the Casino, only to find Groucho deep in the latest Arlen book, Harpo struggling with a box of pastels and Chicco at grips with a cross-word puzzle, demanding to know of each newcomer a nice intimate French word for "thou" in two letters, one of them *i*. Finally Atteridge pursued them through New England, only getting them to settle down to work with him after they had first proposed to wrestle him to decide whether he should write two librettos or none.

Playing Against the Family

When their first Broadway engagement turned into a settled success, and they found themselves fixtures in the landscape of the season, their new neighbors were inclined to congratulate them on their escape from endless travel, on their new luxury of lingering comfortably in one spot for a whole year. At which the four looked at them uncomprehendingly, for it took them only a few weeks to weary of Broadway. They, who had never stayed longer than one week in any American town, soon sighed for the great highway, the bang of suitcases on station platform, the welcome of new poker games along the road, new golf courses to try out, old cronies in a hundred cities dropping in backstage for a swap of jokes in the endless hubbub of their communal dressing rooms.

But in New York, the Thanatopsis Upper West Side Literary and Inside Straight Club—a frivolous organization which, as host to Michael Arlen, recently discovered with something akin to pain that Armenians can at least play poker—is now waiting vengefully for Harpo Marx's next engagement on Broadway. For in admitting that wandering minstrel to their revels, they found that they were opposing the whole family. Spirits seemed to hover back of his chair, whispering advice to him, and, as far as the other players knew, taking stray peaks at their hidden hands. For, whether he won or—as occasionally he did—lost, his game was split five ways. One share, of course, was his own, and there was one for each of his three brothers; and one for Mrs. Marx, who, at the other end of a telephone as late as five in the morning, would be waiting—in sickness and in health, in good and in evil report, ginger-ale business or no ginger-ale business—to hear how the family was faring.

Makes tires and dollars go farther!

HERE'S a new kind of tire repair kit—does two things—patches inner tubes and fixes cuts in casings.

Inner tubes will puncture—casings will blister and break. The wise motorist prepares for either emergency by having a DUTCH BRAND 2-in-1 TIRE REPAIR KIT in his car.

Contains finest patching rubber for instantly and permanently repairing inner tubes; and includes a tube of 2-in-1 TIRE CUT FILLER for filling small cuts and gouges in casings—sure signs of coming blow-outs unless sealed to prevent water, oil and gravel from entering.

2-in-1 TIRE CUT FILLER is easy to use—simply shoot it into the cut. *It's unsafe to drive without having a 2-in-1 Tire Repair Kit.*

Ask your dealer for the DUTCH BRAND 2-in-1 TIRE REPAIR KIT. Be sure you get the orange and blue can with checker border and Dutch Girl's Head. If the dealer is out of it we will send it direct postpaid on receipt of 50c.

National distribution through jobbing channels.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago
Manufacturers
Rubber and Chemical Products
Established 1910

Three others of the 15 high quality Dutch Brand Motor Aids—they keep down the upkeep

Lake McDonald From Arlitt Point, Glacier National Park

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047 3

What is a sun porch anyway?

ISN'T a sun porch a sort of garden—a colorful, inviting place you create inside four walls? And nowadays lovely colored floors of Nairn Inlaid are used to enhance the cheerfulness of flowering plants, gay curtains, bright painted furniture.

With beautiful *Belfor* Inlaid—the newest of Nairn floorings—covering drab cement or wood you banish the last hint of the commonplace—create a color glow that is as exquisite in shadowy lamp light as in a flood of sunshine.

No lovelier background for rugs can be imagined than the rich misty colors of *Belfor* Inlaid patterns. And *Belfor* is so much easier to care for than wood; it needs no other attention than an occasional waxing.

Its durability is more than satisfying. *Belfor* Inlaid is made of exactly the same material as the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums which have been the recognized standard of quality for nearly forty years.

A secret manufacturing process which produces the dappled color effects found only in *Belfor* Inlaid, makes possible also the surprisingly low price.

Dozens of Beautiful Patterns

Send for the folder showing *Belfor* Inlaid patterns in actual colors. Ask the Nairn dealer to show how they look on the floor.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia	New York	Boston	Chicago
Kansas City	San Francisco	Atlanta	Minneapolis
Cleveland	Pittsburgh	Dallas	New Orleans

A Quality Product Since 1888

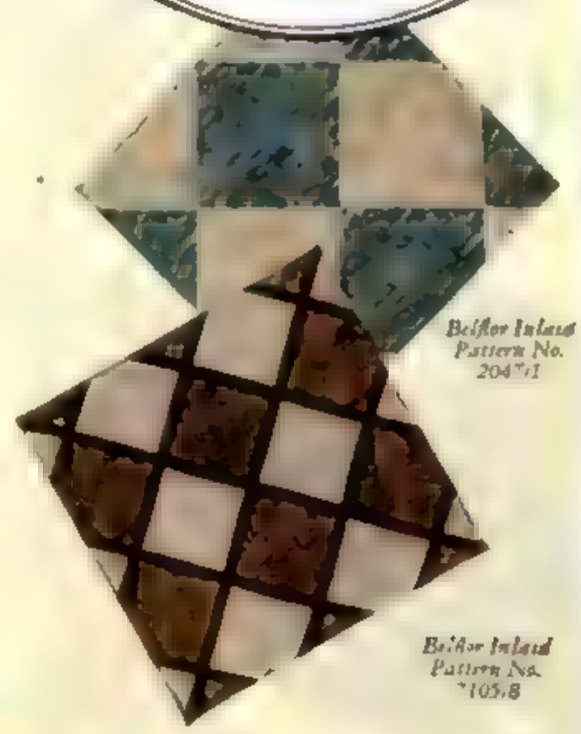
For nearly 40 years the name Nairn has been an assurance of quality in linoleum.

During this period the manufacturers have devised processes that produce linoleum of highest quality and beauty of design. And manufacturing economies, resulting from large output, make possible very low prices.

Congoleum-Nairn Inc. are the largest manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in the world.

In addition to the new and exclusive *Belfor* Inlaid, the company makes the famous *Universal* Inlaid as well as Battleship Linoleum, Plain Linoleum, Cork Carpets, etc.

Whatever your floor problem, we will help you solve it



Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 2047 1

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 2105 8

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

Puts More Motor in Your Ford

BY greatly improving your sturdy Ford's ignition, the *Milwaukee* Timer puts more motor in your car. More speed, more rugged power, more all around engine efficiency.

Re-powered with the hotter, fatter sparks of a *Milwaukee* Timer your trusty Ford zips over the hills in high and plows through mud and sand with ease.

Better designed, longer-lived, a handsome unit in a short-proof, Bakelite case, the *Milwaukee* Timer is a great buy at $2.00.

Recommended by Ford experts and a million users.

Your garage, accessory shop or hardware store has it. Get yours today.

Big value at $2 *($2.75 in Canada)*

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS,
Incorporated
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

MILWAUKEE TIMER *for* FORD

AN IMPERFECT IMPOSTOR

(Continued from Page 40)

An amazed silence settled down on the room. Lady Dorothy looked at this curious new visitor with surprise and hostility. Thane was puzzled; Polkins, not knowing any of the story, but only conscious of the promise of a rough-house, moved carelessly round until he was between Miggs and the door.

"Well, Mr. Miggs," said Jeremy, "who is your friend in green? Please introduce me."

"I don't think you need any introduction, do you?" said Miggs.

"Don't take any notice of Charlie," said the woman in green. "He's quite a dear, really, but he's not very clever. He would come in here and make a scene. I told him not to."

"That was very good of you," said Jeremy, "but I think that some explanation is owing. What does all this mean?"

"Perhaps Mr. Thane will oblige," said Miggs, who had caught sight of Aleck Thane at the other side of the room.

"Ah!" said Jeremy. "So you're in this, too, are you, Thane?"

"Yes, I am," said Thane; "very much in it. Are you going to brazen the whole thing out? You say some explanation is owing. Can you give an explanation? You know you can't!"

"An explanation of what, Mr. Thane?" asked Olivia. "Why should Arthur explain anything to you or to anyone?"

"Excuse me ——" said Miggs.

"Sorry, Miggs," said Thane. "But you'd better know who everybody is. It may be important. This is Miss Olivia Arthurton, Lord Amlett's sister. This is Mr. Joe Polkins, an American who has rented Pulldan Castle. I think you know the rest of us."

"Now that Mr. Thane has so kindly taken on the duties of host in my flat," said Jeremy, "perhaps he would kindly explain who the lady in green really is. Or perhaps Charlie will explain."

"Don't worry about me," said the lady in green. "I'm all right."

"Stop this fooling," said Miggs in an angry tone. "I tell you this is a serious matter. Can I see you alone?"

"No," said Jeremy, "you can't—that's flat."

"Right then. I'd better warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. You understand that?"

"You're not going to arrest him?" asked Lady Dorothy.

"It's about this check. Mr. Thane, do you remember this check?"

"I do. It was given to me by this man here."

"And the bank pronounces it to be a forgery?"

"They do."

"We've heard all this before," said Jeremy. "I don't see any point in going through it all again."

"Don't you?" said Thane angrily.

Jeremy had moved nearer to Aleck Thane. He didn't like the look in the man's eyes.

"No, I don't—unless it does you some good."

"It'll do me a lot of good," said Thane. "It'll help me clean up an unsavory business. It'll help me to see the last of a common swindler who took advantage of another man's absence to get into the good graces of that man's sister, who ——"

He did not say any more. Jeremy, stung to fury at the eleventh-hour failure of his plans, angry beyond words at Thane's attitude, and conscious that all his sacrifices had gone for nothing, leaned forward and hit Thane full on the point of the chin. He went down like a bag of coal, but was up again in an instant. He was taller, bigger, heavier than Jeremy, and in a second the dining room looked like a bear garden.

Charlie Miggs, at the first sign of violence, had clapped his hand to his pocket for his whistle. But he found himself taken care of by Joe Polkins, who enwrapped him in a benevolent bearlike grip that left him powerless to move.

XVI

FOR less than two minutes a spectacular fight of unusual brilliance raged in the flat. Olivia turned away disgusted. Not so Lady Dorothy. Her eyes shone and her face showed more real emotion than Olivia had ever seen there before.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she breathed, her hands clasped together in semireligious ecstasy as Jeremy clinched with Aleck Thane for the last time and they both went down together in the corner. Thane caught at a bookshelf as he fell, Jeremy clutched a curtain. Bookshelf, curtains, a choice selection of vases, a large bowl of late roses and two or three metal ash trays came to the ground together with the battling men.

The crash was terrific, stunning. The room was completely and beautifully wrecked. Chairs were strewn about, the table was thrust up into one corner, a picture—one of the real Lord Amlett's valued sporting prints—hung beautifully and deliriously askew, imparting an air of rakish debauch to the scene.

"It makes me feel like a cave woman," breathed Lady Dorothy, who was quite sincerely moved.

The woman in green looked up at Lady Dorothy and smiled inscrutably.

"If you go down to the East End you'll see as much as you like of that kind of thing. But it's not admired. They don't imagine anything about the cave-woman stunt down there. Besides, you don't suppose those two men are fighting for us, do you?"

Perhaps, of all the slights Lady Dorothy received, she liked that one least. Not that she would admit it. She merely smiled a pitying, understanding smile which made the woman in green furious, and then turned her back on her.

From out of the chaos and wreckage in the corner Jeremy lifted a berumpled, tousled head. He stood up, and offering his hand to Aleck Thane helped him to his feet.

"I'm quite ready to be friends, Thane. But you've got to leave Olivia's name out of it."

Thane grinned as well as a split lip would permit him.

"All right—er ——"

"My name's Laytree," said Jeremy in answer to the unspoken question. "Jeremy Laytree."

"Ah!"

There was the sound of a coöperative communal sigh as each member of that dazed company received that open confession. It meant different things to all of them, and they were silent together as each wondered in his mind what effect the open admission of the secret would have on his or her plans.

"Polkins, don't hold that unfortunate man any longer. If he'll give his word not to blow his whistle I'd like to say one or two things."

"Say, friend, are you ready to lie quiet?" said Polkins. "You've no option, really. Better hook on."

"Oh, I hook on," said Charlie Miggs.

"Good old Charlie," murmured the woman in green softly.

"What about a drink?" said Thane. "You jolly near choked me."

"Willett, bring something wet."

"Beg pardon, my lord, the taxi's waiting."

"Tell it to wait, Willett. Take the driver something wet, and a cigar."

Olivia crossed the room to Jeremy.

"Don't cut it too fine," she said. "Remember, we've to catch the midnight train."

"Don't worry, darling. I've changed my mind. I'm going to see it through."

"Charge your glasses," said Jeremy when Willett had brought in the something wet. "I'm going to ask you to drink to the health of the absent Lord Amlett. I don't know where he is. But he is not here. On the other hand, he knows that I am here. He asked me to stay here; he put me in charge. He wanted to go away and I thought I could carry it out without being detected. I was caught the first day. I don't think anyone in this room has ever believed in me thoroughly."

They smiled at one another as though to say, "Of course we knew all the time; it was so very obvious."

"I'd like to know just how far your suspicions did go. Had you any suspicions, Thane?"

"I was uneasy, but I had no idea of the truth. I played that check trick on you as a test. It was the bank that made up my mind for me. I believed that only I knew and that you were feathering your nest, and worse. I set the police moving because I thought there was something fishy going on."

"What about me?" said Charlie Miggs. "It's all very fine for you gentlemen to settle the case like this, but what about me?"

"That's all right, Charlie. There won't be any case now. You've been had, as I've been had—as they've all been had."

This was from the woman in green, who was happy enough in the corner with a double whisky and soda. It was her third already, and Willett's eyes were beginning to come out of his head when she motioned to him to refill her glass. She took the center of the disorderly room.

"You're all wondering what I'm doing here," she said bitterly. Her dark veiled eyes peered out from the half-closed lashes. She held her glass in her hand. "Give me a cigarette, Jeremy," she went on. "I think Jeremy is a much more suitable name than Lord Amlett. Ah, nothing like Lord Amlett and never was! I know Lord Amlett too well to be taken in."

"Hadn't you better be quiet?" said Jeremy.

"No, I'm not going to be quiet. I'm going to spill my words of wisdom."

"Who is this unfortunate woman?" whispered Olivia. "Can't we stop her? She'll say something horrible next."

"Let her say it, dear," said Jeremy. "Let her say all she has to say. This thing has got to such a pitch that it's no use hiding anything any longer. I've nursed so many things we mustn't say that I've got moral indigestion. We're going to let the daylight in now."

"This is all very irregular, I warn you," put in Charlie Miggs.

"Delightfully irregular, Charlie," said the lady in green. "But not so irregular perhaps as a little scene over in the mews about an hour ago, eh?"

The immediate wilting of Detective Inspector Charles Miggs was one of the most remarkable incidents of that remarkable evening.

He seemed to shrivel up into himself. He realized with dreadful certainty the effect on himself and his own prospects if this extraordinary woman should ever get into a witness box and tell, in her own way, the story of how she persuaded Charlie to take her with him into the flat. He could see in his mind's eye the use the newspapers would make of it on their evening placards. Charlie and the Lady—it would mean the end of him. His career would dissolve in laughter.

"I'm going to tell the whole story from the beginning," said the lady in green, looking round the silent ring of faces and enjoying the dramatic satisfaction of holding her audience. "My name is Alice Holt. I was an actress. I ——"

Her voice trailed off into silence. An expression of bewilderment spread over her face, changing to one almost of fear. Her eyes were fixed on the door as though she had seen a ghost.

(Continued on Page 119)

"and I particularly liked the soft-toned window shades"

By Helen Richmond

"WHAT attractive things women do with their houses nowadays!" exclaimed a no-longer young friend of mine recently

She had been calling on a bride, and together they had inspected the lovely new home from cellar to attic.

"Every room was a delight," went on my friend, "the walls and floors in soft neutral tones, with plenty of rich color in rugs and draperies.

"And I particularly liked the way she had treated her windows. The window shades were delicately toned—so that the light filtered through them with the faint color of the shades. It was wonderfully soft and restful. And it made the whole color scheme so harmonious. Why didn't we think of doing that in *my* day!"

Niagara Falls was still the fashionable wedding resort when my friend was a bride, and window shades were used only to keep out light and prying eyes. It's only in recent months that interior decorators have realized the possibilities of tone-color shades. Strange, too, for it's such a reasonable idea. You shade your lamps with delicately tinted silks—then why not temper crude daylight with soft-toned window shades?

Pure honey tones, exquisite grays and buffs, these shades take all the glare out of strong sunshine, reduce it to clear, mild radiance. And they put life and warmth into a cold, cheerless illumination.

You'll be amazed at the magic wrought by this diffused light on your decorative schemes. How your rugs will gain depth of color, how the high-lights will dance on ripe old furniture.

And it's possible to achieve all this beauty at so little expense—for *Columbia* tone-color shades cost no more than ordinary shades! In fact, there is a grade to meet the requirements of every purse.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

If you have never had window shades that roll up and down quietly, every time you touch them, without any jumping or jerking, you don't know what you haven't had. Columbia Guaranteed Rollers. They give smooth, quiet, dependable service year after year—more service for the money than you ever bought before in your life.

This booklet tells how you can use tone-color window shades as great decorators do—send for it NOW!

Easy enough to discuss the theory of these new *Columbia* tone-color window shades. But what most women want is the concrete example—just which tone-color should be chosen for the home which is flooded with sunlight, and what choice will be best in a house that's apt to be dark.

So we've persuaded Elsie Sloan Farley, the well-known decorator, to describe actual interiors she has planned, using tone-color window shades. You'll find all of her attractive book, "Beautiful Windows." Its photographs show the rooms in detail, together with her suggestions on how to get the same attractive effects. And you can obtain Miss Farley's individual suggestions at no expense. Her ideas are practical, not at all technical. For your copy of "Beautiful Windows," send 10 cents to *Columbia* Mills, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Columbia Tone-Colors

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
Etruscan Ivory
Sunset
Steamed Honey
Plaza Gray

(Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Columbia Mills, Inc.,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me a copy of "Beautiful Windows," by Elsie Sloan Farley, showing how soft-hued window shades tone and mellow daylight. I enclose 10 cents.

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Address .....

City .....

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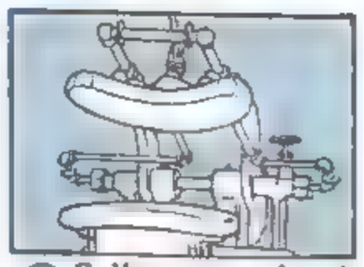
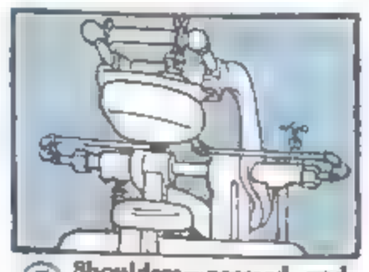
Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

If you

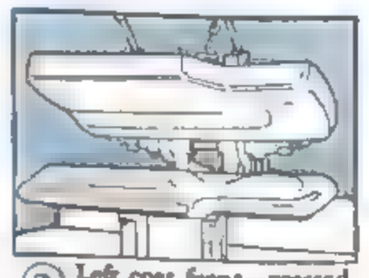
After a suit has been worn for a time it has a tendency to lose its shape. Before it will fit and hang properly, this shape must be restored.



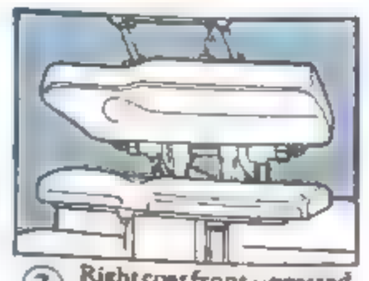
(1) Collar—pressed and shaped on a collar press



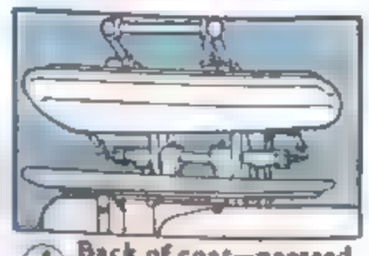
(5) Shoulders—pressed and shaped on a shoulder press



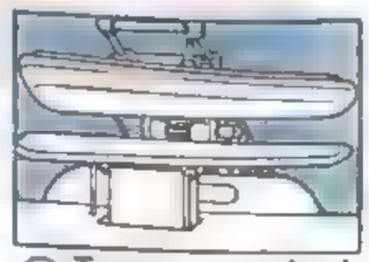
(2) Left coat front—pressed and shaped on a left front forming press



(3) Right coat front—pressed and shaped on a right front forming press



(4) Back of coat—pressed and shaped on a back press



(6) Trousers—pressed and shaped on a long body trousers press

Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You'll find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.

Valeteria

This garment has been pressed and shaped by the Valeteria Method

Val

THE PRESSING

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were to meet *you*

...*what would the impression be?*

COULD you say to yourself, "Fine, Mr. Man! Great! We give just the right impression—poise, self-reliance, success!"

Or would you say, "Well, Old Man, we're mighty good stuff so far as the raw material goes, but people would never know it from the hang of these clothes!"

You men who realize the need for making the right impression—in business, socially, everywhere—will find these needs served with new thoroughness by Valeteria. This is the improved valeting service which presses and, in addition, *shapes* the clothes, actually restoring the original lines and style.

Consider the old flatiron!

Consider, for a moment, the pressing action of the old flatiron—a flat surface against a flat board—all *straight* lines. But the lines of a garment are *curved* lines—collar, shoulders, chest, waist. The very natural tendency under handiron pressing is for these curves to become flattened out—hence, the collar ceases to fit; shoulders pull; the suit loses its "snap."

But—Valeteria shapes as it presses

Valeteria overcomes these difficulties and imparts new smartness to your clothes, because it is a system of *curved* pressing. Six specially designed presses are used—① for the collar, ② another for the left front, a third ③ for the right front, a fourth ④ for the back of the coat, a fifth ⑤ for the shoulders, and a sixth ⑥ for trousers. Each part of the garment is pressed and shaped on a press designed for that one part.

That is the way your clothes were pressed when they were made. But heretofore this kind of pressing could be obtained only in the shops of the great makers of clothing. Valeteria now makes this service available in your own town.

Valeteria makes good appearance better—it is at your service now

If you want to make a good impression—if you want the shape and style of your clothes retained—by all means ask for Valeteria service. Most likely there's a Valeteria shop in your neighborhood; if not, call your local dry cleaner. You will know that you have received Valeteria service by the tag attached to the lapel. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

When you send your suit to be pressed—ask for Valeteria service

Every Curve of Your Clothes Perfectly Pressed and Shaped

Telephone! *Send that Suit Today!*

When next you send clothes to be pressed ask for Valeteria service. You will secure a quality of pressing you never dreamt was possible.

Also, you will find it a good thing every now and then to have your clothes dry cleaned. This will add much to their life because there's a certain amount of grease and acid in the secretions of the body that have a tendency to weaken fabrics and should be removed. Your dry cleaner—any modern dyer and cleaner—can render valuable service. Call him.

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SERVICE THAT SHAPES YOUR CLOTHES

Boiling water won't damage ZAPON *Lacquer Finish*

THE scars and stains of radiator water so ruinous to old-style finishes are never seen on the Zapon Lacquer finished car. Zapon, with its flint-like hardness, cannot be damaged by boiling temperatures. It never stains. It is hard to scratch. Age improves its lustre. Even unusual abuse won't mar its attractiveness. In a word, Zapon's beauty is PERMANENT.

Zapon Lacquer is used by more than 4000 manufacturers of furniture, automobiles, electric fixtures, toys and other products made of metal, wood and composition

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Branches: Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, New Haven

The lacquer finish that stays new

ZAPON

(Continued from Page 114)

"What's the matter?" said Jeremy. "Are you feeling ill?" Then he looked toward the door.

There in the doorway, in evening dress and opera hat, smiling but puzzled at the wreck of his flat, stood the real Lord Amlett!

"Arthur!" cried Olivia, and ran to him. "At last!"

He held her in his arms for a while, and said nothing. Behind him Jeremy caught sight of Colonel Jackson, who had come from his hotel in response to the telephone message.

Amlett closed the door behind him, released Olivia and came forward into the room. He stopped in front of the lady in green for a moment. Then his eyes traveled to Lady Dorothy, to Thane, to Polkins, to the detective, Charles Miggs, and then to the extraordinary scene of chaos in which this unexpected meeting was staged. No one spoke.

Finally he looked at Jeremy, and there was a faint smile about the corners of his mouth.

"I thought I advised you not to have visitors," he said.

"Yes—er—well, you see "

"You seem to have made the most ghastly mess possible of everything. May I ask you what all these people are doing here?"

"Better ask 'em," said Jeremy. "Dashed if I know."

"I only returned today," said Lord Amlett. "I only heard tonight of what has happened. . . . Thane, what's the matter with your chin?"

"Why?"

"It's bleeding."

"I cut myself shaving," said Thane; and Jeremy, Olivia and Polkins howled with sudden laughter at the idea.

"And as for you," said Lord Amlett, turning suddenly on the woman in green, "what do you mean by it?"

"I'm sorry. I'll go—I'll go now."

"No, you won't! We've got to clean this up first. What's this woman doing here?" he said to Jeremy.

"She came here the other day and said she was Lady Amlett," said Jeremy.

"And you believed her?"

"Not exactly; but I didn't know what wild oats you had been sowing in your misspent youth. I only cursed you pretty strongly for not having warned me. You see, if she was Lady Amlett it was pretty clear I couldn't be Lord Amlett. Anyway, she fixed a time limit, and I beat it while the gate was open. Then they dragged me back and I ran into this rough-house. They tried to arrest me for forgery a little while back, and at midnight Olivia and I were to catch the express for Scotland to look for you."

"She said she was Lady Amlett, did she? And, strictly speaking, you were fool enough to believe her?"

"Well, if it comes to that, how did you know her?"

"She came to me here before I went away and said that she was an old flame of Philip's."

"Looks like blackmail to me," said Charlie Miggs, making a slight movement toward the woman in green.

"You be quiet," said Jeremy; and then turning to Lord Amlett, "And you believed her?"

"What else could I do? She had some of his letters. She threatened to expose him. She said she was married to him. I gave her money, because it seemed to satisfy her. I didn't want a scandal."

"My hat!" said Jeremy, turning to the woman in green. "D'you mean to tell me that it was only money you wanted?"

She smiled at him inscrutably.

"It was only money at first," she said softly. "But when you met me, when I saw you, I knew then that it wasn't money at all I wanted."

Suddenly she threw up her head and looked round at them all, challenging, defiant, hostile.

"You're none of you worth what he is," she cried. "He's a man anyway. You look down on me; you think I'm a drab. So I have been. It's all right if you haven't brains. But I had—and it hurt! I determined to get money some other way. I'd known Philip Arthurton three years ago. And I knew I could get money out of him because of his fear of what had happened. I got money from both of them. Then this man came—Jeremy. It was all different. I watched him; I knew he wasn't Arthur Arthurton. I knew there was some game on. I got in touch with him at last, here, in this very room." Her voice softened. "I've not met men like him before. He was kind to me. He knew that if what I said was true the game was up. But he treated me well. He didn't believe me. He could see that the drab was still there, but he gave no sign that he'd seen it. He acted straight."

Save for the bitter challenge of the woman's words, there was silence. Jeremy, conscious of how near he had been to shipwreck, half amazed at the sudden appearance of Lord Amlett, felt suddenly very tired. The room and all the figures in it seemed unreal, like fantastic dream figures, while from the back of his mind arose a vision of the quiet peace of Cowfont under the stars.

As in a dream he heard the woman say, "I'm not ashamed I love him; and because I love him I'll tell you something else—I never married Philip Arthurton. I've no claim on him at all. There are his letters." She threw them on the table. "Burn them if you like. I never want to see them again. I never want to see any of you again. I'm going. Let me pass."

Tears were streaming down her face as she brushed past them and reached the door. She stopped there, turned and faced them.

"Good-by, Jeremy," she said, "and good luck!" Then she looked at Charles Miggs and smiled. "Good-by, Charlie. Better luck—next time."

He moved forward to intercept her, but the door banged in his face.

It was Joe Polkins who broke the silence which followed her departure.

"Shake, Mr. Laytree," he said, offering his hand. "Apart from the outstanding fact that this is the finest party I've ever been at, I'm proud to know you. A man who can get a kind word and a certificate of merit from a female whirlwind like that young woman is going to do big things. I'm proud to know you. If you'd like to live the simple life for a bit, you'll accept my invitation and come to America. We can't offer you anything like the same excitement; we're a quiet-living people; but I think we could interest you."

"Thanks," said Jeremy. "I hope to come some day."

"And to you, my lord," said Polkins, "I can only say that any time you want to take up residence in Pulldan you're welcome."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I'd better explain this," said Jeremy. "There's a lot to explain "

"But what I want to know is, what about this check?" put in Miggs. "I've got a constable waiting down below for orders. He can't wait all night."

"And what about me?" said Lady Dorothy. "It seems to me that you're forgetting me."

Jeremy groaned. This was the most awkward blow of all.

"To tell the truth," he began, "there are a good many surprises waiting for you, Amlett. I'd better break the first one first. Owing to the stress of circumstances over which I had no control, I've broken off your engagement with Lady Dorothy."

There was an awkward pause. Jeremy kicked himself for having brought such a delicate subject up at all. It was Lady Dorothy herself who broke the rapidly forming ice.

"It's all right, Arthur. Don't look so much like a frightened kitten. Our engagement is broken off. He did it; that's all there is to say about it. I'm quite content to leave it there for the moment. We can talk it over later, if you wish."

"The second thing is," went on Jeremy before Lord Amlett could say anything, "that I signed a check for five hundred pounds for Thane here. He wanted the money. He said you owed it to him. You had left me with practically nothing. Owing again to circumstances, I was forced to pay up. It's the only check I've signed. There are no other money complications."

"Let's see that check," said Lord Amlett.

Miggs handed it over for inspection. Amlett took the check and the bundle of love letters from the table and thrust them both in the fire.

"That's that," he said grimly. "Anything else?"

"The third thing is that I've let Pulldan Castle furnished to Mr. Polkins here. But he's quite ready to give up his lease."

"Carry on, Polkins," said Amlett. "That's a minor detail."

"The fourth is, that all the servants at Pulldan have given notice; but now that you've come back, they'll probably be only too glad to stay on."

"Go on; you seem to have been enjoying yourself."

"The last thing, and to my mind the most important, is that Olivia and I are engaged to be married. We should hate to get married without your consent and we hope that you'll make no difficulties about it."

"Bless you, my children, or any other words to that effect you prefer," said Lord Amlett. "Send me a piece of the wedding cake, and if I'm not too busy straightening out the colossal mess you seem to have made of everything you have touched, I'll come to the wedding. As for you, Miggs ——"

"Oh," said Colonel Jackson, "he'd better come to my room tomorrow morning. He's wasted on work like this. I'll find him a better job—something without any women in it."

"Yes, sir," said Miggs. "Anything else, sir?"

"No, not tonight; you may go."

"I think I'll go too," said Thane. He offered his hand to Jeremy. "I wish you luck, Laytree. I'm sorry about what's happened. But I believed you were a wrong 'un. If you'd only told me I'd have helped you. Anyway, good luck."

"Cheerio," said Jeremy, "and many thanks."

"Mr. Laytree," said Polkins, "good-by. I hope you'll remember what I said about coming to America."

"I'm going to bed," announced Olivia. "I'm sleeping here. And I'm tired out. Good night, Jeremy. Good night, Arthur. Good night, Dorothy. Till tomorrow!"

"I'm going to beat it," said Jeremy. "I feel as though I'd just come up for the third time and found I wasn't drowned. Good night, everybody. I'm going to a first-class hotel to sleep for a week."

Lady Dorothy and Lord Amlett were left together. She looked at him curiously, wondering what attitude he would adopt toward her. He paced to and fro, choosing his words, wondering himself what to say. At last he faced her.

"Dorothy," he began at last, "I'm going to be frank."

"I prefer it," she answered.

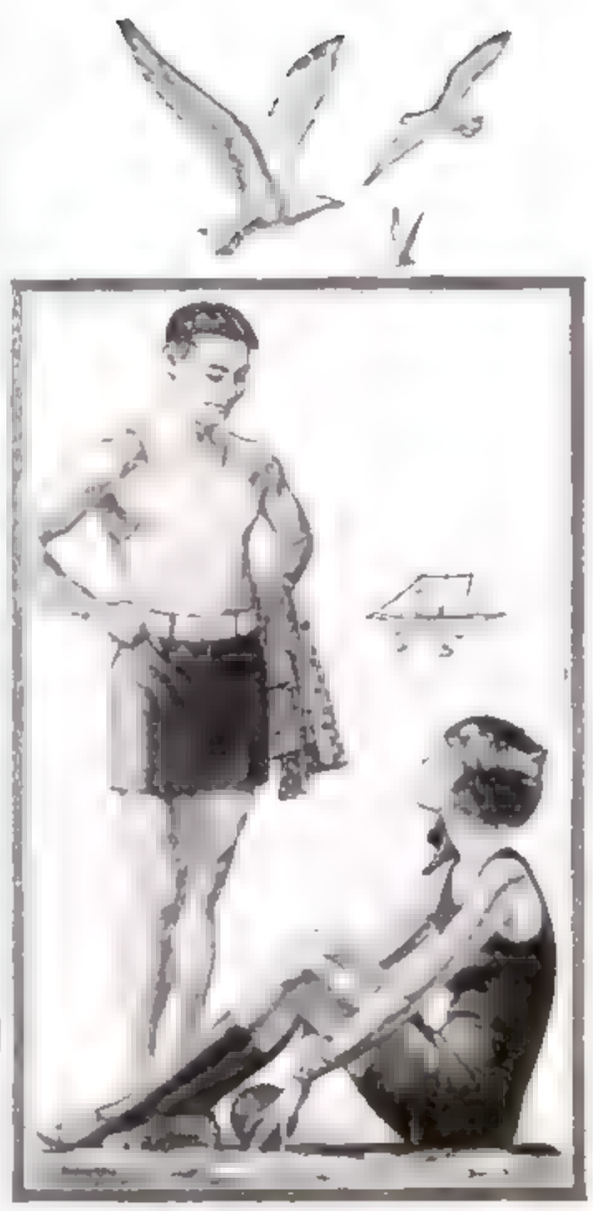
"I think we both know now that we have made a mistake. Isn't that right?"

"It is—dreadfully right."

"Laytree has broken off our engagement. That, of course, doesn't count. We are still engaged. I'm going to offer you your freedom. You must not think too hardly of me, but there's no getting beyond the facts. I watched you while Laytree was speaking. You care far more for him than you ever cared for me. It's no use pretending."

"You need not apologize, Arthur. I offer you your freedom too. Let it be mutual. You're wrong about Laytree. Never mind. I'm not going to argue about it. It's not worth it. I'm going abroad again

(Continued on Page 121)



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Wm. WRIGLEY, Jr.

I'd feel almost as lost without my right leg as without my trusty watch

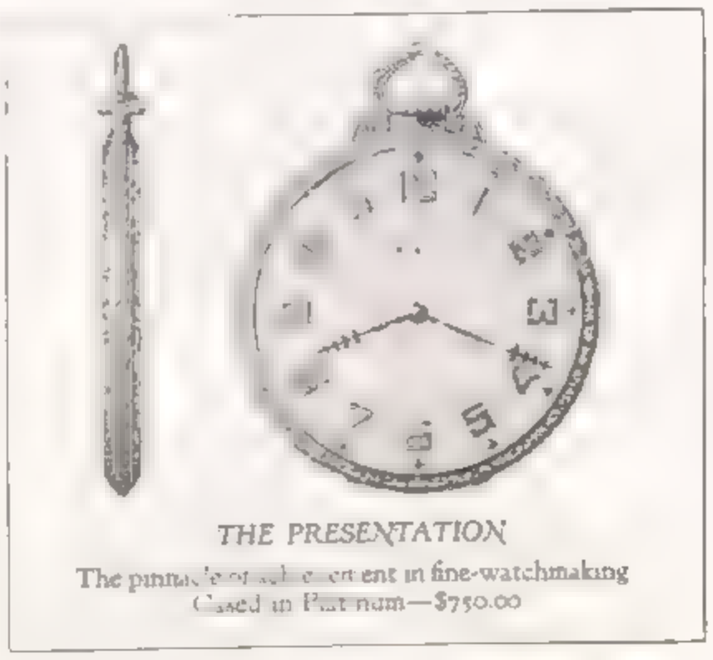
One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

. . . . WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

I find that a great deal can be accomplished in a busy man's life by using up the corners of time that very often are wasted. Punctuality has gotten many a man a good job and kept it for him after he once had it.

Everything in a business way during the last ten years has been run under a very high pressure. Men who used to do one thing are now doing many. And to accomplish many things in a day's work, a watch that keeps time and men who keep time are very necessary.

Many figures have been compiled about many things, some of them astonishing figures. But nobody has ever figured up the amount of time wasted by the average business man in waiting for tardy people to keep an appointment.



THE PRESENTATION

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Personally, I would be about as well off without my leg as without my watch—which, by the way, is an Elgin.

My father gave me my first Elgin on my twenty-first birthday. I carried this watch for many years and it always kept time, otherwise I would not have kept it. In later years, I have carried an Elgin strap-watch in place of my Elgin pocket-piece.

But both Elgins are what we would call in our business "hundred percenters." They never fall down—are always on the job—and always on time.

—*by* Wm. Wrigley, Jr.

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(Continued from Page 119.

soon, and perhaps I shan't come back. We part friends?"

"I hope so. Thank you. You always were a brick."

"Ask Willett to get a car for me, will you?"

There were no more words between them, and she left him at last, alone in the wrecked room.

"I suppose it's all right," he said, puzzling over what had happened.

He picked up a chair and set it upon its legs. Then he crossed the room and with a quizzical smile set the rakishly hanging sporting print straight upon its cord.

"There'll be a deuce of a job straightening all this out," he murmured.

XVII

LORD AMLETT, the real Lord Amlett, the genuine descendant of the Amlett family, sat upon the edge of the dressing table in Olivia's bedroom.

"My dear kid," he said, "you might jolly well get up. It's not as though there isn't lots to do."

"Here, have an apple"—she threw him one across the room—"and don't grouse. There may be lots to do, but we're not going to do it. You think that you're the center of the proceedings. You may be, my dear, but Jeremy and I are thinking otherwise. He's going to take me down into the country."

"The deuce he is!" said Lord Amlett. "And what about me? What about all the accounts and the mess there is to clear up?"

"You didn't give him much help, did you?" she asked, smiling. "You just went off and left him to it."

"Tell the truth, kid, I was terrified out of my life of Lady Dorothy. I could feel it in my bones she'd make me marry her, so I ran."

"She won't marry you now," said Olivia.

"How do you know that?"

"Guessed it. A good guess, too, eh?"

"I suppose it's because you're full up to here of your precious Jeremy Laytree. That's what makes you so quick. I suppose if he comes I'll show him up, eh?"

"You do!" she said, gathering the bedclothes round her in mock terror. "I'd never forgive you! You have my permission to retire, monsieur. Her ladyship is going to rise from her couch."

Amlett fell into the game, raised her fingers delicately to his lips, kissed them and then bowed his way out.

"Laytree is a lucky devil," he grumbled; "the kid's worth twenty of him. And all I get out of it is a broken engagement!"

Jeremy was waiting for him in the study.

"Ah, good morning, Amlett. Here's something of yours." He plumped down a large envelope containing close on three thousand pounds in cash. "I never used it. Hadn't time."

"If I'd sent it sooner things might have been easier for you. Anyway it's yours now, Laytree; you've earned it—more than earned it. It'll help you on a little. Incidentally, I'm going to make you a wedding present in solid cash. Not for your sake, you silly ass—for Olivia's sake. I'll make that three thousand up to ten thousand. That will give you some sort of a margin. Olivia'll have her own settlement under the will. She'll have about twenty-five thousand pounds, I should think. It's up to you to get busy and make the shares equal. You're a good sort, Laytree. I'm glad to have met you. Where are you taking my sister?"

Jeremy told him of Cowfont and of the career which was waiting for him there.

"That's the sort of thing," said Amlett. "I'm glad. I was afraid you might want to go back to Africa."

"A week ago," said Jeremy, "I'd have gone to the North Pole or the crater of Vesuvius rather than stop in England. When I saw your unexpected dial at the door I could have wept on your shoulder."

The clock in the hall struck eleven.

"Hear that? That means port and biscuits!" said Amlett.

"Yes, I know," said Jeremy; "I'd gathered that much. But you left me to find it out. Here's good health, you blighter, anyway!"

Three years later, Jeremy Laytree and his young wife—she was Olivia Arthurton, you know, sister of Lord Amlett. Oh, yes, he's a viscount. There is some talk in the next honors list—walked in the grounds of the park they had made for themselves. Across the lawn, which was patchy but which was improving, came old Weathers on the arm of his son Dibdin.

"Welcome back!" said old Weathers. "It's good to see you again. And how's the house?"

"All as we wanted it, thanks to you," said Olivia. "It is going to be perfect."

She crossed and took the old man's arm. They were close friends. Through the long busy three years of her engagement to Jeremy Laytree, Olivia had grown to look to old Weathers almost as a father. They talked together often when Jeremy was off riding in some distant part of the estate, superintending draining or timber felling or studying the details of some plan for the development of the acres under his control.

In the three years he had been there the place had begun to show signs of a great change. There were no phenomenal alterations. Nature gives back her effects slowly. But it was felt that a capable hand had at last taken control; and because of it, the water began to disappear from the low-lying meadows, the ditches were clear and musical with running water, not stagnant and blocked. The cheery sound of the wood feller was heard and across the fields in autumn came the pleasant tang of wood smoke.

Gradually the place began to take shape, to grow, to slip into its place of ordered usefulness and quiet beauty along with the other ancient houses of the North Weald. The gradual but continual improvement was talked about; people saw a wilderness reclaimed before their eyes. The figure of Jeremy Laytree, spare, workmanlike, in well-cut riding kit, was known in all the villages. Especially did the women look after him. That rumpled head, that air of wistfulness and that hidden spark of humor behind those very straight and honest eyes—all qualities very dear both to men and women. But it had soon been seen to be hopeless. When Olivia Arthurton, riding a great bay mare, swept through the fields at Jeremy's side that first winter it was a foregone conclusion. It was enough to see them together to know. And the gossips gossiped and the smilers smiled, but Jeremy stuck to his idea of a three years' engagement.

"By that time we shall know," he said, "whether I'm going to break this wilderness or it's going to break me. We shall know exactly what we think of each other, and there will be no shocks."

"You're far more careful about it than you were about impersonating that Lord Amlett fellow," old Weathers had said at the time.

"Well, marriage is a serious business, sir. And Olivia agrees with me. After all, if I'd been caught out in that impersonation affair, I might have been put in prison. If he had never returned, it might have been for a long time. But marriage—that's for life! That's more serious than any other step you can take, because someone else's happiness is mixed up with it. It's two lives, not one."

The wedding had been from Pulldan Castle, and now the two were returning to Cowfont after a honeymoon in Italy.

Jeremy watched his bride on the old man's arm. She looked so young, so frail, and yet so independent. She was not independent any longer. It was his job to care for her, to make her life happy, to shield her from disaster. That was how he saw it, and he knew that she shared his view.

There were heaps of letters waiting for them. One stood out from the others, because of the fantastic length and color of its envelope. It was a pale chrome yellow, and the address, "Jeremy Laytree, Esq.," was written in Chinese ink, very black and startling. It was from Lady Dorothy, and from Kentucky.

"I hear you have just been married," she said. "My congratulations and my best wishes. I mean these quite sincerely. I think you were right.

"I'm staying with the ever-delightful Mr. Polkins. He asks me to marry him at least once every week, and sometimes oftener. I have ideas about it, but they are sketchy and vague. But he is a dear man. . . . Aleck Thane went through here the other day. He's shooting bears or something messy in the Rockies.

"When we discussed poetry together once, you amused me beyond words. You wanted to escape from a discussion of present-day poetry, and you said therefore that your taste was going back. When I asked how far back, you said Milton. I am quite convinced you have never read a line of Milton.

"That is no reason why you should not begin. I am sending you as a wedding present a first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. It will perhaps inspire you to start a library. In any case I'd rather you had it than America. I love this country for the newness, but it's too new for Milton.

"I hope you will come to America to see me before I am forced to sign myself Mrs. Joe Polkins. How awful!"

"Even her restlessness is amusing," thought Jeremy—"that is, at a distance."

He and Olivia wandered away down by the stream.

They stood for a while on the stone bridge which had been built there to replace a fallen thing of decayed wood. Already time was at work coloring the stones, welding the bridge into the color scheme of the wood. It was his bridge, thought Jeremy, but in time it would be part of the countryside which had welcomed him back and found a place for him.

He took Olivia in his arms. All around was the feeling of growth, the knowledge of change, the consciousness of a million, million tiny noises, making up the vast processes of life.

"This is our work," he said; "you and I, Olivia. Real honest and good work this time, and two bagfuls!"

She looked up at him happily.

"I'm glad you're happy about it, Jerry," she said. "It's going to be wonderful to share it with you—to work together. Kiss me, Jerry. I'm very happy."

Together they walked on through their new paradise.

(THE END)

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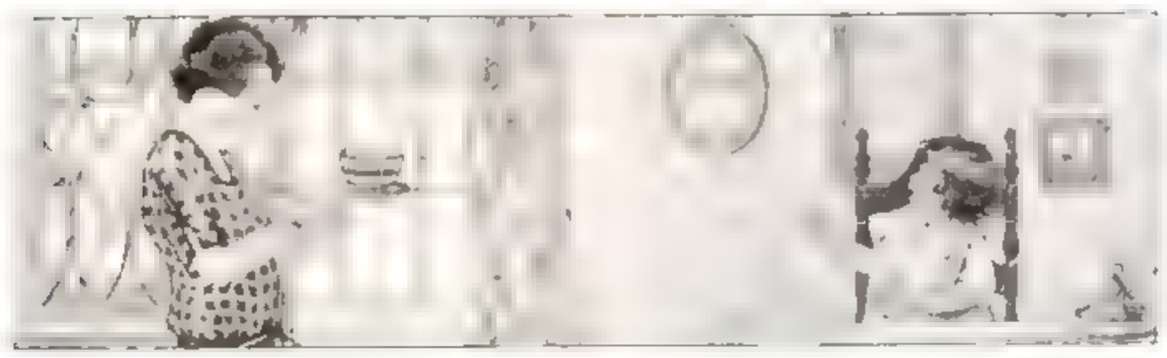

Never tell a child "This is good for you"

How to give your children the food they need in a form that they love—the *new* way in child feeding

HERE are whole grains with the lure of a confection, airy grains puffed to eight times their normal size, crisp and toasty, with the flavor of nut-meats.

Why then force a child to eat less enticing foods that are "good for them," yet containing but the same food elements? Thousands of mothers are avoiding this mistake. It's just as easy to supply minerals, bran, vitamines in an enticing form; to make breakfast an adventure!

* * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat is selected *whole wheat*. But whole wheat made delicious. Every food cell is broken, by steam explosion, making digestion easy.

Serve with cream or milk—or with half and half. Mix with

melted butter as a tidbit between meals. Try as a garnish with ice cream, and as a special allurement, with cooked or fresh fruit.

Children revel in these dainty grains. *They* think they're confections. *You* know they're whole grains.

Today order of your grocer; see what new delights this modern grain food brings.

Puffed Rice, too

Quaker Puffed Rice is rice steam exploded like the wheat—the daintiest and most delightful of grain foods. Ideal as a bed-time dish to supply nutrition as little bodies sleep, and to alternate with Puffed Wheat.

The Quaker Oats Company

THE MAN OF SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

"You haven't heard of Von Steinlach and his gun dog Captain von Wetten—the emergency diplomats that were played across Europe during the war wherever the work was too dirty or too dangerous for the regular ambassadors? Von Steinlach, man? Come, be yourself!"

Captain Benest took his fork and a forkful of his omelet, golden-brown, with tiny specks of *fines herbes* showing upon its complexion like sun freckles upon the face of a healthy girl.

"I have drunk with him," he answered.

Stanley Post sat back and looked at him with genuine indignation.

"And you never told me a word," he said. "Secret diplomacy again, that's what it is! Me, giving you the goods every time I get them, the solid stuff, an' you two—why, I'll bet the major there has dined with him!"

The major was using his napkin. He spoke through it.

"You win!" he said. It is characteristic of wearers of the Victoria Cross that they are not loquacious.

"I've a damn good mind to quit you two tight-mouths," said Stanley Post. And then he grinned. "An' I would, too, if there were any other white men in the city. Though a man who would sop up that Brunswick stew with a ladle ——"

He nodded a significant head toward the major's disarrangement of plates.

"Goulash," retorted the major tranquilly. "Not Brunswick. Spoon—not ladle. Go to hell!"

"Oh, shut up!" answered Stanley Post. "In spite of all I know about you—and that's plenty—I'm tryin' to put something before you which might be worth thinking about, always supposing you've got something to think with. Listen to me, will you?"

"Oh, carry on!" said the major, and groped for his cigar case.

Captain Benest said nothing; but his plainly apparent expectancy was enough for the man before him, the man who not only knew but could tell it. He told it to several million people each week, and he told it discreetly and well.

"Well, friends, Romans and undesirable aliens, lend me your ears," he invited. "Apart from the bilge which you usually lap, as a stray tomcat laps skim milk, when I'm good enough to put out a pan of it for you ——"

The major rose.

"Got an appointment," he said. "So long!"

"Confound you! Sit down!" said Stanley Post. "Can't you stand a bit of guying? And you've got to hear anyhow! It's your job—an', worse still, it's mine."

The major resumed his chair. He was a bulky man; there were people in the world who had mistaken his bulk for mere fat and had been undeceived.

"Give you five minutes," he said, and was forthwith large and bland and passive.

"Thanks most frightfully," answered the special correspondent bitterly. "That's English, isn't it? But you've got to hear this. Of course there may be nothing in it."

He paused. The major had his cigar well alight. He repeated, in a dreamy voice, the voice of one full-fed and at peace with his digestion and his palate, "There may be nothing in it."

Stanley Post's eyebrows contracted.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "There may be nothing in it, but it'll bear thinkin' about. Are you two goin' to listen, or are you just goin' to sit there and—and shut your atrophied brains?"

"I," said Captain Benest, "am going to listen"

The major moved his large cigar from his large lips.

"Oh, carry on!" he said, and restored his cigar to the place in that case made and appointed.

Stanley Post surveyed them both with every outward sign of strong dislike.

"I wouldn't tell you at all," he said, "but I've got some sense of my duty. Now hark! You know about this Conradi man? You know what he's done, do you?"

"He invented an artificial leg," said Benest calmly. "I'm wearing one now. It's a good leg, but expensive."

"Did he?" Stanley Post stared at him. "An artificial leg—and you're wearing one now? If the Armistice hadn't come when it did, you might have been wearing artificial eyes too! You heard of his gas—the stuff which no known mask can stop, which goes through textiles and rubber and leather as if it weren't there at all? And one touch of it on the eyes is blindness, incurable blindness, everlasting blindness! And any dye factory can be arranged to make it by the ton—you heard of that?"

"I heard of that," answered Captain Benest. "I know that gas; every nation makes it now—in readiness. And I know about the anthrax shells and the poison battalions. And I know about the explosives in the coal which will be offered us for import, and about the many millions of counterfeit French and English bank notes which will be snowed all over the world to ruin our credit."

He smiled. His little smile involved a jutting forth of the under lip, a movement of contempt that was yet kindly and tolerant.

"And I know, too," he went on, "our preparations to answer most of it." He ceased smiling and frowned. "Beastly!"

The bottle-nosed major grunted.

"Ours too!" he said.

And Stanley Post, who knew much, whose trade it was to know it all, was suddenly aware that here he was in the company of two men who were the authentic confidants of the future. There was Benest, dark, grave, comely, with his real modesty and his no less real achievement—for the mine which had exploded prematurely had been laid under direct rifle and machine-gun fire; he did not wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor for nothing; and there was the major, insufficient of speech, gross-bodied, with the manners of a coachman—coachmen have commonly very good manners—with his hard-earned honors and his future peerage. And there was himself, with his razor-edged intelligence, his great gift for expression and the vast knowledge which he was not privileged to keep to himself. He knew that Europe was reorganizing its means of creating hell; that throughout the Continent nation after nation was perfecting and polishing the means of terror and slaughter; that the late war was a mere experiment; that the seeming peace was a breathing space and that Armageddon was yet to come.

And these two quiet men knew it too—and went on being quiet!

"You're mighty encouraging, the pair of you," said Stanley Post, "when a man's tryin' his darnedest to make you worth your pay. I told you I saw that little reptile goin' up to Steinlach's rooms, didn't I? You didn't let me get as far as telling you that I paged through the hotel register to find out who else was here, and that I rang them up from the desk telephone and found they were all in Steinlach's rooms too."

He paused. A journalist knows how to break his speech into paragraphs. One must present oneself effectively; it is one's only compensation for being oneself.

"The first," he went on, "was an Englishman." He waited; the major continued to smoke; Captain Benest uttered no word and moved no feature.

"Lord Sleigh," said Stanley Post. They did not speak. "Ever heard of him?" he demanded.

The major moved his cigar to answer; but before he spoke he yawned.

(Continued on Page 125)

Without these the city *perishes*

UNDER the streets, unthought of except when something goes wrong, run the veins and arteries by which a city lives. Water mains, sewers, gas pipes, and electric conduits combine their functions as the very means of life for the whole community. If they should fail, Disease would race with Fire to see which could destroy the city first.

These pipe lines were laid for you. They reach along your street; they branch out all through your house.

Down town they make your office a decent place to work. They serve hotels, theaters, churches and stores—every building, public or private, within the city limits.

Whatever you build, you need Walworth

Every new building becomes a part of these systems, each with its own plumbing, gas lines and other installations. At some time in the discussion of the plans someone specifies the pipe, valves and fittings which are to make the connections and give life to the new structure.

Too often the dependability of the whole installation is sacrificed then and there to the lowest bidder because no one had an opinion of his own to offer.

Whenever *your* decision can swing the balance in such discussions, remember the one word "Walworth." It stands for one complete line of installation parts for the safe handling and control of water, gas, steam, oil and air. It stands for eighty years of leadership in making the right valve and the right fittings for almost any kind of job.

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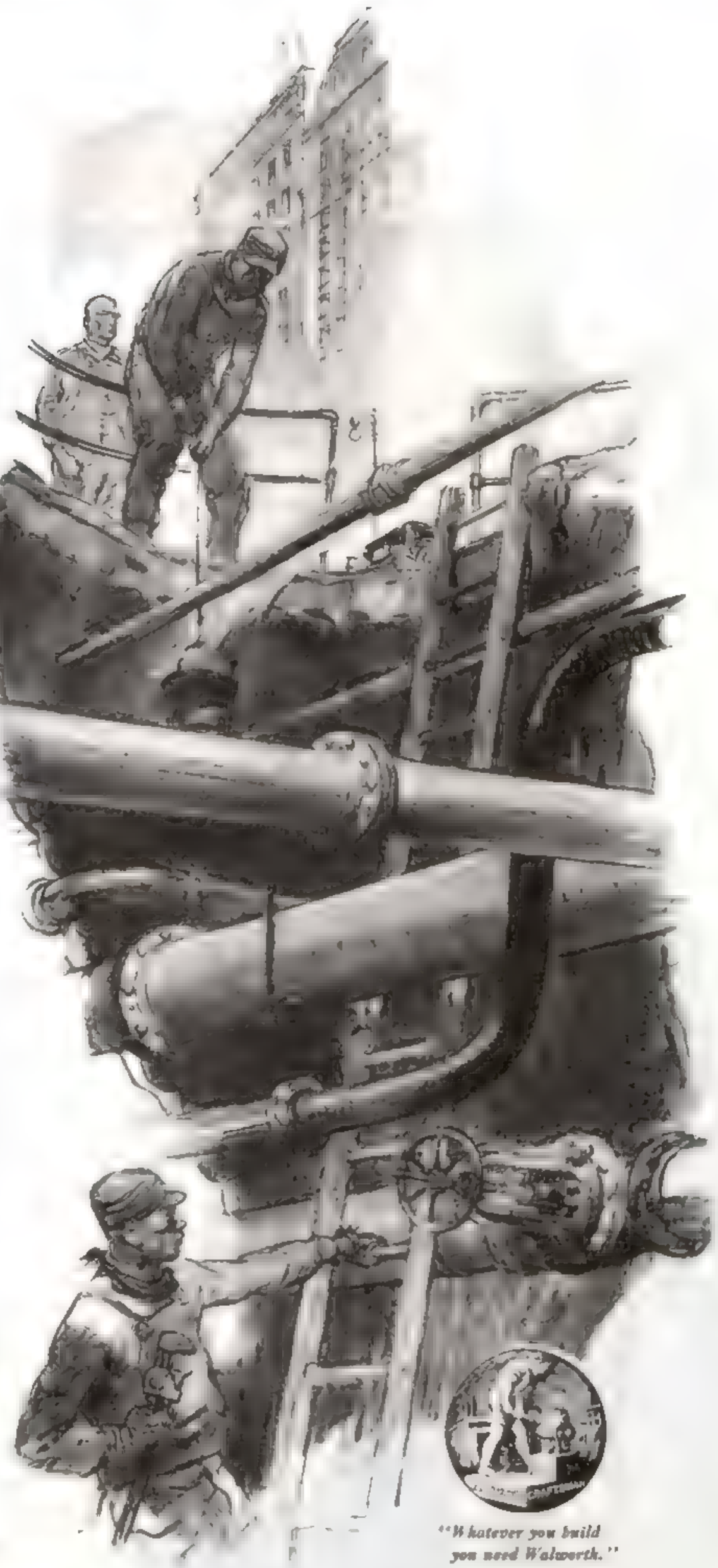

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Cousin of mine," he said very indifferently. Then, reflectively—"All my cousins are blackguards. Told 'em so often."

He replaced his cigar and relapsed to his previous attitude of torpid comfort. Stanley Post sat up.

"Is Van Haagh a cousin of yours too?" he demanded. "The Dutch munitioneer? Sure he didn't absent-mindedly marry your aunt? That's fine, for he was there too. And Verville, the Frenchman! Say, Benest, isn't he a cousin of yours?"

"No," said Captain Benest as calmly as ever. "He is not; but his wife is."

Stanley Post gaped at him. The major continued to smoke, placid as a cud-chewing cow; Captain Benest did nothing in particular; only the brilliant little American boiled over.

"I'm glad I'm not a European," he said. "It isn't only a family party—with your blasted aunts and cousins scattered round so's you can't heave a rock without beaning a near-and-dear—it's a conspiracy! What relation to which of you was our man, the American, Wantage? He's got money enough to be anybody's providential brother-in-law. No claimants?" For they did not answer. "Well, that's the gang your friend Conradi went up to sit in with. And I'd give a good deal to know what he's got to say to them or what they've got to say to him."

The major moved his cigar again. He had a large arm, a thing large and slow as an elephant's trunk, with brown fingers as thick as sausages.

"Don't be so damn American!" he said, and resumed his cigar.

"Oh!" said Stanley Post. "And don't you be so damn English with me! If there was less aristocracy and more gray matter in that dome of yours, you'd see I was giving you something to work on. There's a committee of them, man—millionaires, munitioneers, profiteers—from Germany, France, England, the States, with that terrible driving brain of Von Steinlach among them; and then this little beast who can contrive means of more villainous death where the other devises methods of more spacious life—he is sent for! He is one of them! Why? What's the answer to that?"

He slammed it at them. He had learned much in his time, and taught much; but he had not acquired the dire indefatigable calm of those who had looked Death in the face and stared him down.

"A lemon, I s'pose," said the major indifferently. "Was that what you wanted?" He rose again. "Told you I'd got an appointment."

Stanley Post said several indecorous words, but he and Captain Benest rose likewise. The major moved ahead of them like an ice breaker before a flotilla. The aisles between the tables were seething with brilliantly dressed people seeking tables; pauper Germany yet demanded spendthrift provender, from the aeroplane-carried Volga caviar to the Riviera peaches. They came into the vast hall, whence the great staircase branched grandly up.

And think! Think hard! They are all over the world, these fattening pens for those who make wars, who live on them and never die in them. The long thick-carpeted corridor; the lobby and the rococo anteroom, where inventors and reporters and little diplomats and such trash are planted to wait; then the reception room, with the immaculate tired secretary at his desk in a corner, and in the middle of it the great shining table of the potentate. No papers on it, of course; only silver desk furniture; some of them actually go as far as gold. Beyond that is the salon. All these rooms open on a string from one into the other; and farther on—you never get farther on—are the splendors of the drawing-rooms, the lavishness of the bedrooms, the dazzling white and silver of the bathrooms.

And all this will be frame and background, the vehicle—as wine might have been the vehicle of a Borgian poison—of some bald-headed gnome, groping his way from tariff wars to battleship building, and thence to shell making and on to food control and population control. All over the world! Men don't die in wars for right and freedom and humanity any more; they die to furnish the caviar and the peaches!

"Well," said the major, "I'm goin' to the embassy. Got an appointment."

"I'll go with you," said Stanley Post, "in case you're not lying as usual, and your appointment's about something interesting. You, Benest?"

And then he followed Benest's fixed eyes. He was staring. Within the revolving doors from the street there stood a man and a girl. They were both in black, the girl in that profound completeness of black which has only one meaning. They were taking leave of each other. The man turned—he was little and flimsy and shabby—you recognize him, of course—and went toward the broad staircase. He had his crack-seamed doctor's bag in his hand.

"Gosh!" said Stanley Post. "Old man C. O. Incidence is right on the job and cracking records, at that. It's that feller we were talking about—Conradi—see him?"

"I have an appointment," said Captain Benest.

The revolving doors had just closed behind the girl. The professor was halfway up the first ascent of the wide and shallow stairs.

"Good-by," said Captain Benest, and strode at once to the doors.

The major and Stanley Post looked after him and then looked at each other.

"Of course!" said Stanley Post at length.

"Umph!" said the major. "Of course!" he conceded finally. "Share a taxi—what?" he inquired.

"Of course," answered Stanley Post.

III

"DEMOCRACY has failed," spoke the Baron von Steinlach from his seat at the table. "It has always failed; it must always fail. I will not inflict a speech or a lecture upon you; but since it is the first time we have all met together, it is well that our principle should be clear to all of us. For principles are like shackles, and a man in shackles always knows his range of action."

It was a vast room in which he spoke—one of the many splendid stables of Death's white horse to which allusion has been made. Paneled with oak, carpeted with rugs whereon saints had knelt with their faces toward Mecca, and with a long and narrow table at which an abbot had once presided over the refectory of his monks. Baron von Steinlach sat in the seat that once had been the abbot's. At the farther end of the table were certain bottles and glasses. In the wide English hearth there glowed a quiet fire of wood built of those old English battleships that are cut up and sold for fuel; it showed little spurts of blue and green and crimson flame. It had probably fought alongside of Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar.

The baron was a large man, yet not tall—a solid and deliberate man, great in the frame, without the fact or the suggestion of the pot-belly which is almost *regelmässig* in an elderly German who has always had the means of doing himself well. He had a small white mustache and his white hair was cropped close; he showed to those who sat about the great room a pink elderly face whereon the footsteps of his seventy years had left only tracks of humor about the eyes. There were no visible scars upon him of those battles, dire and bloodlavish, which he had fought here and there, from Bukharest to Washington—till the close season for Washington started—when Ludendorff was his washpot and over Hindenburg he had cast out his shoe.

There was a club fender, leather-seated, before the wood fire. Lord Sleigh sat there, very accurately tailored—even a little too much so for his fifty-odd years and the strongly wrinkled ivory of his clean-shaven face. He was a man of vast and various possessions; he had nearly infinite means of doing evil, and the evil he did was limited only by the narrow bounds of his imagination. He counted among his contemporaries as a dirty story counts among fairy tales; men might know him, but they didn't care to admit it.

"Oh, principles!" he said now. "We were goin' to hear about ways and means; that's what we came here for."

There was a chintz-covered armchair at the other elbow of the hearth. In it sat Fergus Wantage, the American. Behind him, in the embrasure of the tall window, sat Mynheer van Haagh, dark and little, as Dutchmen commonly are not, with unwavering shoe-button eyes and traces of a habitual small smile—something humorous, nothing genial, but merely a seeming behind which the cruel and unresting mind lay in ambush. Remember there were Spaniards once in Holland, and they had their own way with the Dutch—for a time.

These were rulers; half the world was theirs already. Van Haagh was shipping, with mighty supports of Javanese sugar, with prospects of East Indian cotton, that Golconda of the near future, of oil from Borneo, rubber from Sumatra, and pearls, opium, spices and rare timber from all three; a little empire was his—and not so little, at that, branching and tentacling through the Dutch East Indies and British Malaya, reaching out toward Siam, with Burma in view. And beyond that, for a goal, as heaven is the goal of the Christian, incalculable, unsurpassable, the terrible and overwhelming possibilities of China.

Wantage—he was anything you can think of which makes civilized life possible. He was coal and steel and railroads; he was oil and banking—he had to be that—and insurance and real estate. He was also as kindly a man, as lavish toward well-advertised charities, as cheery and complaisant in manner and counsel, as ever sucked the blood of a great community.

Captain von Wetten, whom Stanley Post had described as the baron's gun dog, late of the Prussian Guards, with marks of them stamped all over him, in the high superciliousness of his countenance, as though he suffered mankind, other than Guardsmen and Prussian aristocrats, patiently but not gladly, in the rigid correctness of his garb, and even in the stringless and rimless monocle that inhabited the socket of his right eye, sat at the table, silent and very upright, in the attitude, easy and showy, with which a cavalryman sits a horse on parade.

Verville, the Frenchman, was at the end of the table opposite to the baron. Fashionable summer resorts and winter resorts, killing pens for the tired rich, the idle rich and the silly rich—that was his game! And, of course, munitions; you can never get away from munitions. With unblemished, olive-tinted complexion, delicate pencilings of eyebrows and mustache and wide dreamy eyes—God save and preserve us from those dreams!—he was as beautiful as a snake and as horrible as a snake and a million times more poisonous.

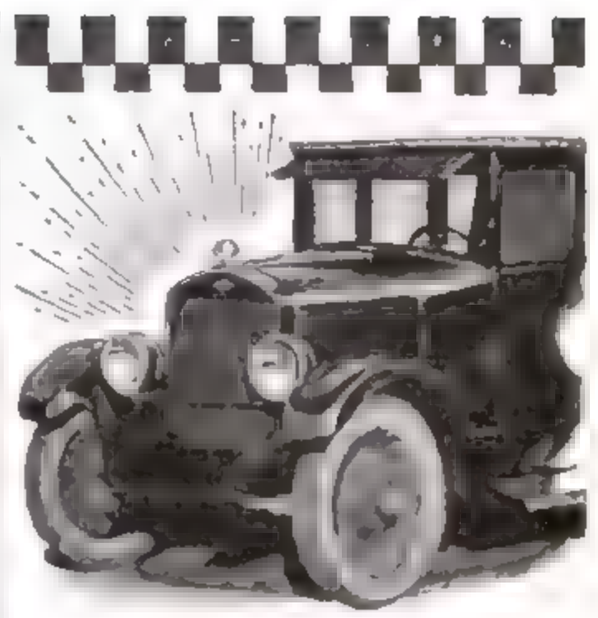
And then, in the embrasure of the other tall window, defiling the *mise en scène* with his paltriness, the misery of his clothes, his general effect of being a creature of no account, knowing it, and not caring a hoot in hell about it, with his little bag and the trodden heels of his trousers, and the inflexible merriness of his eyes, which looked over the head of all human judgments, was the professor!

An obscene object in that little gathering of aristocrats and millionaires; like a rat in a throne room; but like a rat in a throne room where the king and his courtiers were afraid of rats.

"Me," said Wantage, "I'd like to hear this principle business. Principles or policy—you can call it which you like. We're meeting all together for the first time, an' we want an understanding, with all of us in it, about how we stand an' where we're heading."

"And I," said the little dark Dutchman.

Verville, the Frenchman, merely smiled his acquiescence. Lord Sleigh shrugged in surrender to the majority.



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"All right," he said ungraciously, and produced his cigarette case. Gold, of course; there are certain obligations of vulgarity and ostentation which millionaires, unless they are of exceptional character, cannot escape.

"Well"—the Baron von Steinlach had bided their time—"I was going to point out to you—to express for us all—the total of the position. I said that democracy had failed, as it must always fail. A hundred million of mixed human beings can no more govern themselves than one man, as an autocrat, can govern a hundred million people. Neither of those things has ever been done. Czars, kaisers, kings and presidents have always been, and always will be, the instruments and the servants of self-appointed minorities. Of a governing class, as in England, where half a dozen families pull the strings which make the empire jump; of great business interests, as in America and Germany; of a clique, almost a secret society, of bankers and financiers, as in France; of, in short, oligarchies."

He paused and looked about him. Lord Sleigh was trifling with his cigarette; Wantage was frowning in heavy attention, silently judging every word; Verville and Van Haagh were expressionless. He knit his strong white brows.

"All this has been said already amongst us, though it is the first time we meet together all at one time; and that is why it is well to state it. What, after all, is an oligarchy?" He paused again. "There are moments when I believe in fate," he went on; "when it seems to me that something besides ability, knowledge and inward power has appointed certain men to rule and the rest of mankind to be ruled."

Wantage spoke suddenly.

"Talk business," he said, "and don't go preaching. I've got preachers of my own. You told us you were going to show us a trick. I'm onto all this oligarchy stuff and that's all right with me. The world's too small, anyhow, for all this mess of kings and presidents and the rest of the picture cards. But what are you goin' to do about it? If it's a war, you can call it a day. I can make my own war any time I want it, and shatter my own honest steel with my own explosives while I'm killing my own customers. So if it all comes down to restoring conquered Germany at my expense—another war with France, and a loan of a hundred millions for it an' that kind of bunk—well, you won't need to talk to me, because I'll be stricken with deafness. See?"

In his way, his very effective way, he was as forcible and expressive as the old baron. If he lacked the manner and the culture of the trained and practiced old European diplomat, whose unwavering blue-gray eyes had in their time outfaced resistant kings, baffled ambassadors and humbled spur-clinking generals, he had other qualities. This super-millionaire had begun life with a shovel at the foot of a slag heap; he had ground himself smooth on one side and rough on the other in contacts of which the baron had never dreamed; and the rough side was really rough.

"Not sayin' a word against you, baron. Little village—now!—oligarchies was the bunk. There was mighty things that could be done. A world oligarchy—that was the idea! Am I right?"

"You are perfectly right," answered the old baron. "It could not have been better put. A world oligarchy, precisely, with the power of compulsion. Don't leave that out; it is essential. The power of compulsion! Think what that means! If every man, out of the millions with which you deal, had to have your leave to live, and without it certainly and inevitably to die—if you had the power to give him the means of life in a glass tube no bigger than your little finger, or condemn him to certain death by withholding it—if you could do this not only with individuals but with communities, with states, with nations, with practically the whole population of the globe—do you see no advantage in that?"

Lord Sleigh spoke while Wantage, genuinely startled, pondered under the baron's hard blue eyes.

"I can see one thing," he said, flourishing his cigarette. "And that's a greatly increased death rate in my country. Set of swine there! Might be an accident or two in the House of Lords too."

Verville and Van Haagh continued to say nothing. Von Wetten had not spoken; he merely continued to express, in attitude and expression, that he was in the presence of canaille and therefore had nothing to say.

"So now then shall I show you what you have called my tricks?" said the baron. "My magician is here, and he has with him his Pandora's box—or rather, her black bag" He turned to the recess of the tall window nearest to him, where the professor waited like a particularly dilapidated saint in a misfit niche. "Herr Conradi, if you would now be good enough to make to us a statement of your work and its results."

The professor, bag in hand, came forth from the alcove into the immediate presence of those sleek millionaires. His frock coat was too long in the sleeves and the skirts; his trousers rested upon his shoes; and his shoes bulged and were abominable—in concertina folds. Von Wetten, exquisite as a he manikin, looked him up and down and looked pointedly away again; there must be limits to the things upon which a Prussian officer may be called to soil his eyes; genius in hand-me-downs; power in baggy pants; death, damnation and doom, with a cracked patent-leather hand bag and a string tie, are not among those things. But the others were not Prussian Guardsmen who can be contaminated by a breath and destroyed by a blow. They employed men, they were judges of men and they lived upon men. Each of them saw the paste-white face, where the wrinkles were set as though grooved in by the thumb of a sculptor, and the lively eyes that shone forth from it, with their devilish trivial merriment and their deadly contemptuous assurance. They cleared their bright aggressive brains for action.

The baron introduced him, naming him and each of the others in turn. "Pleased to meet you," said Wantage, and the others uttered civil little murmurs. To each of them he gave a funny little Charlie Chaplin bow. He was laughable and pitiful; so mean and squalid against the splendors of the great chamber, so little and poor in the presence of those plutocrats; yet none smiled and none pitied. It is possible that they recognized, with a sudden aroused delicacy of perception, that the man before them was present only in the body; that the real he abode elsewhere, in a wonderland of pure knowledge, upon "the other side of good and evil," whither they could never follow him.

The professor advanced to the table and set down his disgraceful black bag upon its shining surface. He opened it, standing beside Von Wetten, inserted a hand and spoke:

"The Herr Baron has directed me to speak to you in language which is not technical; but to show you things and to relate their effects in the common speech. That which is merely scientific, upon which, later and in due season, your own chemists, pathologists and bacteriologists will report to you, is not for today. This now will interest you."

He drew forth from the bag a fat-bellied phial, elaborately sealed.

"This now," he said. "It is new, though it is eight years ago that I chanced upon it; and then it was useless. It was meant first for employment in war against our enemies; but it was useless. It was worse than useless, for it could not be controlled. The man to whom one administered it—his mucous membrane, within his lips and in the linings of his eyelids, from which the red corpuscles were being surely eliminated—died without fail in a period which one could calculate almost to the hour. But there was this: The condition induced in him was not one of mere poisoning; cyanide of potassium or any one of a dozen deadly drugs would have done that in a second or two. It was a disease, and it was both contagious and infectious. Half a dozen prisoners of war, duly treated, could have been released, and in a hundred days France would have been dying, and in three hundred days all Europe would have died. And in six hundred days the world would have been free to develop through its ages a race of beings to take the place of man. This is it; it has as yet no name."

He held up the fat phial. The liquid within it was as clear as water; it was only a tint in the glass of the phial that seemed to give it a greenish tinge. And it was death; not the trivial ten million or so of deaths which blundering amateurs of slaughter can achieve in a European war, with weapons slowly and painfully developed from the stone hatchet and the bow and arrow into complicated monkey gear like guns and battleships and general staffs and military discipline and propaganda—inspired patriotisms and hatreds. This, held up before them in a puny fist, was death! He said so; and such was the manner of him that they believed.

"But ——" It was Wantage.

The professor set back the phial in the bag.

"I have been allotted subjects for needful experiment," he went on. "They were persons of such condition that it was possible to isolate and seclude them. Pauper lunatics in fact, unnecessary persons at the best, many of them irresponsible criminals. Only two were treated; contagion and infection were left to continue the work. They did not fail. There have been no failures."

"You mean," asked Wantage, rather hoarsely—"you mean there were men shut in with—with these plague carriers?"

The professor nodded.

"There were indeed! I have been seeing the returns this morning. All according to plan. And one case I have inspected myself. Again according to plan. And in the staff, the doctors, the nurses, the guards and so forth, there is no case at all. As I have said—according to plan!"

They waited, and at last Verville spoke.

"You interest me more and more," he said. "I hope you will go on to tell us how these—er—these functionaries of yours contrive to avoid infection and contagion. Speaking for myself, I am unwilling to spend my life in a gas mask."

The professor smiled; he actually smiled. He proved that that waxen mask which he wore in front of his brain could stretch and crinkle.

"Gas masks!" he said. "Why not plate armor? Why not oxhide shields? They all belong to the same date of mentality. Here now—in just a little bottle!"

His hand drew forth and exhibited another fat phial; but this time its contents were red—red as blood or wine. They all stared. The deplorable little man had his gift of self-presentation; he knew, and he could convince his audience that he knew. Only the old baron sat back a little and smothered a smile, for he had not misjudged his man or his men.

"This, too," said the professor, "has as yet no name. Your chemists and the others whom you will employ will put a label on it in due course. It is the control of the preparation which I showed you first. Here is immunity for at least four hundred days; and then, with a fresh administration, for four hundred more, and so on. It seems to me," he added, and strained himself to smile once more, "that I have only to release a couple of pauper lunatics to make this preparation the most valuable and most marketable thing in the world."

None smiled with him.

"There have been deaths then?" inquired Van Haagh from his window seat.

"Oh, yes," answered the professor. "And there will be more. There are no failures."

He returned the second phial to its place and snapped the shabby bag to. He had almost a benignity, a patronizing kindliness, as he looked from face to face of those ruthless and narrowly limited men, these human islands in seas of gold, whom he was prepared to endow with utter dominion over the human race. What they did with it, to what ends of profit or evil they steered it, giving to mankind the alternatives of shocking death or servile life—all that did not concern him. He was a man of science.

"Sounds pretty devilish," said Lord Sleigh. The cigarette between his fingers was extinct. "Nasty stuff to handle! There are plenty of men who'd be better dead, of course; but I'm not keen on doing the killing myself."

Baron von Steinlach smiled slightly under his clipped white mustache. Lord Sleigh was the kind of Englishman he wanted—rich, wicked, presentable and a fool. He turned his eyes upon Verville, and his look was as though he prompted him to answer. Verville responded.

"A means of compulsion," he said. "As our dear Von Steinlach has remarked, a means of compulsion. As to the morality of it—well, morality is only a glaze of color upon facts. But there never was a weapon left lying about the world which someone did not pick up and use; and as to this one, I do not desire it shall be used upon me. So, for my part, I shall pick it up myself."

Wantage grunted.

"There'll be a price for all this," he said. "We'll have to do some more talking of course. I don't think any of us have got the size of this proposition yet. I haven't anyhow. And how you're going to serve out this poison and this immunity dope to several thousand million of people—well ——"

He paused. Van Haagh struck in.

"Matter of a great organization simply," he said; "a vast one, in many countries, in every country. During the last war most of the world was rationed; it was clumsily done, and corruptly; but it worked. And with this antidote we shall be able to collect the one universal tax which is conceivable. Not an impost on property or revenue, which every man does not possess; but a tax on life."

The Baron von Steinlach nodded slowly.

"It is so," he said. "But our friend Wantage is right, of course. There must be more talking and consideration and preparation. Some of us have been a little carried away, I think, by what we have heard. We cannot accept or refuse a gigantic power like this during an after-lunch chat. Great business is not done like that."

The little professor had continued standing by the table with his shabby bag before him. None of them had imagination to look at that bag with horror and reverence, the mean and cheap container of the race's destiny, or they might have been reminded of the mean and cheap earthly habitations of the souls of terrible conquerors, of great and terrible saints, of devastating geniuses. But the baron only looked up at the shabby little black-clad merchant of hell and tyranny and death with the manner of a kindly and courteous man addressing a flunky.

"I don't think we need keep you any longer," he said.

And forth went the professor, obediently, pausing in the doorway, with the black bag in one hand and his hat in the other, to make his funny bow. Then he edged out and was gone, to amble homeward through bright thronged streets where none dreamed that their master was walking among them.

"Now," began the Baron von Steinlach, "we can begin to talk. First ——"

IV

CAPTAIN BENEST, moving briskly despite the leg which dragged, the *Leichtglied*, marked her down at forty yards distance, passing at an even and measured pace through the throng of the street. He overtook her easily, came alongside and raised his hat.

"Pardon," he said. "I am so glad to see that you are not hurt."

She turned toward him the golden shine of her gentle face, with its strange shadow

(Continued on Page 131)

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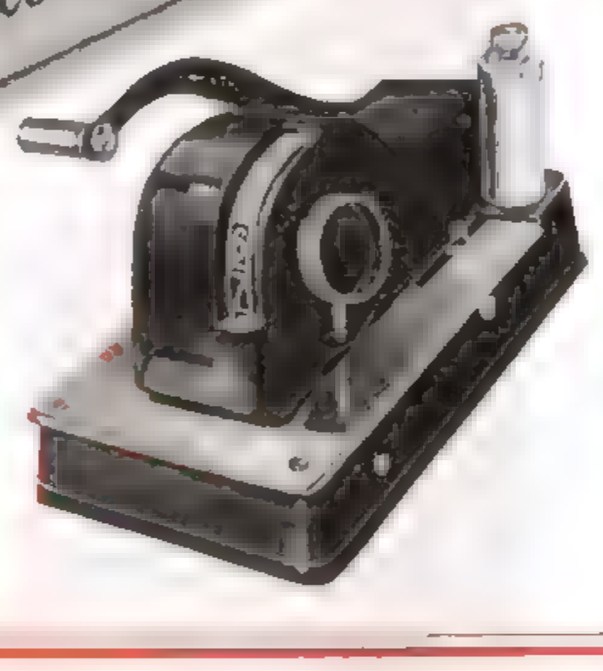

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TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

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Painted by Frank Bensing for Curtis Companies Incorporated

HADDON Hall, the scene of the beautiful romance between Dorothy Vernon and Sir John Manners, is one of the illustrious homes in English History. It was there that Queen Elizabeth visited Sir George Vernon at the time when the Earl of Rutland, father of Sir John Manners, harbored Mary Queen of Scots.

It is a beautiful example of Tudor architecture, the inspiration of most of the English types of homes so popular everywhere these days in America. It is from such sources as these that the English type of woodwork made by Curtis is taken.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

Hallway of English Design

The impression one gets from an English interior is that it is rich and distinctive. Even in comparatively small houses the effect is delightful. You will notice that the door in this hallway is similar in design to the one in Haddon Hall. It is made of materials that will bear close inspection and the workmanship is extra good in even the smallest features. Refer to C-305 (see below at left) in correspondence. This English staircase is C-912.

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YOU can order woodwork such as you see pictured on this page from the Curtis dealer in your locality. The special dignity of English designed woodwork is as available as any other kind. It establishes a background for unusually attractive combinations of interior decoration.

The pictures on this page are photographs taken in homes in which all the woodwork is Curtis-made. There is this about Curtis Woodwork that cannot fail to strike you when you see it, the very evident superiority in design. Only materials that are unquestionably the best grade obtainable are used and standards of construction are followed that human contrivance so far has not been able to excel.

In your completed home you will take pride in Curtis Woodwork. It will be admired by all who see it—especially by those who know the difference. And you'll have the satisfaction of seeing the estimated dollar-value of your house greatly increased by the costly appearance of this woodwork.

Curtis Woodwork is reasonable in price and costs you less than you would ordinarily pay for the same quality of woodwork made in small quantities by a smaller organization. There is a difference in woodwork just as there is a difference in furniture or clothing.

Besides doors, windows, frames, trim, moldings and stairs, Curtis makes such items of permanent furniture as mantels, built-in china cabinets, bookcases, kitchen dressers, linen closets and ironing boards.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork East of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

English Interior Door

This eight-panel English door in oak is substantially made and suggests beamed ceilings and paneled walls. It was photographed in a dining room. Door C-[illegible]. Price averages less than $12.00.

English Casement Window

Each sash has eight lights and swings wide open so that you have the advantage of a full open window. See this design at the Curtis dealer's. C-1030. Price per pair, 1¾" thick, about $4.00. Also made with six lights.

Quaint English China Closet

It was photographed in Morrison, Illinois. This quaint English Closet has divided doors. The top door has sixteen lights. It is a beautiful piece of woodwork. C-[illegible]. Price in oak about $65.00.

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Visible Pump

Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories

(Continued from Page 126)

of old grief and of something which gave Captain Benest to think. The droop, the tensity, the resolution and the withheld appeal! He had seen soldiers, grizzled old ruffians of weathered war experience, who wore that general effect of expression; men, generally, who proved to have shops and little farms behind them, and good wives and cherished children; who looked at the barrage as it crept toward them, and then went on with their work. Unknown warriors, all of them; but the Arc de Triomphe shelters no tomb of the unknown woman who slaved and suffered and died in squalor that her man might die in a glory of flames and thunders. Nothing is popularly less regarded than a dead woman, unless it be a live one. But the girl?

"If you are walking, may I walk a little way and let you see, as best I can, that it is not a hobby of mine to knock ladies down in the street? Or must I, at your command"—they have these gracious phrases in some languages—"must I suffer you to go on alone?"

They were in Unter den Linden again, where it broadened to the Pariser Platz, with the arches of the Brandenburger Thor beyond it, through which there shone benignly the tender green of grass and the varied hues of trees.

"I am going home," she said. "But my uncle will be some little time yet. So I shall sit in the Tiergarten for a while. It is pleasant there on afternoons like this."

He nodded in warm agreement.

"I, at any rate, should find it very pleasant, indeed, if you would accept the circumstances of our first meeting as a sufficient introduction and let me come and sit with you."

She turned her head. The sobriety and kindliness of her regard dwelt on him for some instants; it was plain she was estimating this enemy of her country; it was plain, too, that men had proposed before to sit with her alone in sequestered places. He met her look with no variation of his customary sophisticated calm. The honesty and modesty of him stood as plain upon him as the nose on his face. There was no mistaking it—he was strong and sad and good.

"We could talk," she acquiesced.

"We could, indeed," he answered. "It is people like us who can bridge that huge misunderstanding of our rulers. They could only send ultimatums; they did not know each other; but we can talk."

"Yes," she said slowly. "You see"—she hesitated and then decided—"I don't know many people to talk to. Since my brother's—you heard today about my brother—since his death ——"

She stopped. He waited before he spoke. Then, "I sympathize, of course," he said. "That would be a banality if I had not a title, in my own losses, to sympathize. I would tell you if you permitted."

By this time they were passing through one of the side arches of the Thor; the park lay open before them.

"Tell," she said simply.

"Since you wish it," he agreed obediently. "There was my father," he said. "He was a soldier *de carrière*, a general. He had been a *cuirassier*; I remember him with my earliest memories, the splendor of him in his uniform; and the gayety and the understanding and the wit with which he would play with my baby sister and my brother and myself, and drag our mother into the game. I had a good childhood and I am rich in the memories of it; which is fortunate, for my father met a salvo of long-range gas shells. And so all that goodness and intellect, that gentleness and mirth, died strangling in a ditch. In his life he was—er—elegant; he died disgustfully. He, of all men, was not afraid of death; but he was afraid of dirt. And he died disgustfully."

He paused; she said nothing. She walked on.

"My brother," he continued; "you would have liked him. He was a law student; the army sucked him in. And he paid his footing on the Chemin des Dames. I bear your people no grudge for him; the law might have given him a living; the Chemin des Dames gave him immortality. They remember him and they quote him, as he was at the last, upon the parapet. All his officers and his sergeants were dead; 'Rosalie,' his bayonet, was red and dripping. The—er—the Germans were coming, great gray-clad men. He called to the wounded and the broken men in the trench, 'Do you want to live forever? Follow me!' And they followed him. His grave is somewhere; we have not found it. This distresses you, gracious young lady? I shall not tell you the rest—no?"

There was a sincere solicitude in his manner and his tone as he put the question. Her gentle face, a little fearful, shy, yet daring, came round to him again.

"Tell," she said once more. "I, too—I want to hear."

He moved his head, between a bow of civil deference and a nod of agreement. They were nearing the Sieges Allee, where every dreadful sculpture of Prussia's rulers has a penitential seat of marble upon each of which the Prussian ruler turns his back.

"Since you wish it," he said. "But only since you wish it." He paused. "Do you wish it?"

They walked some ten or fifteen paces before she responded. The tall young officer, in his worn clothes—not shabby at all, but decently worn—walked beside her. She spoke again.

"Tell," she said.

Again he moved his head in that motion which was just not a bow.

"Since you permit," he said. "My mother was killed in one of the air raids on Paris. She had been good to everyone; she had her own hospital, which she supported herself, and in which she worked day and night. How many German officer prisoners found comfort under her very gentle hands, I cannot say. I only know that her hands were always gentle. And then came the bomb. A thing of aluminum shaped like a pear, which drops blunt end first, with little spinning vans on its tail to keep it end on to its target. And there is, it seems, no target so good as a broad Red Cross painted on the roof of a hospital. The first bomb was a bull's-eye."

He used the German slang word, "*Blendlaterne*." She did not know it.

"And?" she said.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "I was careless in my speech. I meant that an aeroplane bomb dropped on my mother's hospital and that the hospital then ceased to exist. So did many wounded German officers and some French officers who were relations of mine. So did my mother."

She did not answer for the moment. Then she asked a question:

"And your sister? You spoke of a sister."

"Yes," he said. "I have a sister. I knew her best before I went to Switzerland in my studies as a civil engineer. My father, you see, was a soldier; and so he did not make soldiers of any of us. I was to make roads and railways, and my leg was blown off; my brother was to aid in the administration of human right; he was stabbed and shot and kicked to death in the great moment of his life. Of my father and my mother, I told you. My little sister escaped death. God was as cruel as all that! The last time I saw her, there was a sister holding her back by the thickness of the arm, for she wanted to kill me. A gibbering and dangerous idiot," he said, and that which was bitter in his face trickled into his voice.

"I remember how she used to sing in our orchards in Brittany," he said. "How she would dance between the apple trees and sing while our nurse pretended to search for her. She had a little song, a little French baby song—you know French, Fräulein?"

"I know French," was her answer.

"It was:

'Promenons nous
Dans les bois,
Tant que le loup
N'y est pas!'

"So you see, gracious young lady, I am not patriotic or heroic in the sense that I want to fight. Those little songs! I would fight your country to silence Die Wacht am Rhein; but never to stop Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht. I would even fight my own country to blot out La Marseillaise; but I would die for it to preserve the baby song of my little sister. I am talking too freely, of course; but, *gnädiges Fräulein*, I have the feeling that you understand. Am I wrong?"

The grace of the trees, the quietude of the grass, was about them. Ahead of them, at right angles to their path, was the Sieges Allee. This is the most horrid road, disfigured by some thirty or so statues of Prussian potentates, livid in marble or marblelike composition. As if any Prussian ever really ruled! They shied at it.

"Over there, don't you think?" suggested the girl.

It was a rustic seat under those trees—I don't know the name of them—which the Germans and the Swiss trim so that their branches are spread to make the roof of an arbor, a green and gently rustling canopy, which conserves the cool of the morning through the nerve-tearing heat of the afternoon.

"You have been there before," he said. It was not a question.

"Yes," she replied simply. "I often go there, unless someone has found it before me. It is very quiet."

So presently they were sitting under the dense green roof, which moved and murmured above them.

"What you have told me ——" began the girl, and halted. "To think ——" She halted again. Then with an inconsequence which was not strange to Captain Benest, for his mind was taking short cuts to meet hers in its course: "My brother," she said. She paused once more. He was silent. "We were twins," she said. "We had nobody else except my uncle, whom then we scarcely knew. My brother—he was delicate. I do not mean in physique; so far as that goes, he was strong and very quick—nervously quick. He wanted to paint—to be a painter of pictures. I loved his work; I have it all still. Strange work; I have not understood it all yet, though I am—I mean, I was his twin. One has to see it—I mean, one has to see it when it glimmers through, the thing he saw as he saw it. Then—it is wonderful! For me, at all events, it is wonderful. I look at it always; and for me it is as though I saw again that flitting, changing fashion of him, the queerness of temper, and all that was so good in him, so truly good, and all that was childish and—and naughty. And I loved it all. I still love it. Can you understand that?"

It was really a question and not just a piece of narrative rhetoric. He nodded slowly.

"I love my little sister," he said. "She is a screaming maniac. She fears me and hates me and wants to kill me. But I love my little sister. Can you doubt if I understand?"

She was silent, staring at the ground between her feet, leaning forward in the rough seat with her hands clasped before her.

"The war took him," she said. "It took everything—except me. They wouldn't let me work or nurse or anything. They wouldn't let me scrub floors in hospitals, even; they just told me to go on keeping house for my uncle. But they took my brother; they took him and they kept him." She tossed her blond head very slightly. "They kept him forever. My brother, my gay brilliant brother—they gave him wagons to move in the daytime—my uncle told you in the café—upon an unscreened road. And then the English aeroplanes, with their bombs, dashed down upon them. And so ——"

She sat up, sighing. He answered:

"Yes, I know. I, too, sometimes feel that it is difficult to go on living. Our lords and masters taxed us too heavily. Still, there is this! We have had enough of it!

(Continued on Page 133)

THE CLIPPER
your barber uses
is the clipper
to use at home

IT takes only a few days for hair to get a bit too long, a bit ragged—and yet it isn't time for another trip to the barber's. That's when thousands of people are finding a pair of Brown & Sharpe Hair Clippers a necessary household appliance.

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(Continued from Page 131)

Our lords and masters may snarl like house dogs at the end of their chains; but we—we who do the killing and are killed—we have had enough of war! War!" he said. He had the Frenchman's irresistible impulse toward epigram. "It sums up the best of each of us and leaves the worst to lament it. And yet every country in the world is preparing for another war."

The girl did not move, but she spoke.

"I know," she said. "The next war—it will be awful!" She paused; he did not interrupt her silence. Then presently—"I am glad my brother will have no part in it."

"It will be, as you say ——"

He broke off and stared. Following his sudden silence and the direction of his regard, the girl looked too, and remained looking. For the thing which burst upon them, at not more than ten yards of distance, was merely outrageous; an apparition like a fever dream; in the daylight decency and decorum of the Tiergarten it was not a credible being at all. It came dancing through the little trees—dancing, with lavish and extravagant brandishings of feet and arms; and making noises as if it supposed itself to be singing. It had the shape of a tall man, lean as a ladder, clad only in a coarse gray shirt, open at the neck, with sleeves rolled back to the elbows from pipestem forearms, and trashy gray-blue trousers. And over all was a head, with thin long hair tousled upon it, and a face on which the sparse beard stood like mildew on a skull. It turned that face upon them, where they sat, as it cavorted past; there was an instant when it consulted with them and confided in them, as a man might speak with his eyes to an understanding friend. And both saw it, though neither could name it—the ribaldry, the glee of that ruined countenance, the terrible mirth of such as can dance to their open graves singing. There are such.

The creature did not pause. The dire derision of the goatlike face rested upon them but an instant, upon the sudden official severity of the captain and upon the mere shrinking of the gentle golden girl, their seclusion and their privacy. And then it danced on, till the next belt of little trees took it and hid it. They stared after it.

"*Tiens!*" said Captain Benest inadequately.

The girl turned to him. The creature had showed to her a quality which was really hellish and daunting.

"What was it?"

Captain Benest was not slow in the uptake.

"Nothing to be afraid of," he answered. "Since I am here, there is nothing for you to be afraid of. I do not customarily exhibit weapons in the presence of ladies; but I am a soldier—of sorts; and if it will reassure you—well, I have this!"

He showed the flat black automatic for just a moment and restored it to his pocket. But she persisted. He found something childlike in the little puzzled frown that puckered her brows; and Captain Benest was very much a lover of children.

"But," she said, "it wasn't a man! Did you see its face? What was it?"

Captain Benest shrugged. His grave and earnest eyes did not leave her face.

"I can only make guesses," he said. "You could make them as well as I. Think of all that has been let loose upon the world in the past few years! Some poor fellow maddened by starvation; some shell-shocked wreck crowded out of a hospital; some wretched creature poisoned by the awful drugs and drink which are offered to them; any miserable thing of that kind; but nothing which you need fear."

He was watching her, but she did not turn her eyes upon him. She continued to lean forward, her hands clasped in their ugly black gloves, looking at the ground.

"It is not that I'm afraid of—of anything," she answered at last. "I am only afraid of things—of things which I can't understand. Such as ——"

And then she halted. A word and she would have gone on. The fear that filled her days, the horror that infested her nights, the clew to the menace which lay in wait for the world, the hand that groped for the throat of mankind would have been open to Captain Benest.

He only said, "I, too, am afraid of many things, gracious young lady. I am not a hero."

And so he lost the story of that late evening, many months before, when her uncle, the professor, walked into her room while she was yet undressing for bed. He had not knocked; she turned, startled, from before her mirror, in what she still had on. And there, in the door, was the black-clad gnomelike professor, with his long frock coat, which suggested some robe of a damnable ritual, with his great and splendid brow, the defiled shrine of a noble brain, and under it the lively and wicked little face. In his hand he bore a tumbler. He stood and surveyed her an instant or so.

"Uncle!" she cried, and groped for a wrap or a robe.

"*Kümmer dich nicht!*" he said—"Don't trouble yourself!" He stood, unmoved, as she covered her insufficient clothing. He had not stirred, but she cowered back against the wall that was opposite to the place where he stood.

"Uncle!" she stammered again.

There were electric lights in the room—a great one overhead, a sort of frill of them around the main mirror of the dressing table, and a reading lamp by the bedside. They shone on chintz and bright linen and silver toilet furniture. It was into a stage setting like this that the professor advanced, the full glass in his hand, careful that none of it should spill. He came to her where she leaned back against the wall.

"*Narrin!*" he said. "She fool! Why"—he paused—"I have dissected prettier women than you! Drink this!"

He thrust the tumbler which he carried at her. There was power in him. She feared him; and to fear is to hate. But upon his instancy she took the glass.

"What is it?" she managed to ask.

"Life!" he answered.

And when, under the compulsion of his look and his presence, she had taken the draught—she could have spoken of the taste of it, the strange first sickly sweetness which yet left an acid sting in the mouth—he took back the glass from her hand. If only he had been Mephistophelean, more devilish or a little dangerous, more comprehensible, in short, or even less contemptuous and less indifferent, there would have been less horror in him. As it was, he reached out his hand for the glass which she had drained. She surrendered it.

His twinkling gaze traveled over her again where she leaned against the wall beside her great dressing table of polished wood, of shining glass and silver equipment. And then he spoke. He spoke two words. In his brain was the death of the human race; in his hand were the means of salvation. He was the go-between of life and death; he was in the logical lineage of that fool who will some day find the means to disintegrate an atom; who will assuredly do it; and in some mean little laboratory will touch a key or press a knob or make a contact which may blow the solar system to blazes and leave creation to be done all over again.

"Sweet dreams!" he said, and then he turned and left her.

Captain Benest lost that story.

It was not till half an hour later that he was saying, "But your uncle will not mind, *gnädiges Fräulein*, if you permit me to accompany you as far as your door."

She took a second to consider.

"No," she answered, "he would not mind that." She hesitated. "Could he?" she finished.

"Impossible," answered the captain. But as he rose to his feet there was a wonder in his mind.

Could he?

V

THE professor had housed himself—or they had housed him—in one of those huge blocks of flats, massive in appearance as an Egyptian pyramid, built by sweated labor of half-baked brick masked with a paste of molded stucco, ingenious in its contrivance as a beehive and as bleak as a prison, which Berlin has accepted without protest from its architects. But it showed a good front to its street—a great arched doorway opening to a spacious tesselated hall, with brass-and-mahogany pens for the porter and the elevator, and so forth; and upon the face of it there rose tier after tier of neatly curtained windows, screens and masks of lives. Behind them women were being loved and men betrayed; children were being born and corpses laid out for burial. It might have been the Fatherland itself, with so bland and featureless a countenance did it shelter its contents of pain and hope, of vain virtue and the common currency of villainy.

There were two shallow wide marble steps before the big arch of the entry. The girl turned at the foot of them. It so happened to Captain Benest that he saw her then with the sunlight on her face and hair, and the great arch embracing her nobly, as a fit frame embraces a picture. She was little after all; little at least as compared with his stature and his sinewy strength of frame, for all his dragging leg. And he was right in what he had said. Two human beings can bridge those gulfs which our lords and masters have dug for us. That tender shine of a gentle face, that sudden softening and illumination in a hard blue-jowled dial! Well, who cares, after that, who wins the next war? Those two hours have got to get together.

"I would ask you to come up," she was saying. "But I don't think my uncle is back yet. So you will excuse if ——"

She was interrupted where she stood at the foot of the easy steps. From the arch of the door there paddled forth to her—scuttled, waddled, pattered, any undignified word will serve—there came a tall man. He had hair and a beard like wheaten straw, golden and stiff, the kind of man who would stop to comb his hair before escaping from a burning house. He was dressed with extreme elegance. He wore a bowler hat, a long-tailed morning coat of pewter gray, black trousers, and shoes of a virulent and very dangerous yellow. Captain Benest, who understood clothes, looked at him with indignation.

"Another!" was his only remark.

But the long-tailed, bowler-hatted man was not—was not yet, at all events—of the tribe of him who pavisanded through the park. There was no mistake about the urgency of him. He meant every word that he said, and he meant business.

"Gracious young lady! Forgive! I have come to see your highborn uncle. It is a matter of great urgency. We have met before, but in case you should have forgotten, I am Fallwitz—the Doctor Fallwitz! I present myself! But my business with your learned uncle ——"

He had to pause and swallow and get hold of himself. As a fashionable physician in a fashionable field of practice, he would have been sure of much success. For, incidentally, he knew his trade. Perhaps it was not entirely his fault that he was weak and silly and venal.

"Please!" he said, while the girl stared at him. "If you could tell me where he is so that I could go there—so that I could even telephone—for it is—it really is a matter of life and death."

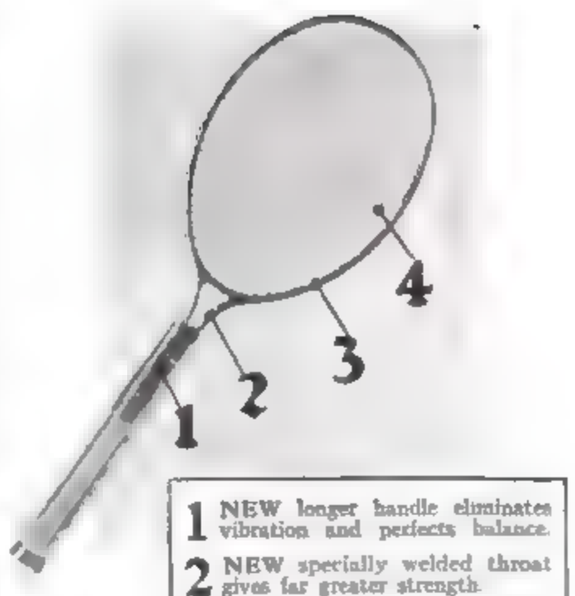
All this at the foot of the two handsome steps, with the mild traffic of the pleasant street flowing by. The girl looked at Captain Benest. She looked at him with deliberation and intention. Then she answered the doctor.

"I do not know where he is," she lied.

"Oh!" the Herr Director exclaimed distressfully.

Captain Benest spoke suddenly. But his eyes were on the girl. They captured hers and beat them down, even as a lover must always conquer his love; a man who is not a master is a slave. He spoke.

"I know where he is," he said. "But I do not see why I should tell you. You have



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Just take a couple of swings with this new wonder-racquet. There's a "feel"—a balance—about it that needs no explaining—it's perfect.

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mentioned a matter of life and death. That sounds like much to me. If you are a professional man, as you have said you are, you had better make yourself clearer—much clearer."

The tall blond doctor gaped at him. The lean French officer was the man in the case. Cold as the cordial French can be cold, vicious as the kindly French can be vicious, forthright as the easy French can be forthright—the kindliest and the most generous nation in Europe and the last to play the fool with!

"Well?"

The tall doctor went to pieces.

"*Mein Herr!*" he began. Then again: "*Mein Herr!*"

The captain laughed. He caught the girl's eyes, and even they, for that fantastic moment, had an answering spark of mirth. For, by a casual sidelong glance, he had seen and identified him who arrived. Black bag in hand, wide-hatted, paper white of face, there came the professor himself.

"Here's your man," said Captain Benest cheerfully. "Now for the fireworks!"

"*Ach!*" The tall doctor gasped.

The professor came abreast of them. You must imagine that stupendous street, decorous and clean as a corridor in a hotel, flanked by the prim vastness of its buildings, which only wanted a carpet along it to remind one of the main aisle in a cathedral, and the sun flooding it in a great tranquillity of afternoon light. All that solemn, seriously contrived bigness for a background to the little figure that was like nothing so much as a clothed and dangerous ape. He saw the doctor; he saw his niece and Captain Benest. He saw all that there was to see.

"Fallwitz!"

The tall doctor held out both open hands before him. The professor blazed at him: "blazed" is the word to describe that shine of fury, that authentic light of hell-fire which showed in the unmoving crest of his face.

"Yes?"

"I had to come—to come at once. Herr Professor, there has been a disaster! I could not find you on the telephone. Without your orders I dared not call on the police. Herr Professor—Herr Professor ——"

His voice was shrilling and it was traveling. The buttons of a uniformed porter shone in the shadows of the great hall; there was a sense as of "presences plain in the place," of lift attendants and messenger boys, and the like.

"*Schweig!*" said the professor. It means "shut up"; but it is the word one would employ to a noisy dog. "Don't bellow here! Come up; I must hear this!" His vivid eye swept over them. "Come up, all of you!"

Captain Benest smiled.

"You put it so nicely, Herr Conradi," he said, "that I could not possibly refuse your invitation. I will come up."

The professor had his snake's eyes on him for an instant.

This is the defect of a snake: It can eat the food which honest beasts transform into vigor and beauty, and make of it only venom; but it doesn't know the simple and straightforward thing which a man can do to it with just a stick.

"Yes," said the professor, "we will go up."

"*Allons!*" said Captain Benest cheerfully. In English: "Let's!"

The elevator shot them up to the third—fourth—fifth floor. Captain Benest did not keep count. A face can do that; a very gentle face just dusted, as it were, with old sorrow and present concern. That is the kind of face which will launch a thousand ships. And God help the topless towers of Ilium!

It was a big handsome flat, very sumptuous, indeed, in the German manner. There was much carved oak—a great desk, and all that—tortured by the chisel into paroxysms of decoration. The windows of the great front room had leaded panes, splendid and meaningless.

The professor slammed down his black bag upon the desk and spun round upon them.

"Now," he said, "you were talking. What is it all about? Fallwitz, speak up!"

Captain Benest smiled on him blandly and infuriatingly. It is an old trick, that. Get your man angry—get his goat—and he is your meat. He spoke to the girl.

"A chair, *gnädiges Fräulein?*"

He moved forward. From under the pale bronze of her brows her eyes answered him with understanding and submission. She sat in the seat he put in place for her.

But the professor uttered something like a howl.

"What is it?" he shrilled. "What in the hell is it. Fallwitz, you fool ——"

The tall blond doctor made again that despairing and supplicating gesture, with his shoulders a little bowed and his hands outspread. Captain Benest, standing beside the chair in which the girl sat, looked on. And now he was looking with something more than his mere eyes. He was a gentleman; he wasn't a fool; and also he was an officer of the Disarmament Commission. Those gentlemen are seldom fools.

And there was something wrong, something bizarre and out of the decent course of events, about the whole thing. The little, mean, puny, sham professor, standing there spouting would-be blasphemy like an amateur volcano, while the large, fair man cringed and crouched before him—these things don't happen! They were happening all the same.

"Now!" It was the professor barking. "One of you! Speak!"

It was then that it was clear to Captain Benest that he and the girl were supposed to know—what? That they were supposed to have been in talk with the big doctor when the professor surprised them—that there was something to know.

It was the doctor who blubbered it out. He exploded like a damp squib.

"Escaped!" was his first word. The professor made a movement. It was pitiful to see the great face of the doctor, with its tail of yellow beard, and all kind and mild and idiotic, convulsed in an abasement to the little thing before him. He ought obviously to have been feeling the pulse in a slender white wrist and asking, "Well, and how are we today?"

Instead, he went on:

"It was organized! He had it all organized! Can I help it—can I help it if the guards are out of the room for two minutes? And when the door was opened to admit the guards he led them out in a rush. There were two men killed, Herr Professor. I must—I am compelled by the law to do something about it!"

The Herr Professor ceased looking at him. He turned to the nearest leaded casement and stared through it for a little while. They watched him, each through the clouded medium of his or her separate interest. Only one of them, and that the feeblest of them all, was aware that he was looking upon the apparatus and accouterment of the world of which he was master, which should live or die as he should desire. He turned back.

"Led them?" he said abruptly. "How many have you lost?"

At the direct question, the doctor was instantly as supple as a worm.

"Herr Professor, we got them all—all except one. They were hiding in the garden and the farm, stealing our fruit and vegetables. The dead guard, who had been stabbed—somebody must have left a pair of surgical scissors in the ward, or his pocket was picked ——"

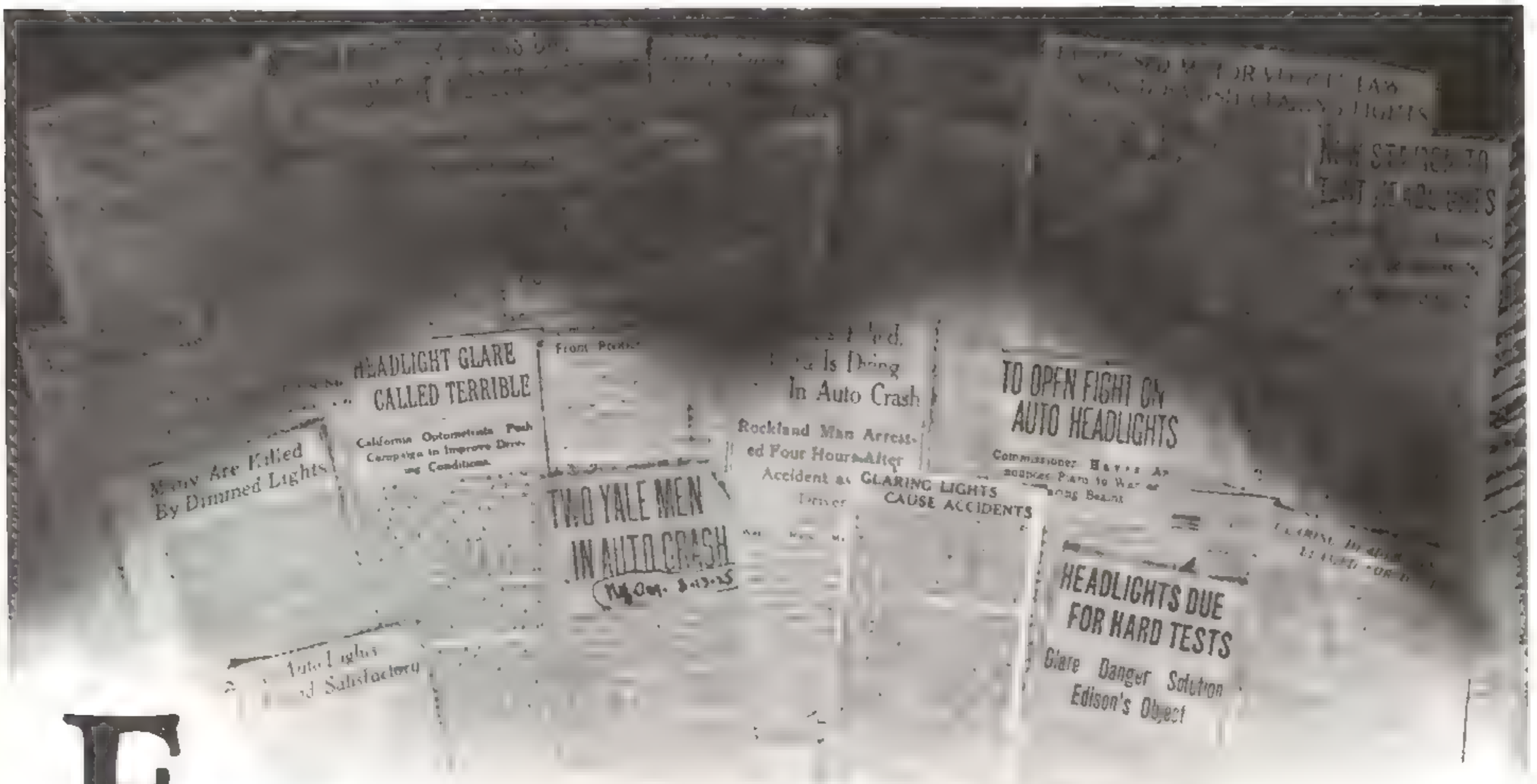
The professor spoke one word only:

"Somebody!"

The tall doctor was all but tearful. He tried to explain:

"Herr Professor, there is nothing missing; we have taken an inventory of the instruments. Ours are all there. Only, Herr Professor, a week ago you did the dressings on an attempted suicide, and possibly, Herr Professor ——"

(Continued on Page 137)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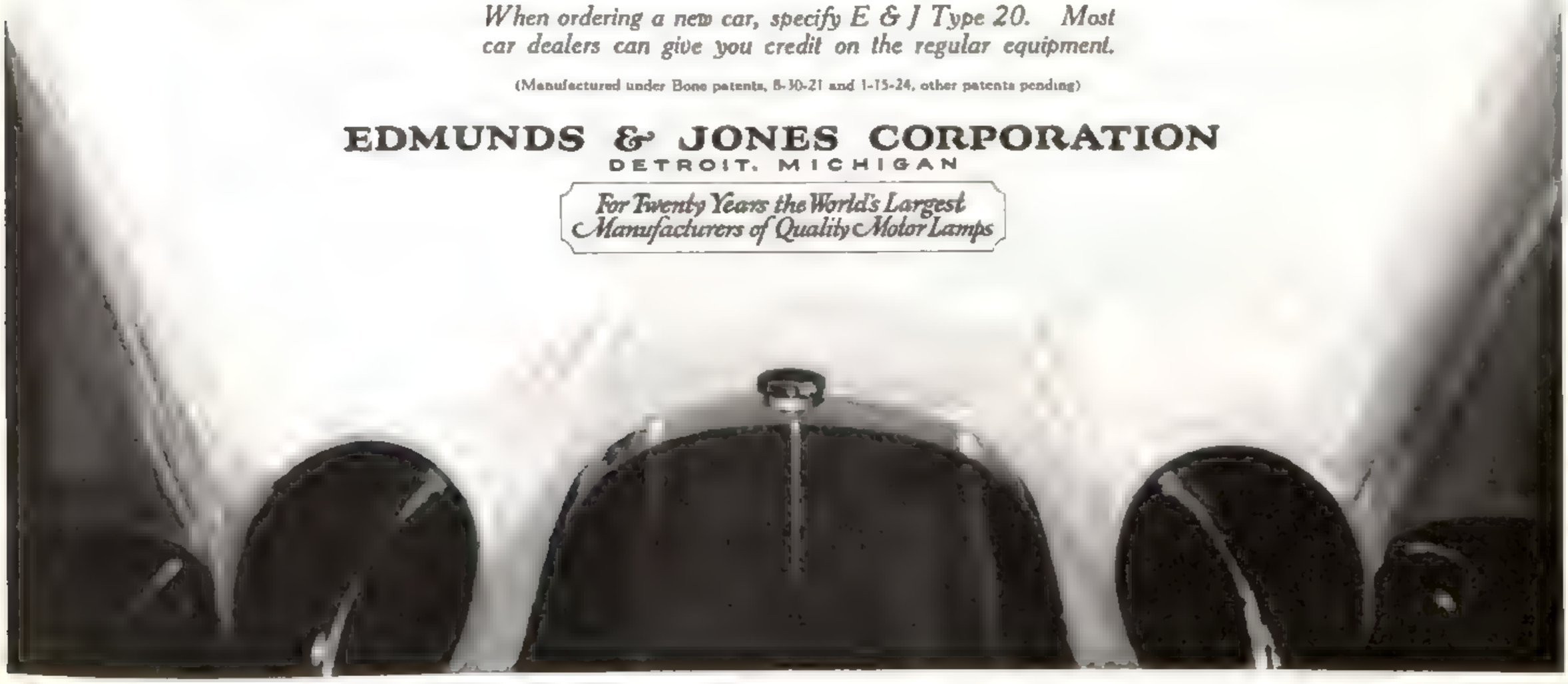

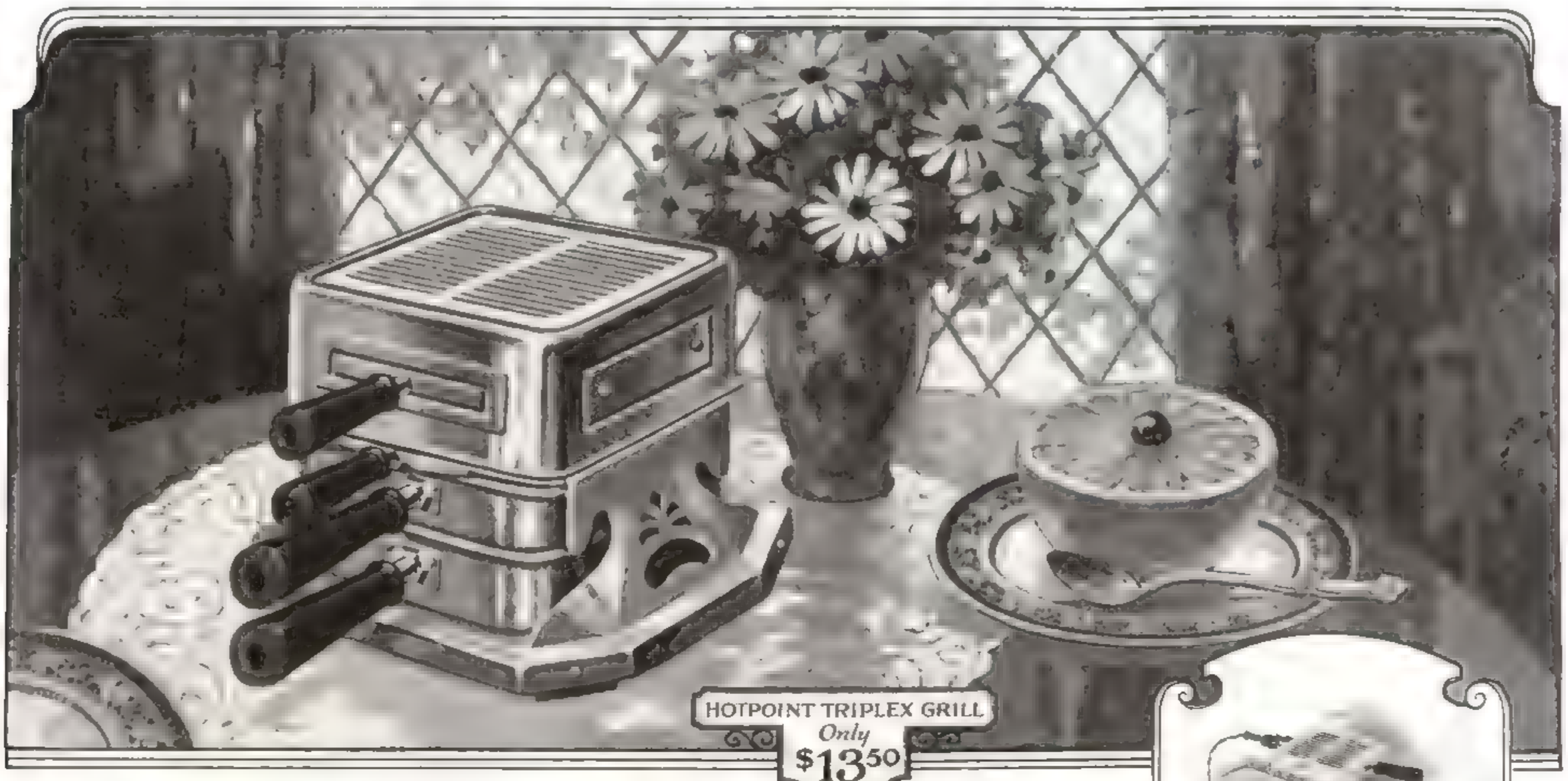

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(Continued from Page 134)

The Herr Professor shook him off with one jerk of his narrow shoulders and one motion of his head.

"*So!*" he said slowly. In English it means, "Well, it's like that, is it?"

Captain Benest was listening carefully and in silence; and he had perceived that the professor had assumed that he and the girl and the poor trivial doctor had been in talk together. Therefore he held his tongue and let loose his ears.

"Herr Professor, they came streaming down the stairs, and they were out into the garden before anyone knew. The second guard was killed in the doorway; they must have trodden him to death. And there they were when I got the men together"—and his voice rose to a real indignation—"there they were, crouched down in all kinds of places, eating my potatoes as if they were peaches—munching them, Herr Professor, as you and I eat fruits."

There was a picture possible, to lively and humane minds, of pauper lunatics, crouching from pursuit by the big men with the rattan canes, and gnawing the sacred potatoes of the Herr Director, having dug them with their hands from the raw earth—that earth which their uncoffined bodies may fertilize, but upon which they may not live.

Captain Benest was aware that the girl stirred slightly in her chair. But she spoke no word. Yet he was aware that she saw what, for a single flashing instant, he saw himself—the miserable broken men, maddened and famished, for whom Christ died in vain, gibbering through the greenery of the garden, grinning in terror, gobbling in desperate haste, as the avengers with the canes came down upon them.

The Herr Professor did not indulge in visions. He spoke.

"It was Andreas Meyer whom you could not catch?" he inquired. "He escaped?"

The tall blond doctor answered pitifully:

"He must have scaled the wall, Herr Professor. They killed the guard at the room and the other guard at the door; but the two guards at the gate saw nothing of them."

Benest was very intent.

"*So*," said the professor. A little man can be very big when his subject is big enough. The doctor cringed as he turned back from the window. There was in him a manner of judgment formed and fixed, unchallengeable and inescapable, the fashion of a small and malicious god.

"It was Andreas Meyer!" he said. "It would be he, of course! The man you didn't watch! And now he is walking the world with death widening round in circles, like water rings from a stone dropped into a pond. The weapon, the one weapon that leaves the world defenseless in our hands"—unconsciously, in a gesture of illustration, he laid his hand upon his black bag; Captain Benest saw and marked the movement, and his faculties, already alert, bristled anew at that word "weapon"—"is being brandished abroad in the hands of a vengeful idiot."

He was speaking as much to himself as to them.

"Did he steal anything?" he demanded suddenly.

"Er ——" the doctor hesitated. "The guard who was killed in the doorway—he had just been paid a month's wages, but his clothes had been rifled." The professor glared.

"*Vollkommen!*" he said. "Perfect! He has money!"

"But, Herr Professor, if we employ the police, it will be easy to lay hands on him. Think how he was dressed! Just the gray shirt and the blue trousers. He has not even shoes or a hat. And it is easy to describe his appearance. Tall, very thin——"

Captain Benest touched the girl's shoulders in time to restrain her from an exclamation. For the man the doctor went on to describe, stammering his details nervously in face of the other's still stare, was, of course, the creature who had danced past them in the Tiergarten.

"No one else in Germany is dressed like that," concluded the doctor hopefully.

The professor shook his head slowly.

"He will get himself clothes. You don't know him. Somewhere this afternoon there will be found the stripped body of a murdered man, or a house will have been plundered. But he has money and ——" A quick excitement lit in him. "I know where he will be this evening! I know! Seven o'clock was always his hour, and he will return there like a bee to its hive!"

The doctor looked as vacant and helpless as he was.

"Dressler's, fool!" cried the professor. "Now I will call up—no, I will go myself. You will come too. I need powers for this! Where is that damned hat? Ah!"

He found it where he had thrown it. There was a distraction in all his manner; there are ways of pushing a man of stone off his balance and his pedestal. Not once did he look with conscious consideration upon Benest and the girl, wordless and watchful where they were. Power had gone out of his hands; long and steady purpose had been frustrated; an idea, vast as the creation it was conceived to dominate, had been spilled abroad. His idea! No one else's! And he was a man of science!

"Come!" he cried, and charged at the door, carrying the black hat in his hand. And the big straw-colored doctor, who had not relinquished his bowler, trotted obediently at his heels.

Captain Benest and the girl looked after them. She had risen, had made one step forward, and then he had caught her arm and instantly she had stood still in a quietude of submission. He did not release her when the two men had plunged through the door; the clatter of their feet upon the stairs—they had not waited for the lift—died away. And still she stood, unresisting in his hold.

But Captain Benest's brain was working. He was a Frenchman; he could love and think at the same time. They had been forgotten—and by the professor, who appeared to him the kind of man who did not habitually forget. During his training he had met men of that type, if not of that virulence; men for whom nothing was complete if a factor were missing, and who counted all the factors. That meant, pretty plainly, that something more than merely urgent, something desperate, something fateful, was in the doing. And further, the black bag, that which the professor had automatically reached forth to touch when the word "weapon" was mentioned, had also been left behind.

He let the girl go, crossed the floor behind her and closed the door. He came back; she had not stirred.

"Fräulein," he said—he was very grave—"I do not know what you think of the strange chance of our meeting. Me, I do not believe in chance. The war had to happen in order that we might meet; my family and your brother had to die before we could meet. It all happened and we met. We shall meet again, of course. We shall meet of ourselves; we cannot invoke again all that tremendous machinery to bring us together. But now I have a question which I must ask you. You permit?"

He took her silence for consent.

"It is this," he said: "We heard that conversation together, between your uncle and the doctor. And we had seen that poor terrible creature in the park. I did not understand the full significance of all that was said; it was only suggested to me that something was in preparation—perhaps some such eruption of hell as took your brother away from you and all my family from me. Can you tell me anything which can help to stop all that?"

He waited; she stood where he had left her when he went to close the door. But she did not yet speak. He waited; then:

"I do not ask you to betray your country. I am sure you are not a traitress; but it seemed to me that this was not just a question of France and Germany. It seemed to me something dire and universal, something aimed not at France or England or America, but at mankind—at all the brothers and all the fathers and mothers and little sisters in the world! I am wrong, perhaps; if that is so, will you not at least tell me that I am wrong?"

It was a quaint place; in that great salon, the little noise of the traffic in the street far below no more than a hum. He waited. He knew more than to speak further; and beyond that, he did not wish to speak further.

Very suddenly she looked up. There was a pallor on the good sun tan upon her face. She moved a slow hand, as though with great effort, to point at the black bag where it sat, in its squalor and disrepair, like a pauper lunatic in a great and sumptuous asylum, upon the polished surface of the great desk.

"Take that!" she said. Her voice was no more than a gasp. "It's all there!" She paused to recover herself. "I only know what I have chanced to overhear. There is poison in it—I do not know the right word; but it is poison for all the world! And the remedy is there too! Take that!"

The captain nodded very slowly.

"Yes!" he said. "I knew it was there—whatever it is. I knew it when I saw his face as he stroked it. We'll have a look at it."

The bag was locked, but cracked patent leather tears easily and Captain Benest had strong fingers. Fat-bodied phials, with labels upon them, lettered in minute handwriting with chemical or pharmaceutical formulaa, each wadded into a loop sewed into the lining of the case—four of them!

The girl moved beside him to look also.

"This, then ——"

"Yes," she said. "Some are death—certain, widespread death! You heard what they said. I do not know what is which, but another is life. And they will deal them out as they please."

He stood frowning.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"I do not know," she answered. "Only, if there is any way to stop it—to stop what will happen ——"

"There's a way to stop it," he interrupted briskly. "There are a dozen—twenty—a hundred ways to stop it. There is publicity; and there is expert analysis—the most expert in the world—in a Paris laboratory. I'll take all this to Paris tonight."

"You"—she spoke very slowly—"you will go to Paris tonight?"

"Tonight," he answered.

She nodded.

"A diplomatic passport; it will be easy."

She knew the manner in which he was looking at her, though she did not raise her eyes to his. They had known each other for about six queer hours.

"And we shall not meet again," he said. She did not answer that. "Because," he went on, "we shall not part."

She glanced up for an instant.

"One leg, not a hero, not very rich and a Frenchman—knocked you down in the street and robbed your uncle. Leaving for Paris tonight and not coming back. There you have it all. Will you go with me?"

There was a silence of some seconds; and then she raised her eyes to his, eyes of a very pale blue, where now there burned a soft fire.

"I will go anywhere with you," she answered.

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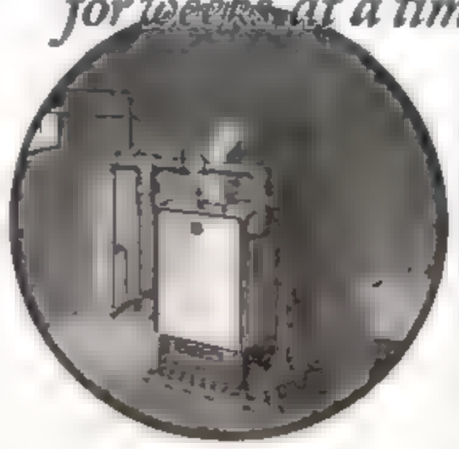

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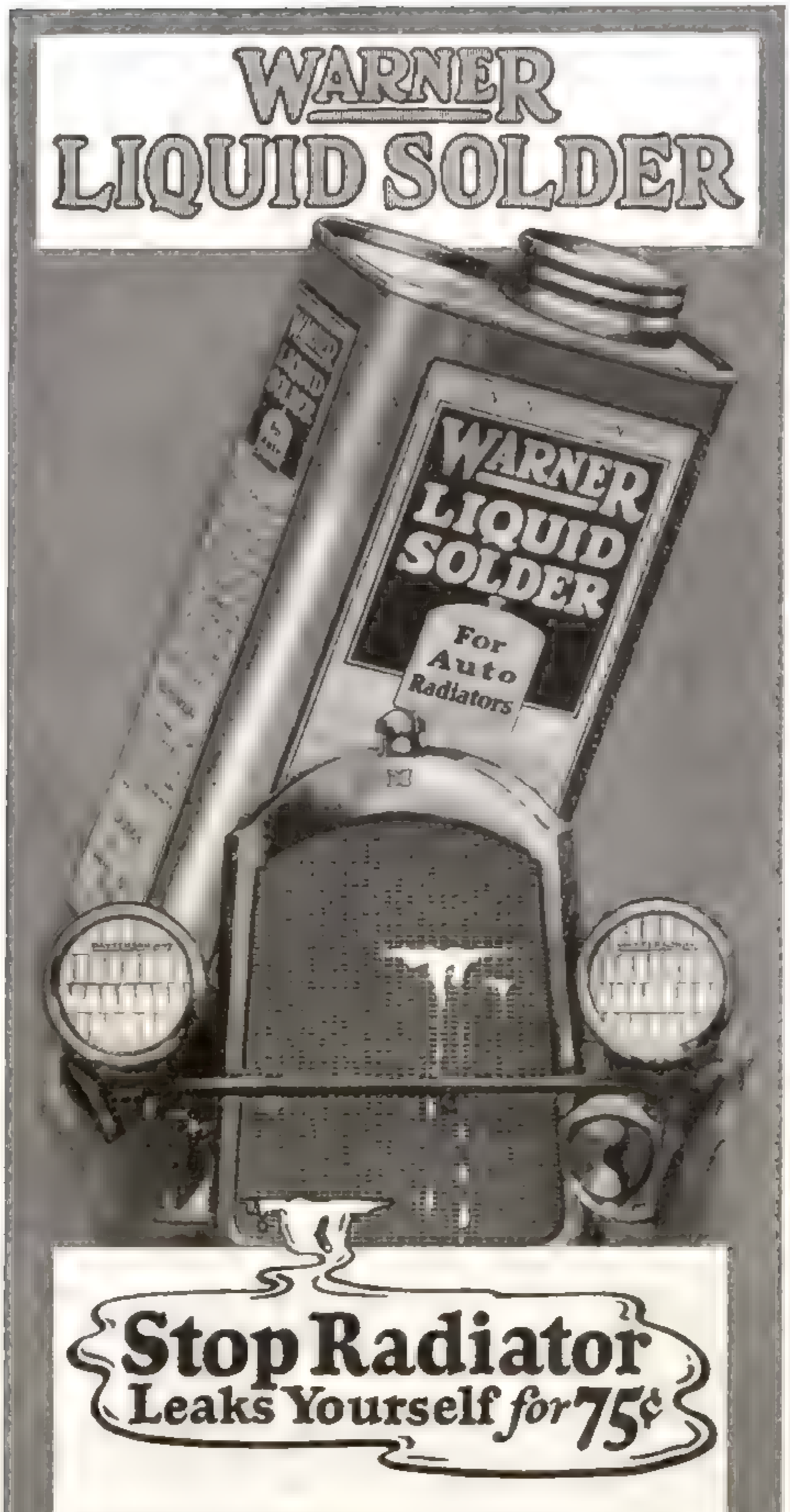

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AMERICAN COOKS FROM WAY BACK

(Continued from Page 11)

was the best of it. That was his secret within a secret. It makes me feel a culprit to divulge it. And as he never revealed the origin of the dish, leaving us to suppose it to be his own, I am, of course, doing still worse to tell of a party of people on a transcontinental Pullman, all talking about food, and of one high-pitched voice—that of a very determined little lady, all of her in mourning except her vivacious spirit—which voice fairly screamed with vexation: "Oh, you don't know anything about soft-shell crabs! Nosireesuh! Did you ever have crabs all tucked away in a nest of what looks like seaweed or somethin', but turns out to be fritters, and lobster fritters at that? I reckon you-all got a lot to learn. You think your French cooks and your Chinese cooks have all the tricks. Why, that trick belongs to my uncle's colored boy. He's been doin' them for six generations."

An aged boy, I figured. But there are left butlers and cooks, even today, who have the proper legacy—the American legacy. So it was a Gulf region delicacy! I most painfully wanted to break in and tell her about Thunderjaw. But I didn't. Though somehow the initials on her luggage and the snap and flash of her personality all got burned on my memory. Queer, isn't it? Do you suppose she was one of his innumerable relatives to whom he only vaguely alluded?

"Don't talk to me about family," he would roar above the sizzle of roasts and the growl of his ham kettles. He gave you to understand that there had been a disownment, with himself as disowner. And being thoroughly worked up, he would put an extra touch to his work. Such a touch, for instance, as adding sweetbreads to the veal forcemeat that went to the preparation of those Easter hams. Why they were so called, since they figured regularly among his dishes without regard to any day or season, is conjectural, but it is easy to surmise that they were originally a part of some fine old cook's preparation for that festival. Of course the ham was a choice one and extra large. A very generalissimo of hams, of a girth worthy the decorations it was to receive.

"No external medals these, no ornaments pinned on its waistcoat," Thunderjaw would mutter. "Anybody can stick prunes and cloves on the outside of a ham. These are ornaments of its character, rare evidences of its peculiar and delicious personality."

Thunderjaw's Party-Colored Ham

His rhetoric was not too much, for the result was distinctive. That ham was a character changed and glorified when its wide slices on the platter displayed streaks of white and green in alternation with the pinkness of its own complexion. The process involved the making of a forcemeat of veal and herbs, or of sweetbreads, the cutting out and probing of deep holes in the ham, the packing in of the forcemeat and the envelopment of it all in a crust of flour and water before it began its long cooking in the oven. When it was done its envelope was thrown away and its surface was glazed with caramel, it was ready to be chilled and to stand on Thunderjaw's sideboard.

That particular meat, with its variant texture and its rim of candied fat, certainly divided honors on that buffet with his carameled, peachified pound cake, though neither of them was a greater work of skill than his routine of such things as muffins that were yeast-raised like anybody's muffins, but had in their whole-wheat dough only the moistening of a cooked custard, thickened with cornstarch and beaten into oodles of butter. The quality of the final crust was something which only experienced cooks can guess; a thing that would pull off entire from the muffin and delay going to pieces just long enough to get to your mouth.

He had a thousand associations in his mind. He told of a home in Delaware where those muffins originated, and of a great stone kitchen hidden behind trumpet vine and wistaria—a raftered room all fireplace at one end and haunted by the ghosts of Zanzibar negresses, white-kerchiefed, gold-earringed, imperious. His association with the great cake presently to be served right on this page was not mine—which would take us to another quarter where there is yet more to absorb in this matter of the American cuisine in its application to fruits and sugars and butter and spices. But he made it perfectly. And aged it.

Oh, yes, Falernian is not all that profits by long waiting in the darkness, the coolness of cellars. A great rich yellow cake, coated with candied peach quarters and cherries and heavily frosted and coated again with the glacé of fruit, and set in a crock for a month, becomes neither cake nor candy. It sort of graduates, takes a degree, passes into a new and better being. Its heart exchanges butter for the perfume of fruit, and its sugars mellow to a new taste. If the weather was damp, those cakes had to be watched and dried out on top of the stove shelf. If very dry, the lid was put on the crock and they were left to hug their own moisture. A snowy white frosting—the third—went on them at last. The slice, the cross section, was a heart of old gold, in a wide margin of something surpassing the finest bonbon that ever was put in a box of candy.

Politics and Puddings

If he had a cookbook I never saw it. Working with Thunderjaw you picked up his formulas from observation until you could go it alone on the routine product. Yet his pockets bulged with creased, worn clippings about cookery, and he would seize an old envelope frantically, pound his hips and prod his vest and sigh "Where on earth is my pencil?" and copy down a formula, only to sweep it with a hundred others into the coal hod when the friction of many sittings down had worn it to the color of an old pocket lining. And I know a world-famous chef who does the same.

Cooking with Thunderjaw, you went to no cooking school of level measurement and decimal proportion. You passed the paint to Michelangelo and watched him lay it on. And yet he could so adjust the amount of brown sugar and pepper to be laid on a meat stump and pounded into pork loin chops—which meats were to be cooked in the tried-out burning tide of their own fat—that not a speck of anything was wasted. He knew the most ticklish thing of all, how much soda to use with sour cream and sour milk cookery. "Never, never!" says the head of a hotel pastry kitchen, throwing up his hands in dismissal. "It is too variable, too uncertain." Thunderjaw relived—or shall we say, he staged?—the golden age of a cookery indigenous to these States, and if he was a so rampant sectionalist that he would allow no colored person in his kitchen because there are two prejudices, one for each bank of the Potomac, and his was the kind that won't cross the bridge, he made no sectional distinctions in art. He ended and ——

Let us recall the pumpkin that busted in the cellar. This was a daylight explosion, and took place in the kitchen; nevertheless it was in both cases a false estimate of the real glory of pumpkinhood and a notion of being something else that did it.

"You insult me, I—a cook?" There he stood, aproned and bare armed, meat fork in hand, which trident he waved in a Ciceronian side swipe that sent flying from the

(Continued on Page 141

The rock is more restful than the seat cushion.

On the rock we relax—we know it won't throw us.

Riding in the car we seldom relax—we never know just when we will be thrown, or how badly. We hold ourselves tense—always alert—always prepared to hold and catch. That's why motoring fatigues.

But this is all cleared up in a Stabilated car.

"Stabilated" means stability—the sway and pitch and throw are gone—firmness takes their place. You feel secure—you know nothing can throw you—you relax—you rest. And thus you benefit by the most wonderful recreation any man or woman can get—relaxed motoring.

John Warren Watson Company
24th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia

WATSON
STABILATORS

The only force which can throw you off the seat is the uncontrolled force of spring rebound. Stabilators control that force.

The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake is likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by Stabilators to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

Motor Relaxed and Arrive Refreshed

ATWATER KENT RADIO

IRVIN S. COBB, *famous humorist and short story writer, has installed the Atwater Kent* Model 20 Compact *in his New York home.*

There is one SURE *test . . .*

WHEN RADIO is older you may not see so many makes of receiving sets on the market as you see now.

But just now you may be bewildered. So many makes and styles—so much technical language—make it hard to choose with confidence.

There is, however, one sure test. It is by measuring a set by the record and reputation of the manufacturer.

For twenty-four years we have been making scientific electrical instruments. This experience we are utilizing in the production of radio sets in the largest radio factory in the world.

They are honestly, soundly, conscientiously built. The parts you cannot see are as fine as those you do see. This tells in performance.

Whatever you want—tone, volume, distance, selectivity, appearance—you can be sure that better designed Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers cannot be found.

Your dealer knows how little attention they require after they leave his store. Atwater Kent owners will tell you that the first cost is usually the last.

*Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock (eastern daylight time) through stations—*WEAF *New York;* WJAR *Providence;* WEEI *Boston;* WFI *Philadelphia;* WCAE *Pittsburgh;* WGR *Buffalo;* WEAR *Cleveland;* WWJ *Detroit;* WCCO *Minneapolis-St. Paul;* WOC *Davenport;* WSAI *Cincinnati.*

(Continued from Page 138

table to the floor a great bowl of soup stock. Then he calmed himself with that painful effort that stump speakers indulge when they mop the brow and convey in a second's silence their awful sufferings. "Do you suppose for an instant that if misfortune has cast me in the position of one who takes oversight of his own domestic details—that I, a man of public affairs, who have stood upon the rostrum ——"

When he got to "rostrum," you just naturally went from under. He would be good for thirty minutes. And a tall, gray, personable stranger, at whom all this was being cannonaded, kept trying and in vain to cut in by waving the hand that says, "There, there, now, wait a minute," while his lips framed inaudible words. No wonder he looked alarmed and angry. He had come bearing gifts, to get yes or no to an offer long since made by letter whereby Thunderjaw might assume the oversight, be steward, chef and high executive all in one of a buffet service for certain transpacific liners. A chance to glorify himself in things he could really do, at a salary quite suitable for recitation or to be set to music.

Seizing an instant of his assailant's breathtaking, the stranger wedged in with "But, sir, it is your singular fitness, your reputation ——"

"My reputation? As a cook? A cook!" Thunderjaw did his finest sneer—the snorting-horse position, rearing backward, coming to rest with folded arms. "You have said enough. Once and for all—no!"

Fortune gave a last look of dismay, fled, banged the door and disappeared in a taxi. Mrs. Thunderjaw, ever negligible, and now doing the silent chorus in the passage, sighed her wifely way upstairs. It is only to be said that Nemesis came in stealthily by the area door, disguised, this time a battle-riven tomcat, chanking the unaccustomed soup meat on the floor.

Had it occurred to this patriotic cook—one who believed in and practiced the cookery of America in its pristine greatness—to cook his way to Congress, he might have set forth a lively experiment to prove what the learned have often voiced, that politics and puddings were born twins and that the king's scepter, after all, is nothing more than the queen's best rolling-pin.

Southern Specialties

How vastly Thunderjaw differs from one Janet Agnes, whose politics has been entirely subsidiary to her pies, but who, for sheer go-and-get-it success with the legislature, a sure-fire knowledge of how to cook either for two people or for fifty, and a precise way with yeast-raised persimmon pound cake, mixing sausage, smoking hams, compounding pork pies and pickling mutton, of making a black-walnut sorghum taffy, of laying down peaches in the cool earth to become something beyond belief and within the law; for these and other matters which it is better to delineate than to list, this daughter of Indian-fighting Scotsmen, scion of slave-owning grandsires, might claim more than one ground for distinction, although it is her inborn and practiced talent as a cook upon which she has built her distinction.

Let us narrow down—go, in fact, to that reach of the west fork of the Catawba where eagles from their nests in the Great Smokys sail over natural parks beside that once turbulent river, now and at last gone to sleep with the foam of its great falls on its bosom. Here grow almost circular parks of forest without underbrush: oaks, magnolia grandiflora, with many trees of lesser girth, all by themselves, and for what reason no man knows, stand wide apart and play their shadows over immemorial lawns. These natural parks—having always a limestone foundation, it is worth noting—were seized in the early days by the canniest of the settlers—the Dutch to the north, the Scotch in the south. Chimney stacks surmount the trees, crowning the canopies of green with strands of bluish smoke.

The clapboarded sides of the long shallow mansion, on its irregular terrace, are weathered, and contrast with the garnet brick ends, which seem, after all, to be only the bases of the twin enormous chimneys. There is here that succession of aromas which distinguishes a venerable estate. Boxwood, once intended to border flower beds, has taken possession, so that from the gate in the honeysuckle hedge to the door it virtually makes a tunnel, close and odorous. The smell of box shrub is invaluable. As incense at the church door makes people go tiptoe and exalts them; that boxwood perfume makes callers hope they don't intrude, subdues the book agent, and enough of it will make a bill collector slip a receipt under the door and skedaddle off. Late yellow roses, phlox and potted heliotrope, against spring-house walls, beds of sweet marjoram and thyme, the scent of an old wooden dwelling, sun-baked and rained upon for ninety years—are in total a frankincense to open those casements of the mind which look out on all the history and romance we have ever read.

A Pigs' Feet Masterpiece

Then comes a blast of living perfume—bacon smell, and spice and butter—and an essence of Araby in the perfume of stewing quinces, as we round the corner and face the ancient kitchen. Through its open door there is predominant the bellying form of a caldron above a bed of coals, a kettle with a corner of the huge fireplace all to itself. For this sooty cave, intended to accommodate two fires side by side, and with a hearth that makes a respectable stretch of sidewalk, bears little semblance to the fireplace of today. Soot-feathered chains hang down chimney, cranes like gates reach out, dumpy skillets on short legs, skillets scrawny on spindle shanks, pots and dome-topped ovens repose themselves along its length.

Pigs' feet, eight pairs of them, are blanching in the warm wet ashes on the hearth. If we didn't know they are beginning a process which under Janet Agnes' masterly hand will culminate in a dish both racy and rich, the object of killing a pig to warm his toes in this considerate manner would be very puzzling. Feet. Some people there are who profess to admire feet. Look at the way our fathers raved about Trilby's. Or was it only her great toe? The culinary angle on feet is, of course, an important subject, and we can't help wondering what some of the fine old cooks in the Society Islands know about it. But we are not likely to find out, even on Broadway, which adopts all the cannibal arts except the most distinctive, and this in the face of being such an overpopulated district. Strange.

As for these particular feet, they will leave their hoofs in the ashes, they will be parboiled, rinsed and split with a cleaver and then—spectacular touch—in a pan of sizzling butter, over the flames, Janet Agnes will dash upon them a cup of spiced vinegar which instantly will flame into a beautiful explosion and as quickly go out, leaving behind a scorchy tang that Daudet said was one of the rare touches in the cookery of Provence. Be that as it may, this is one of those farm dishes that, exquisitely done, is a feast.

A proud-shouldered negress is chopping leaf fat on a plank table. She is dangerously near a caldron of tried-out lard from which a kneeling figure is skimming cracklings—precious crisps of pork that, going into meal and water, will be baked in a peculiar pone, which, whether it is cooked in an oil oven or in a cabbage leaf among the ashes—and that is the way Janet Agnes does it—is one of those rural treasures that take the mind away from civilization and cities. It has a nutty richness that tastes to you and me the way a walnut tastes to a squirrel.

The iron door of the oven, waist high above the sidewalk or the hearth, is half open. Cherry pies, apple pies, shoofly pies, are slowly browning under that comfortable dome. Nobody, not even a pie, wants

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then.

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist.

How 'Bull' Durham Got Its Name

Tobacco was discovered by the American Indians, It was taken away from them by the Whites, So it must be some good, Being a Cherokke Indian by blood myself, (born and raised near Claremore, Indian Territory, the best city west of the Alleghanies) I know the Whites never took anything away from the Indians that wasn't some good, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the Sheik of his time, Come over here got a lot of Tobacco and rushed back to England for a personal appearance Tour, The Queen (I dont remember who she was, if you like detail look it up and see who she was) Started to step out of her Carriage and it was muddy, Sir Walter Raleigh took off his coat and layed it down and she stepped on it, She thanked him, gave him the address of a cleaners, and he then gave her some tobacco and said "I admire you". She said "Oh, you are such a gallant man, what is the name of this Tobacco you gave me", and Sir Walter Raleigh said "Why it is 'BULL' DURHAM".

That's how 'Bull' Durham got its name, And the Indians lost not only their Country, but their Tobacco,

Will Rogers

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents

'BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

"The Nickel Lunch"

MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

It doesn't take a fisherman's appetite to make you enjoy Planters Pennant Peanuts. There's a keen zest to them—an unfailing delight in taste that is distinctly their own.

First place, they are so plump and big—so brown and wholesome looking. And the taste! Always thoroughly roasted, always correctly salted and always fresh and crisp. And Planters Peanuts are nutritious as well. They're more than a confection—a food. Keep them handy. Eat them whenever you're hungry. They're "The Nickel Lunch."

They are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia
Canadian Factory, Toronto

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

to go into a contracted oven. These pies lounge around in gossipy groups. Yonder, way back, is a milkpan pie with latticed crusts. Its depths conceal pork tenderloin, fresh herbs, cream, and a dash of cornmeal. The shoofly pies show their raisins, cooking up through egg and molasses and butter. They are one of the great contributions of the South to the world's cuisine. The molasses of ribbon cane—which is a peculiarly delicious sugar cane that will not granulate and has therefore a very limited sphere of commercial value—is boiled down, united with butter, cooled, beaten with egg yolks and combined with raisins rolled in flour. And the top of the pie is sprinkled with salt. From Louisiana to Georgia and throughout coastal South Carolina this absolutely incomparable custard is to be met with wherever the family cookbook and the family prayer book have stood inseparably together.

Suddenly the telephone rings. Actually a telephone in this haunt of the long-lost arts, the primitive. It lurches us, neck and crop, into the present. It is very annoying. Evidently the scornful negress feels that way too. She never turns a hair, but says, "Ring right along, chile. I ain' stoppin' you. Gawd's the only One I ever talks with that I kyant see who it is."

Then a quick shadow crosses the yard, and Janet Agnes is right here. She has that gift of getting from here to yonder awful quick, and is one of these small bundles of marble whiteness, very aquiline of feature, and suggests in her bearing a much thinned down Queen Victoria. You need only glance at the strong curve of the wrist merely in holding the receiver to know that hers is the hand of the actual artist. She has what artists call a swift and sure attack. Short work she makes of preparing two dozen broiler chickens for a prime supper dish that all her folks know as a Galliné.

A New-Found Land

Dora stands by, of course, and has done the preliminaries, but the expert hand of Janet Agnes stuffs the birds with crumbled cornbread, chopped eggs and herbs, and sews them all up tight. They lie in a regiment in a big iron dripping pan, under a blanket of bacon, and are all done and out of the way until tomorrow. Then, having spent the night in the subsiding heat of the brick oven, where they have scarcely come to the roasting point, they will be lifted out, each one whole and unbroken, and molded separately into a jelly of calf's foot and wine. A silver knife will cut right down, through bones and all. It's the brick oven that does it. D'Alençon says so. Janet Agnes says she revived the use of that oven and the hearthside cookery for its economy—but I rather think she also revels in the distinction of its unusual abilities. All her paths lead to or from the kitchen, but they go far afield to the nine farms that make up her plantation, and when you come down to it, it can't be so very bad to be riding out at dawn horseback or in a flivver, circuiting fields and orchards and bottom lands of cotton or of corn. There must be a sense of domain and dominion in such a life, particularly when your lands yield nearly everything that goes to your table. It is beautiful to see your own turkeys roosting on your own washhouse, under your own moon.

Persimmon Cake

Flavors that must have delighted the settlers when this was a new-found land enter into her sweets. Consider, for instance, a frost-bitten persimmon. Poets and 'possums have already considered it. She preserves it; candies the dead-ripe pulp exactly as she does cherries, with sugar and sunlight. Then she employs it in a yeast-raised cake, made with a tub of butter and a crate of eggs. They used to let grandpa have a piece of it just before he went to bed. He sat in a great wing chair with a napkin in his lap to catch the last crumb, and insisted it be found by holding the lamp a little closer. That wild, fruity taste, mysterious as a midnight forest, and that unstinted richness—how youthfully it sent him to bed! Of course no one off the plantation would use eggs and butter that way. The high cost of going to the movies every night has injured the nation's cake.

There is a trick that harks way back yonder to some genius of a cook who in that ancient kitchen practiced the mellowing of molasses taffy. Janet Agnes puts the taffy, pulled to a whiteness, on a buttered board strewn with black-walnut meats, and then, primitively but effectively, she pounds it with a sadiron, rolls it out, coats it with nuts and covers it with buttered paper. It goes to the top shelf of her pantry. Tomorrow it cuts like cheese, and feathers away in the mouth. Just to show that a cook with the big executive hand can mold the course of history, Janet Agnes years ago bobbed her hair, preliminary to managing seventy-two hundred acres of plantation. And she shut the mouth of a perky female cousin by presenting her with all the cut-off hair. A golden switch for a sarcastic relative with a visible scalp. There is here a mixture of thrift, sentiment and diplomacy which shows what a lady politician can do. It puts the men—particularly the bald-headed—out of the running. Character like that goes far.

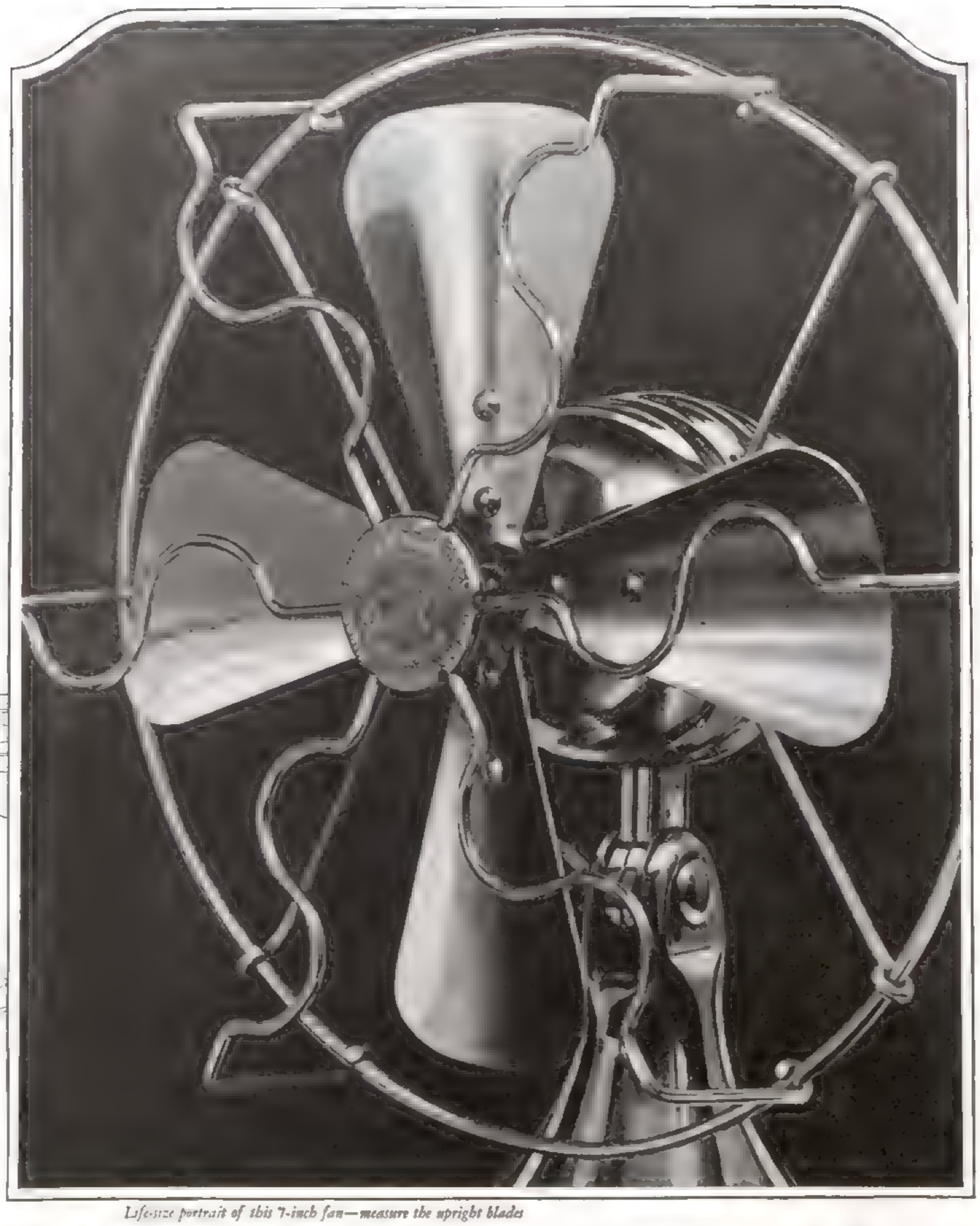
The Big Race

New!
A real big 7-inch Fan
$5.95

In Canada $7.50

This is not a toy, but a genuinely high grade 7-inch electric fan—operating on either direct or alternating current. Go to your dealer—stand in front of this fan when he turns it on. Feel the tremendous stream of fresh, cool air

A "STAR-Rite built" fan—sparkling all nickel finish—strong, substantial wire guards—10⅜" high over all—protected base cannot mar furniture surfaces.



Life-size portrait of this 7-inch fan—measure the upright blades

The STAR-Rite ELECTRIC HOME FANS

EACH STAR-Rite Electric Fan upholds and adds to the prestige of the STAR-Rite name—a name that has stood persistently for the conscientious New England ideal of manufacture: honest products, honestly made and honestly sold.

THE FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. K, TORRINGTON, CONN.
Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

DEALERS: *Write us for STAR-Rite's attractive dealer proposition*

Other members of the Famous STAR-Rite Family:

Waffle Iron	$9.00	Reversible Toaster	$5.00
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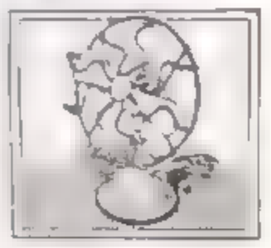
Heating Pads	$5.00—10.00	Marcel Waver	2.00—4.50
Hair Dryer	12.50	Household Motor	—15.00
8-in. Straight Fan	9.00	Heaters	5.00—7.50
10-in. Straight Fan	10.00		

10-in. Oscillating Fan, $15.00

In Canada—$19.75

Operates on direct and alternating current. Highly polished nickel finish 3 speed hard rubber control, felt padded bases, heavy wire blade guard. The best value in a 10-inch oscillating fan ever offered.



For sale wherever reliable electrical equipment is sold.

If your dealer doesn't carry STAR-Rite write us for full information.

BOHN
Refrigerator Week
20% off

DURING the week of June 22nd to 27th, inclusive, BOHN refrigerator dealers throughout the country will accord a discount of **20%** from their regular retail prices on the famous BOHN Syphon and Sanitor refrigerators. This is unusual at the height of the refrigerator season and on highest quality goods.

The purpose is to better familiarize the public with the BOHN Syphon household refrigerator in immaculate white porcelain outside and inside, **reasonably priced**—and the Sanitor porcelain enamel lined, oak exterior, **at an exceptional price,** and further to introduce a new product, illustrated here, a **BOHN Sanitor** porcelain enamel exterior in pearl gray, with a white porcelain interior, **the first porcelain exterior refrigerator of quality to retail for less than one hundred dollars.**

If you are unable to locate a **BOHN** dealer wire the factory and you will be placed in touch with a dealer or supplied direct at the **20%** reduction from one of our own retail stores:

5 East 46th Street, New York City
68 East Washington Street, Chicago
246 Boylston Street, Boston

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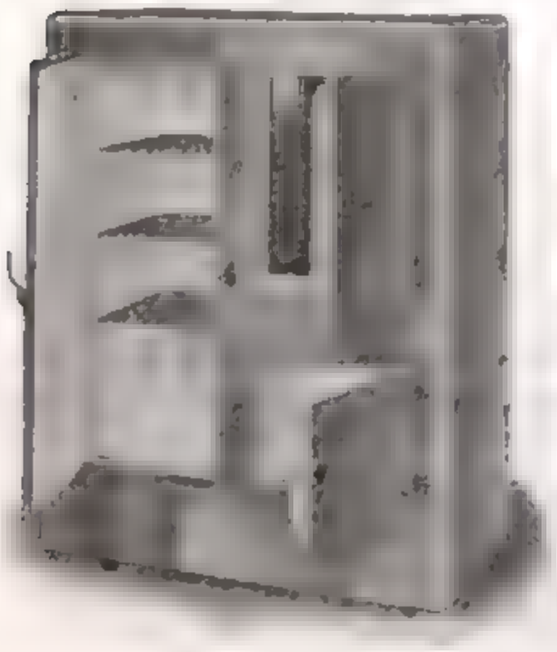

DOWN THE STRETCH

(Continued from Page 23)

known each week, for she was winning consistently. Altogether she won nine out of thirteen races while wearing my colors.

One afternoon Billy Pinkerton came to me and said:

"I've just been talking to Joe Weber and Lew Fields. They're trying to find a title for a new show they're going to put on. They like the name Hurley-Burley and they want to know whether you'd mind if they named their new show that."

"Mind?" I replied. "Certainly I won't mind. Tell them to go to it."

Not so long after that the Weber and Fields production Hurley-Burley made its appearance in the theaters. And when this show had had its run they organized a new one and named it Helter-Skelter, after Hurley-Burley's dam. Billy Pinkerton told me the two comedians thought the names were not only attractive but brought them good luck. Hurley-Burley had been so successful as a race horse that they couldn't see any good reason why a show named after her shouldn't have the same success.

I later sold Hurley-Burley to William C. Whitney for $10,000, an actual profit of $8500, to say nothing of what I had won in purses. Mr. Whitney sent her to the stud and mated her with Hamburg. The product of that mating was Burgomaster, a high-class stake horse that raced in the Whitney colors. She was the exception to the general rule that a good race mare makes a poor brood mare.

The light blue, brown cuffs of the Whitney stable had begun to be prominent in racing at that time. Mr. Whitney was known as the traction king of New York. He was a man of great wealth and when he went in for racing he applied business methods. He admitted that he didn't know much about horses, but he understood that the only way you can win races is to have the best Thoroughbreds you can get. And like all men who succeed in a big way, he didn't meddle with something he didn't understand. His keen business sense told him that to do so would be the surest way to fail in the end. So he intrusted that end of the game to others.

I was back on the Eastern tracks in 1899, when Mr. Whitney sent a messenger and asked me to see him in the clubhouse.

Buying Admiration

"Mr. Hildreth, how would you like to train my horses?" he asked when I met him a few minutes later. The question dropped out of a clear sky. There were no preliminaries.

"Who recommended me?" I asked.

"Nobody. It's my own idea. I'd like to have you manage my horses."

"When would you like an answer?"

"Now."

"All right; it's agreeable to me."

"Then it's agreed that you are to handle my horses?"

"Yes."

That was the extent of the conversation that resulted in my going with William C. Whitney as the trainer of his race horses. There had been no talk of wages or commissions. As I learned to know Mr. Whitney in the two winters and one summer I remained in charge of the Thoroughbreds, I don't think he was bothering much about that end of it. He had made up his mind he wanted me as trainer and he was willing to pay any reasonable sum I might ask. It was just the same with him as though he was picking somebody to manage the transportation lines in New York.

I can't undertake to tell everything that happened while I handled the Whitney racers, so I'm going to stick closely to the one incident that stood out above all others. That was the special race between Admiration and May Hempstead, one of the comparatively few matches between mares that have been held in this country. You will still hear the older fellows of the race track talking about that contest. Though twenty-six years have passed since it was held at Sheepshead Bay on July 1, 1899, the names of Admiration and May Hempstead are well remembered to this day.

Admiration was a three-year-old maiden when John E. Madden offered her to me for $4000. Madden had bought her, I believe, from Headley & Norton, owners of May Hempstead, for something like that price. I liked her on breeding lines alone. She was by Kingston out of Hypocrite. I have already mentioned that I was a great admirer of Kingston's get, and I believe I have owned or trained nearly all the fastest Thoroughbreds he sent to the races—Ballyhoo Bey, The Lady, Federal, Vulcain, Della Gorra and Novelty, in addition to Admiration. About the only great one I missed was Ildrim.

"I'll buy Admiration at that price if she works a mile in 1:42 or better with my boy, Dick Clawson, up," I told Madden.

Getting a Bargain

He was satisfied with this proposition and we arranged for the trial on the old Gravesend track, both of us holding stop watches. Admiration hadn't gone five furlongs before we saw that she would run the mile in better than the time I had fixed as the limit. I don't think Madden realized until that moment just how fast the filly was. Maybe he hadn't put so good a boy as Clawson in the saddle.

"Four thousand's not enough for that filly," he said while Admiration was galloping down the back stretch, under a nice steady pull. "She's worth $10,000 if she's worth a cent."

I wasn't ready to talk about any change in the price.

"Our agreement is for $4000. Don't forget this is a maiden filly—she's never won a race," I replied.

Admiration finished the mile well under 1:42. I agreed with Madden that she was worth more than the $4000 he had set as the price, but a bargain is a bargain and I wasn't telling him what I was thinking. Moreover, I had already mentioned to Mr. Whitney that I could get her at that price. When we took the matter to him he compromised it by paying the $4000 for Admiration, as agreed verbally, and $3000 each for two brood mares by Hanover. This gave Madden the $10,000 he was asking, but it also gave us two extra horses.

My high opinion of the filly was confirmed from the start. On June seventh of that year I saw her beat Ethelbert at 1 1-16 miles over the Gravesend track, carrying 100 pounds against his 112. It was the Spring Special and George Odom, who rode, brought her home half a length in front of Ethelbert, which was ridden by Spencer. After that she won three straight races and was acclaimed the best filly of the year, as well as being one of the fastest horses in training.

May Hempstead was by Patron from Lillie Hempstead. She had won the Tennessee Derby and Tennessee Oaks at Memphis and was cleaning up in other important races. The Southerners were crazy about her. They were certain she was a better horse than anything running on the Eastern tracks, not excepting Admiration.

The newspapers began talking about a match to decide the rivalry, and the regulars took it up. After all she had done, particularly in winning over Ethelbert, I was certain she could beat the Southern filly; but Mr. Whitney had meanwhile started for Europe and I preferred to talk to him about it first.

One evening Harry Payne Whitney, his son, who had become greatly interested in racing, called me over to Brighton Beach.

"These fellows say they can beat Admiration," he told me, referring to the owners of May Hempstead and Eugene Leigh, her trainer. "What do you think of it?"

"Not a chance they can beat her," I answered.

"They want to make a match," young Whitney went on. "They suggest we put up $5000 a side and match them for a mile race."

"Well, why not match them? I'm willing," I said.

Harry hesitated.

"Will you take half the side bet?" he finally asked.

"Half of it? I'll take all of it if you want me to."

That settled the matter and we accepted the challenge, each of us taking half the side. It was arranged to hold the race at Sheepshead Bay, a fine old race track and about as popular a one as they have ever had on the Eastern turf. A few days before the match I met Gene Leigh on the lawn. He took hold of my arm in a confidential sort of way and said:

"Sam, you and I have been friends for a long time and I don't want to see you get hurt on this race. Don't get in too deep. You know I've had both these fillies in my barn and I know May can beat Admiration."

"If you knew Admiration as I know her you would never have let her go for $4000," I assured him. Maybe that remark wasn't a very nice way to thank him for his friendly tip, but I couldn't help letting it slip.

"All right," Leigh answered; "but just remember when the race is all over that I told you not to get hurt."

"Thanks, Gene; and since you've been so considerate, I want to reciprocate. Take my tip and don't you get hurt."

Leigh thought this was a good joke and laughed. It is true he had handled both fillies, but the thing he didn't take into consideration was that Admiration had improved many pounds over the form she had when she was in his barn. She had had a habit of cording up across the loins and hadn't shown anything as a two-year-old. I had cured her of this trouble with liniment and steaming her across the back.

A Color Prejudice

Clawson rode Admiration and Nash Turner was up on May Hempstead, each carrying 107 pounds. May was a highflying mare with a flax tail, and the kind of horse that I'd never taken a fancy to. The only one I've ever seen of that kind that really made a hit with me was the Fair Play gelding Stromboli—and old Strom isn't just exactly like that either. But if there is any likeness, he's made good for all the dislike I've ever had for the type. Strom is my pet. He's here on Rancocas Farm with me today, and he's going to remain with me as long as he lives, enjoying himself out in the green paddocks and living like a gentleman. Anything I have Strom can have. He's a grand old fellow, and I'll never mourn the $1000 I paid Mr. Belmont for him after he'd broken down.

But at this time I hadn't met Stromboli and I was against the flax-tailed horse. When I was saddling Admiration in the paddock just before the race I said to Dick Clawson:

"There's yellow in that May Hempstead. Just let out from the start and stick close to her. And when you're alongside her, keep clucking loud to Admiration. May will hear you clucking and she won't like it a bit. It'll make her curl up and stop."

Harry Whitney walked up to us about this time. His face was drawn, his brow was wrinkled and he looked as if he hadn't been asleep since Hindoo was a colt.

"This is too much for my nerves, Sam," he said to me in a low voice. "I think I'll go riding on some of the back roads while the race is being run. It's a case of taking a

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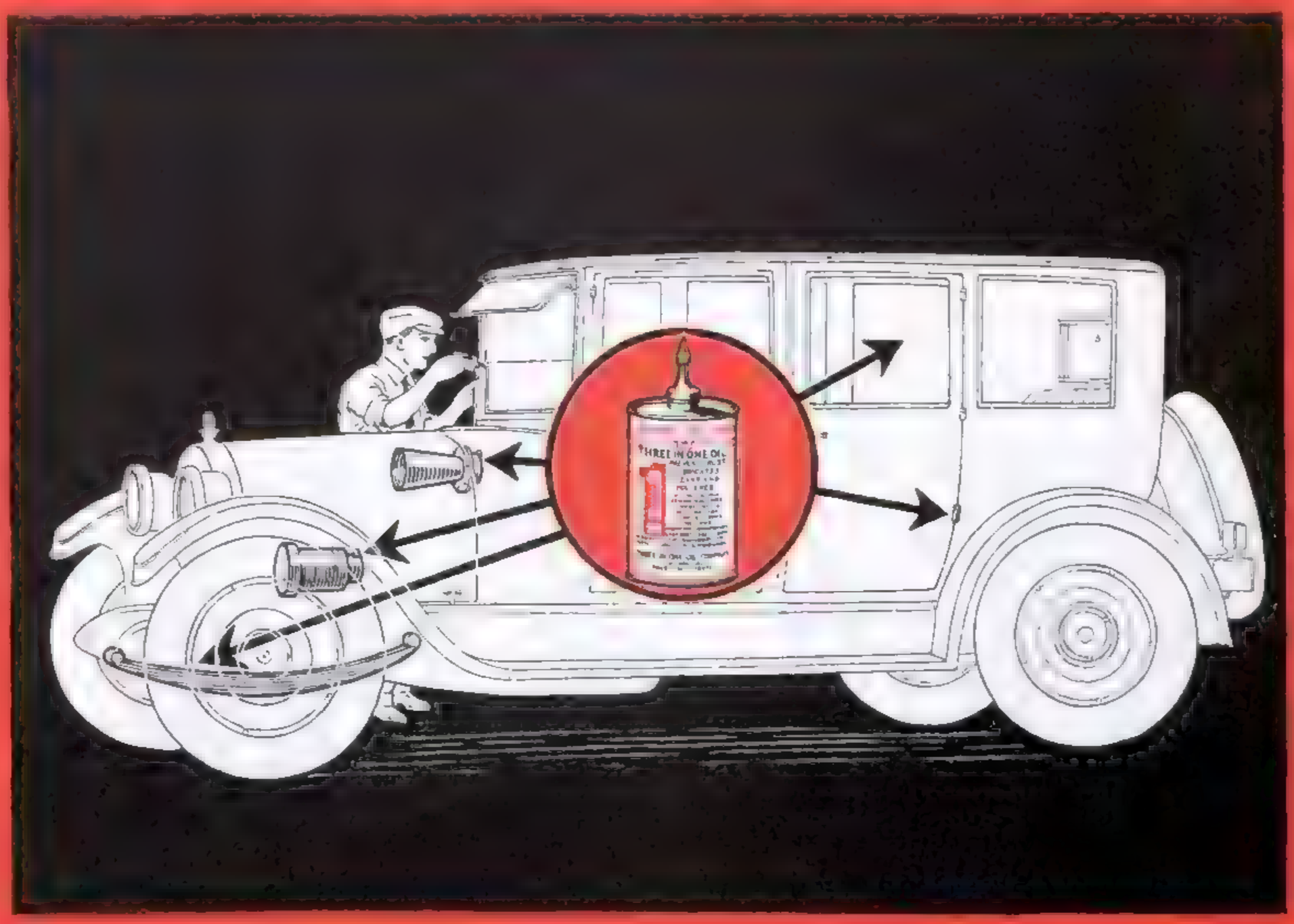

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1776

(Continued from Page 144)

voluntary ride now or an involuntary one later—in a hearse."

I told him not to worry, everything would be all right, and he walked away. As I've said, Harry Whitney was a youngster then. Anybody who's ever seen him watching races in later years, when his colors were being carried in famous stakes by greater horses than Admiration ever was, would have a hard time associating him with the young man who thought himself too excited to remain at the track while that match was being run. He's settled down to it since; and, win or lose, he can go on chatting as though nothing had happened. But it was new to him then, and he lacked the steadying hand that a few years give to your nerves.

The riding instructions I'd given to Dick Clawson weren't necessary—at least that part of them about clucking. They ran the first half mile in forty-seven seconds, with Clawson sticking close and ready to turn loose a thousand clucks if he thought they were needed to help him win. Admiration was just a head back at this point and running so easily that Dick knew he could pass the Southern filly any time he wanted. As soon as he let her down she just romped away from May Hempstead and came home an easy winner.

Soon after they had run Admiration's number up on the board I felt a terrific thump on the back.

"Well, we did it, didn't we, Sam old boy?" a voice thundered in my ear.

I turned to find Harry Whitney doing everything but turning handsprings over the paddock lawn. He was so happy it was fun to watch him. We sent a cablegram to his father, who was on his way to Europe at the time, and in a few days an answer came back congratulating us on our victory. Our cablegram was the first intimation Mr. Whitney had of a match between his horse and the filly from the South. It had been impossible to reach him by wire while the arrangements were being made.

The time of the race, 1:40⅕, establishes a point about racing so many people can't understand. It is this: Why will a race horse so often be badly beaten in slower time than he ordinarily takes to cover the same distance? If I remember correctly, May Hempstead had run a mile in a fraction over 1:37 a short time before this race, only to be beaten by a big margin in much slower time. How was it possible for Admiration to run the mile in more than 1:40 and still win?

The Anvil Chorus

The answer is that time has nothing to do with deciding a race of this kind. Admiration could have beaten May Hempstead no matter how fast or how slow the race might have been run. It is the same with other horses. Some horses have their races won before the barrier is sprung. They simply have it on the others and the speed of the race makes no difference. They can go along at a fast clip or they can jog along under restraint; but whichever way, they will come away from the other horse whenever the jockey gives the word.

It was that season I learned of a likely-looking yearling Eugene Leigh had in his barn at Gravesend. He was a brown colt by Kingston from Ballyhoo, and as soon as I saw him I decided he ought to be added to the string Mr. Whitney was getting together. I told Mr. Whitney about him.

"Why don't you buy him?" Mr. Whitney asked.

"I will if you give the word," I replied.

"You have it."

There was no mention of price, but that was enough for me. I led the yearling back to the Whitney barn the same day. His name was Ballyhoo Bey.

"He's certainly a good looker," Mr. Whitney said when he saw him for the first time. Then he added, as an afterthought, "How much did you pay for him?"

"He cost $12,000." That was a pretty big sum to pay for a yearling.

"My hat's off to you, Mr. Hildreth. You're certainly no piker," Mr. Whitney observed.

Ballyhoo Bey finished third in the first race he ran the next year—1900. He came out of the race with a temperature of 103, though he was perfectly normal when he started. When I discovered his condition I remembered he had been quartered in a stable where there was a coughing epidemic, but I had no knowledge that he had been stricken with it until that moment. It was a peculiar case of the illness developing suddenly while the race was being run. And some people at the track seized upon it as a chance to hammer me with Mr. Whitney. They told him I didn't know how to feed the horses and that Ballyhoo Bey's trouble had been caused by that. I knew at the time who it was that did the knocking, but it wasn't bothering me. A thing like that is just a part of the game. I've found them off and on in my time, just as we all have. Whenever the case is checked up against them I just tab it up in my mind for future reference. It all helps to give you a line on humans, and there's no use squawking about it. In the long run it goes harder with them than it does with you, so the slate's clean anyway.

Tod Sloan's Specialty

Though I parted company with Mr. Whitney soon afterward, it didn't alter the fact that we had made a good buy when we paid $12,000 for Ballyhoo Bey. That season he won the Futurity, with Tod Sloan in the saddle, leading Olympian, the favorite, and Tommy Atkins home. The Futurity is one of the great stakes of the turf, ranking with the Kentucky Derby, the Suburban, the Preakness and the Belmont. It is the ambition of all such owners as Mr Whitney to win these stakes; it is that which makes them pay big sums for horses after they've gone into racing. Mr. Whitney was delighted with the way the investment in Ballyhoo Bey had turned out, and he told me so. We continued to be good friends always.

The great sensation of the turf world in this period was the riding of Tod Sloan, the best-known jockey of the last thirty years, though there have been others since his day who could ride as well. The Sloan brothers, Cash and Tod, came from Kokomo, Indiana. The first time I'd ever heard of Tod was when his older brother Cash came to me in '84 and asked me to give him—Tod—a chance at riding. I was training at the time for a man named Ivy at Roseville, Illinois.

"He only weighs a little more than fifty pounds, but he has a lot of grit and I think he has the stuff in him to make a jockey," Cash said.

"What's he done as a rider?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing special," Cash answered. "He's been traveling around with a man who goes up in balloons at county fairs. But he's quit his job. He quit the other day. The man told Tod he was going to take him up in the balloon with him. But he didn't. Tod vamosed before he had a chance."

I decided not to send for Cash's young brother; but four years later, when I was at Latonia training for a Mr. Beatty, I ran across him for the first time. Beatty was a native of Kokomo. When he found out that Tod Sloan came from his own town he asked me to let him ride in one of the less important races to see if he had the makings of a real jockey in him. Tod weighed sixty pounds by this time and he was so small he reminded you of a peanut as he squatted on a horse's back. He finished nowhere in that race, but both Mr. Beatty and I noticed that he handled himself well. I think this was perhaps the first mount Tod Sloan had on an important race track. I am at least certain it was one of the first.

Through the years that intervened between that time and 1900 Tod Sloan had become the premier jockey of the world. He was as well known in England as he was here, and his fame had spread to every quarter where Thoroughbred racing took place. His specialty was riding winners. He had proved that he was a natural horseman and he was smart enough to take advantage of all the knowledge he gained. In the earlier days the English seat in the saddle had been in common use here. If you have ever seen one of the old-time racing pictures, you know what the English seat is. The jockeys sit straight up in the saddle, as the man who goes horseback riding nowadays does. In a race they would keep banging up and down on a horse's back and this was bound to tire their mounts.

Tod Sloan was one of the first to discover how a jockey could lighten the burden by crouching high up on the horse's withers. When he saw what the effect of this crouch was he kept improving on it right along until he had developed a style of his own. With this he combined good judgment of pace, alertness at the post, a cool head and the ability to put up a strong finish by hand-riding horses that would sulk under punishment, and whipping the sluggish kind that needed that sort of treatment. And he followed riding instructions, the thing so many jockeys refuse to do because they think they know more about it than does the trainer.

The average jockey of a generation back was a high roller. There were few exceptions, and Sloan was not one of them. He made money fast and spent it fast. The best in the market was none too good for him.

Clothes were his particular weakness. I recall one season when he arrived in San Francisco and stopped at the Baldwin Hotel he had twenty trunks with him, filled with suits for every possible occasion, and shoes, hats, shirts, neckties and underwear of the finest quality. He was the center of attention in sporting circles, just as Jack Dempsey is today. On the hotel register he wrote, "James Tod Sloan, New York City." Some of us happened to see his signature, and when he was away from the hotel we rubbed out the address as he had written it and wrote in "Kokomo, Indiana" in its place. When Tod got back to the hotel and his attention was called to it, he boiled over. He changed the address back to New York City and told the hotel people to be careful that nobody monkeyed with the register.

A Landmark on the Turf

In 1873, twenty-seven years before the time I am speaking of now, the racing colors of Pierre Lorillard had made their first appearance on the American turf. What Mr. Lorillard did in racing is so closely akin to events that took place in 1900 I've kept from telling of it till now. The Lorillard reign was a great landmark in turf affairs, maybe the greatest. And Pierre was a born sportaman. The excitement of the turf appealed to him. The spell of the race track was in his blood. He was happiest when he could hear the thudding of hoofs and could see the field as it flashed down the back stretch and around the far turn for the final dash to the wire, a streaking thing of life and speed and courage.

There are those of us who are born to the racing stable; there are those who are lured to the races for the love of gambling; and those who buy the best horses and engage the best jockeys and spend fortunes for the pleasure of seeing their colors carried under the wire in front of the field. It was from this mold the Lorillards came—Pierre and his brother, George L. Above everything else, it is the spirit of combat that lures men of this type into the game and holds them there. Our lives are a fast and furious scrap from the rise of the barrier. You find the craving for competition in every soul. With the docile, it is a never-ending battle to smooth out the rough spots of the world; with the arrogant, it is the will to conquer by might. And when you are racing horses you are fighting, fighting.

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 147)

fighting every inch of the way against competition as strong and resourceful as you will find in any battle you enter.

Five years after the colt Saxon had introduced the cherry and black of Pierre Lorillard to the racing world—colors that were as famous as the white, blue spots of the Keenes, the red, blue sash of the Dwyers, the red, white and blue of the Cassatts, the orange and blue of the Haggins, the all scarlet of the Morrises, the scarlet and maroon of the Belmonts, the light blue, brown cuffs of the Whitneys, and the white, green collar and cuffs of the Sinclairs—five years after the cherry and black had arrived, Mr. Lorillard took a string of horses to England for the first serious effort made by an American to win important stakes on the English turf. In the first shipment were six yearlings, Cherokee, Friar, Papoose, Geraldine, Boreas and Nereid and two horses in training, Parole and Uncas. A little later they were joined by Duke of Magenta, the champion three-year-old of 1878, accompanied by Bill Brown, the trainer, and the jockeys Barrett, Hughes and Fisher.

From that time until the beginning of the new century Mr. Lorillard raced a stable in England, with only a few interruptions. But nothing that he accomplished on the English track—and his successes were many—equaled the distinction that came to the cherry and black in the first few years. On April 16, 1879, Parole, a brown gelding by Leamington out of Maiden, carrying 116 pounds, won the Newmarket Handicap, defeating the great English horse, Isonomy, in a field of six starters. Six days later he galloped home to an easy victory in the City and Suburban, the most important of the earlier stakes, from a field of seventeen that included Ridotto. The very next day he won the Great Metropolitan of two and a quarter miles from the only other starter, Castlereagh, the other owners withdrawing their horses because they thought it would be useless to try for the stake with Parole in. In this race Parole carried 124 pounds against 110 on Castlereagh.

Horses and History

Parole was not a show horse. The English said of him that he was "light-necked, rough-coated, leggy and curby-hocked." They began to regard his appearance as typical of the American people, and some of the newspapers published editorials saying that it would be a good thing for England to adopt a little more of the style. A writer in Sporting Life said:

"'Rough and ready' is a good motto for men as well as for horses, and the Americans seem to have applied it. Yet there are people who say England is a great nation. Overeducation, pampering, free trade and the defeat of Ridotto are ruining the country, and the sooner we get back to truths the better. Give us then the good old rough-and-ready business; do not let us believe in 'fashion' in breeding so much as we have done, and so learn the lesson that 'a horse is a horse.'"

I like to turn over in my mind that one line about "overeducation, pampering, free trade and the defeat of Ridotto are ruining the country." Does it sound like the ravings of somebody who is so deep in horse racing that to him the defeat of a great horse is the same as a national calamity? It does. But when you think of it you find truth. A man is known by the company he keeps. A nation may be known by the horses it breeds—at least those nations that have the climate and the means to raise good horses. The English writer was laying down a good law to England. The horses of that country hadn't begun to go backward, but he didn't want that to happen. That writer and I have the same idea. If ever you find the United States turning out inferior horses, everything being favorable to the breeding of solid ones, you may depend upon it that we are beginning to get a little soft-boiled ourselves. It will be one of the straws showing the way the wind is blowing.

Jacob Pincus was training the Lorillard horses two years later, when the greatest honor an American-bred horse ever won on the English turf was carried off by Iroquois, wearing the cherry and black. Iroquois was another Leamington product, his dam being Maggie B. B. The Lorillards had taken a strong fancy to the get of this English-bred sire. In 1879 they bought up the entire lot of Leamington yearlings at the Welch breeding farm in Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. Iroquois was one of them, and Mr. Lorillard trained him at Rancocas for the campaign that was to come the next year in England. In his two-year-old form, the brown son of Leamington showed high speed on the English tracks and the next year was one of the public choices for the Derby. Peregrine was the favorite at 6 to 5 in the field of fifteen horses and Iroquois was held at 11 to 2.

Iroquois Wins the Derby

The Derby of that year was held at Epsom June 1, 1881. Fred Archer, the most famous of the English jockeys, had the leg up on Iroquois over the mile-and-a-half route and brought the Lorillard colt home in front for the first American victory ever scored in that most celebrated of all turf classics. In all the long history of the Derby, it is the only instance of a horse born in this country finishing in front. Mr. Whitney turned the trick with Volodyovski and Mr. Croker won with Orby, but these were not American-bred horses. Iroquois was

Some Englishmen didn't see it as an American victory, because Leamington, sire of the winner, was an English-bred horse. In a sense, that is right. The Thoroughbred is English in his origin. He came from the crossing of other breeds and he had his beginning in England. But if you think of Iroquois as being more English than he was American, then you must classify all the race horses in this country today the same way. If you go still further back, you can say they are neither English nor American. Trace the ancestry of all great types back far enough and you will find that the whole line had its start in Arab and Barb foundation. And if you call a horse born in this country, and trained here, English, you might as well say most of the American people are English. Birth is a horse's claim to citizenship. Iroquois was as American as his name.

When Iroquois followed up his Derby victory by winning the one hundred and sixth renewal of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster on September 14, 1881, from fourteen other horses, he did something that few other Thoroughbreds have succeeded in accomplishing—winning these two great three-year-old stakes. He was more of a hero with the American people than Parole had been three years previously. His name rang from one end of the country to the other. It was as though Parole and Iroquois had won a glorious victory for the Stars and Stripes on a foreign battleground.

Cherry and black were colors that had almost as much meaning to the folks back home as red, white and blue. Racing grew in popularity. Men and women who had never seen a horse race began flocking to the courses to see what sort of game it was that had brought so much honor to this country. And Pierre Lorillard, dividing his time between England and the great breeding farm he had established meanwhile at Jobstown, New Jersey, became one of the leading national figures of the day.

These are the things I mention as leading up to events that took place in 1900. The Lorillards' success was so sweeping in England that it caused many American followers of racing to turn their eyes in that direction when the reform organizations began a crusade against the New York tracks in the 90's. They began drifting

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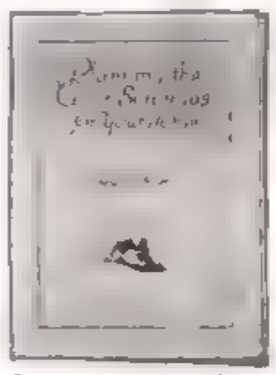

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across the Atlantic a few at a time—owners, trainers, jockeys and the little army that always follows in the wake of race horses. The English called it "the great American invasion," and it was at its height at the beginning of the new century.

An American visiting an English course at that time would have felt almost as much at home as though he was at Sheepshead Bay in New York or Churchill Downs in Kentucky. You could hear the American twang, as the British called it, on every side—in Tattersall's and the reserved sections or out along the rails where the English people gather to watch the horses run. American horses were winning big stakes, American trainers were exhibiting their skill at handling Thoroughbreds, and American jockeys were sweeping everything before them. And the thing that had to happen did. Jealousies were aroused. All the good feeling that had existed in the time of Pierre Lorillard disappeared. There were no more such courtesies as that extended by Lord Falmouth to Mr. Lorillard when he canceled Archer's engagement to ride his own horse, Bal Gal, in the St. Leger that the premier British jockey might have the mount on Iroquois.

Tod Sloan and the Reiff boys, Lester and Johnny, Danny Maher, J. H. Martin and Frankie O'Neill made their appearance on the English turf in this period. The way that English horses came to life under their piloting was a revelation to the staid and solemn British folk, who were still sticking to the methods that were good enough for their fathers.

Our riders completely outclassed the English jockeys. In close finishes they would hunch up high on the withers of their mounts and use all the bag of tricks that had been uncovered on the American turf in the pioneer days of our racing. It didn't make much difference whether they rode favorites or long shots—it was all the same at the finish. Away they would streak through the stretch, as light as a feather on the horses' backs, riding with their legs and arms and bodies, plying their whips with a vigor the English crowds had never seen before, or hand-riding in such a way that they would actually lift their mounts over the finish line.

A Winner With a Winning Name

It was all terribly upsetting to the English horsemen, who had looked upon us as infants in the racing line. They couldn't accustom themselves to these bally methods of the Americans or the way they would go around the betting rings placing enormous sums on horses ridden by the Yankee jockeys, telling all their friends to climb aboard, just as though the blooming race was all over. Some of them began to pound hard on the evil times that had overtaken racing.

Lester Reiff was riding for the stable owned by John A. Drake, a well-known American sportsman, who was for years associated with John W. Gates. Enoch Wishard was handling the Drake horses, and his successes were so many that all kinds of stories were told to account for them. They charged him with using electric girth straps and with carrying batteries under the saddles of his horses. Some of the critics discounted such fantastic notions as those and looked for a more reasonable answer. Their conclusion was that he was resorting to stimulants, and doing it so cleverly that he couldn't be detected. A minority group of the English sportsmen suggested the winning streak might be the result of Wishard's exceptional skill as a trainer and Lester Reiff's ability as a jockey, and possibly because the Drake horses possessed speed.

But the British public wasn't ready at that moment for any solution so simple as this. They liked to dwell on the mystery of why Drake and Gates, Wishard and Reiff could win almost any race they went after. It wasn't until years afterward that they admitted the minority critics had the right idea.

In the Drake string was an aged horse named Royal Flush, by Favo out of Flush. Mr. Drake had paid 400 guineas for him and he proved to be one of the best investments the turf has ever known. Under Enoch Wishard's handling and with Reiff in the saddle, Royal Flush turned out to be a real Hindoo. Mr. Drake and Mr. Gates bet heavily on him in all their races. Gates, an operator in the stock market and a plunger in everything he went in for, staggered the English bookmakers with the sums he placed on Royal Flush—and to stagger an English bookmaker is no easy task. They were then and always have been accustomed to big play from the wealthy families of Great Britain. But they weren't quite up to the Gates speed for doing things. He was a man of few words and a gruff way of speaking. He shot his bets at them so fast it was befuddling. Over on this side of the Atlantic he had become known as Betcha-a-Million Gates. It was a good nickname.

All-English vs. All-American

Royal Flush was in especially fine form when the races were held that year at Goodwood. In one race Gates put down so large a bet that the bookmaking ring of England stood to be well stung if Royal Flush won. They were. Royal Flush and Reiff were just hitting their winning stride at the time and they walked off with the race exactly as Drake, Gates, Wishard, Reiff and Company expected they would. The Gates winnings on Royal Flush at Goodwood were said to be £100,000, and the total amount which he and Mr. Drake won on that horse before the season ended came close to the $1,000,000 mark.

All this time the controversy regarding American methods as compared with the English was occupying the attention of the British turf. Toward the close of the autumn season it was suggested to Mr. Drake that he enter Royal Flush in a special race to decide which system of training and riding horses was superior. The idea was for the race to be all English on one side and all American on the other—an English horse and English rider against an American-owned horse trained by an American and ridden by an American. It was the kind of sporting proposition that would not find so good a sportsman as Mr. Drake waiting to be coaxed. He agreed to it at once.

A horse named Eager, the best sprinter in England at the time, was selected to represent England. The race was for £500 a side and the famous Ascot Gold Cup, with £1000 added to the stake by the racing association. It was held on the Hurst Turf Club course on October 27, 1900. Royal Flush gave Eager twenty-eight pounds in weight and was ridden by Lester Reiff. Mornington Cannon, a famous English jockey, had the leg up on Eager.

The race was held in a pelting rain, and this was against Royal Flush, who was not a particularly good mud runner. He seemed to be anchored in the going over the entire straightaway of six furlongs. Eager breezed to the front early in the race and cantered home an easy winner by three lengths. Mr. Drake was one of the first to congratulate L. Newmann, the owner of Eager. He had bet freely on his own horse to win the match, though not with the same confidence he'd had in the earlier campaigning of Royal Flush. Whatever chance the American-owned horse had had to win, the track conditions had spoiled. It was not a fair test. The idea that it might show the superiority of one system over the other was a joke, no matter which horse might have won. You can't establish a point of that kind on one race. Mr. Drake knew it when he agreed to the race. But he didn't say so for the British public to hear. He was through with racing in England, anyway. Soon after the match he sold Royal Flush for 1250 guineas, the last horse of his string to be disposed of.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Crowell. The fourth will appear in an early issue

The ZONE of KELVINATION

It is a strange fact that at temperatures between fifty and sixty degrees, bacteria multiply nearly four hundred times as rapidly as at corresponding temperatures between forty and fifty degrees. Below fifty degrees deterioration practically stops, and foods remain fresh indefinitely.

Kelvinator electric refrigeration keeps the temperature of a refrigerator below fifty degrees all the time. Ice, on the contrary, permits the temperature to rise far above that point as it melts, from one delivery to another. The Zone of Kelvination lies between forty and fifty degrees. It is a Zone of Safety for foods, colder than an ice-cooled refrigerator. It preserves the purity of foods day after day.

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are made in sizes for every retail business. The Kelvinator air-cooled principle makes installation simple and economical.

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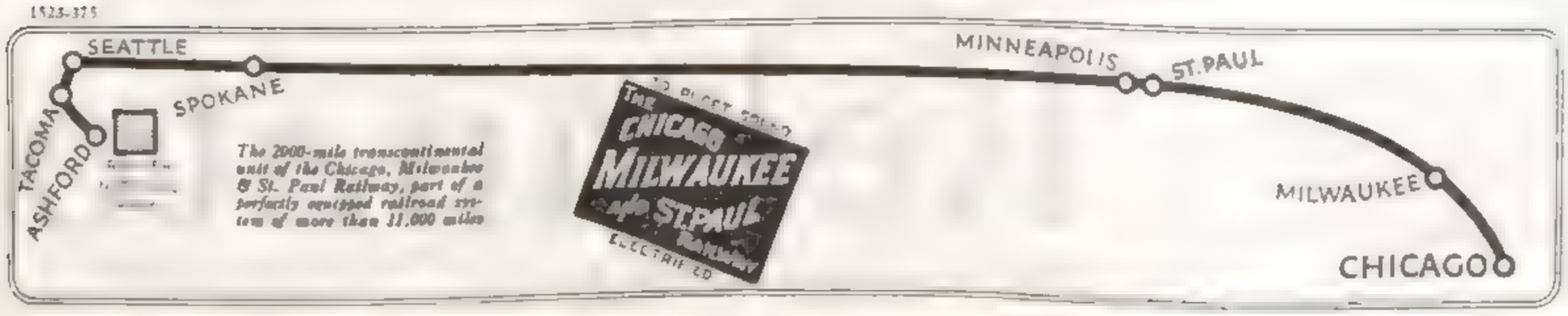

ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 4)

wilderness to another, and migrated to the lake country of what they used to call York State almost as soon as the news reached them of the conquest of the Six Nations by the ruthless and barbarous expedition of General Sullivan in 1779 for which he received the thanks of Congress. Simeon Quick, my grandfather, settled in Tompkins County, some miles south of Ithaca. The Krums and Colemans located west of there, and lived near Palmyra when Joseph Smith filled that countryside with his stories of visions, visitations of angels, and of the book of gold plates on which the characters were inscribed, which, when translated from "the reformed Egyptian tongue" by means of the supernatural spectacles with the lenses, one of which was Urim and the other Thummim, made up the Book of Mormon.

The fact that my ancestors moved to Central New York at this time is of small consequence, but the migration itself is historic. It was one of those shootings-forth which made America. My Grandmother Coleman remembered that while her family were on the road through the forests from Orange County to their new home they stayed overnight at a farm where the family kept slaves. This, remember, was in the state of New York.

The new frontier was pierced through by a great highway, the Erie Canal. It was no longer Dutch, but a far-flung congeries of settlements in which Dutch, New England Yankees and an infusion of immigrants from Europe existed in that condition of attrition and fusion out of which alone Americanization has ever come. There has been a progressive failure in the process of Americanization in our history, in the exact measure that the frontier has been replaced by settled and developed conditions.

The frontier has been the great Americanizing influence. Something may possibly be originated to take its place, but we have not yet invented or developed it; and we shall do well to pause in taking in immigrants who settle in cities in Little Europes and Asias and, preserving all their alien characteristics, become merely hotbeds of ancient enmities plus new ones developed in the new soil, until we have found a substitute for the frontier as a solvent of alien characteristics and a propagating force for our own. Not that I would discuss the question of whether ours are better than theirs, any more than I would debate as to whether gasoline is better than flame. The point is that the two will not mix without danger of an explosion.

The Last Long Trek

The human ingredients began mixing successfully in Western New York, but the wanderlust did not permit my family on either side to remain. My mother's people went for a year to Canada, where she was born; and then to Ohio, stopping a few years at Conneaut, which was then nicknamed Little Hope—why, I know not. The next step was to Wisconsin, where they landed at Southport, now Kenosha. My father, still a stranger to my mother, left the family home; and because he was a skillful sawyer, having learned in his father's little sawmill on what I believe was called Six-Mile Creek, south of Ithaca, went to Muskegon, Michigan, at which place the onslaught was beginning on the great pineries of that peninsula. There he heard the call of the newer sawmills at Eau Claire, Wisconsin. But the magnetism of the new soil was too strong to be resisted, and he somehow turns up in Dodge County, near Horicon.

The two lines of descent met and touched in 1857. They met in the forest region, through which they had been for two centuries or more pressing westward. They are examples. They are very significant to America and Americans, and to the world. They were not yet out of the woods, however. In the spring of 1857 they began their last long trek to a new and a different world. They turned their faces to the West which they had for generations seen at sunset through traceries of the twigs and leafage of the primal forest, and finally stepped out into the open, where God had cleared the fields, and stood at last with the forests behind them, gazing with dazzled eyes sheltered under the cupped hands of toil out over a sea of grassy hillocks, while standing in the full light of the sun. It was the end of Book One of our history.

There were three ox-drawn wagons. One was that of my grandfather, the last John Coleman, with his wife, born Catherine Krum, and his two grown-up daughters. The second belonged to my Uncle Matthew Coleman, with his wife and their little girl. At the beginning of the voyage of the prairie schooners—as they came afterward to be called—my mother rode with her parents, accompanied by her young daughter. My father's wagon carried his three boys, the eldest some thirteen or fourteen years old. While in midvoyage my father and mother were married. Our family consisted therefore of what we used to call three sets of children, at least after my three full sisters and myself had put in our appearances.

The Rotterdam Contractor

Each of the previous marriages had been dissolved by divorce. And it is significant of the characters of my parents that never in the whole history of the family did I become aware of any slightest feeling on the part of my brothers and sisters that any partiality was shown by father or mother as between these offspring of former marriages or in favor of the later one. Perhaps the highest attribute of the human character is the sense of justice, and the ability to deal out in just measure not only the appearance of justice but the actual goods of affection. Instead of being a source of jealousy and strife in our family, the presence of these older half brothers and sisters became to us all a beautiful lesson in righteousness, the more beneficent because nothing was ever said or—so far as I ever knew—thought about it.

My father was a typical Dutchman of medium stature, and in his youth an able wrestler. Perhaps the fact that he had one brown eye marks a departure from type. They knew their Mother Goose in Tompkins County in the 1820's, for his playmates used to hector him by singing:

Mary and Simmie went through the rye
And found a little boy with one brown eye.

After we had begun to read good books, aside from the Bible, my mother always insisted that there was much in the head of our house which resembled that great-grandfather of Diedrich Knickerbocker, who, on taking the contract to build a church in Rotterdam, took three months of smoking for pure consideration of the work; then three more in knocking his head and breaking his pipe against every church on a circuitous journey from Rotterdam through Amsterdam, Delft, Haarlem, Leyden and The Hague and back to Rotterdam; then three more in walking and navigating and climbing to attain coigns of vantage for contemplating the site of the still unbuilt church; and at last, having smoked three hundredweight of tobacco, and traveled and thought and contemplated and just looked for full twelve months, and filled the good Rotterdammers with the fidgets, pulled off his coat and five pairs of breeches and laid the cornerstone of the church, which, according to the great historian of New Amsterdam, "was so conveniently constructed that all the zealous Christians of Rotterdam prefer sleeping through a sermon there than to any other church in the city."

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Tooth decay is the natural enemy of your smile. Lurking in less-exposed spots and crevices, germs wait, always ready to attack. To avert trouble they must be continually brushed away. *No ordinary brush will do this job!*

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There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage, 75c.

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Cleans OUTSIDE

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The only tooth brush with the health curve

The curve above makes cleaning every part of every tooth so much simpler and easier that dentists and users have named it "The Health Curve." It is a patented feature, hence can be had on no other tooth brush.

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1 *Just catch the cap on the valve stem with one or two turns—*

2 *then push down as far as the cap will go—the valve cap slides inside the dust cap to fit any length stem—*

3 *another turn or two to tighten and it's done. It comes off just as easy—just reverse the operation.*

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Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

Father had the true Dutch deliberation in decision, though in his physical motions he was vigorous and athletic. In fact, he was always a little uneasy when called to exercise judgment, and seemed to feel a great relief when he could be discharged of the duty of thinking and allowed to wreak his vigor on something in manual labor. I remember that when he had opened up a prairie farm and sold it at the tiptop of a land boom, making the only money he ever had, and was offered a beautiful tract much larger at what we now should call prewar prices, he hesitated, felt that he ought to examine the proposed purchase, though there was no half section of anything but nearly perfect land within miles of it, which he well knew, failed to make the purchase, and lost the chance to gain what in those days was considered a fortune. My mother said that Martin should have laid his corner stone without taking so long to look over the site of the church. His edifice of modest competence was not built.

It is a significant part of my family life that I never saw my father read a book, a magazine or a newspaper. I doubt whether he ever read the written contracts or promissory notes which he signed. As a child, I never connected him with the act of reading; and if I had been asked as to whether or not he could read, I should have probably answered in the negative; until one day when I had won a prize in our primitive district school, I proudly took the book home and showed it to him. To my astonishment he read the legend on the back: The Iron Horse, or Life on the Line: by R. M. Ballantyne. Father could read! Not only that, but he could pronounce that hard word "Ballantyne."

Father's Philosophy

Once, he told me, he had been "all wrapped up in his studies," in a school as primitive as mine, I suppose, back in Tompkins County; but—this I infer from the context of his life history as it is imperfectly known to me—he was married to a strangely constituted girl when he was eighteen years old or so, and the rest of his life became a tragic and savage struggle with poverty, domestic infelicity, the support of annual increments to his family, the pioneer life with its fevers and agues and brutal labors. He acquired a habit of hopelessness. What was there for him in Plato and the swing of the Pleiades, the long reaches of the peaks of song, or even of the common uninteresting book or paper? He worked from dawn to dusk, and nightly fell into a bed of weariness. Some martyrdoms seem rather inconsequential things in comparison with his life for more than a third of a century. Yet even this does not quite explain to the mind of his son his complete abandonment of the printed page. It is one of the wonders of my life that, so far as I know, my father never read anything. But he was an avid and appreciative listener to things read aloud in the family circle. After all, while reading maketh a full man, the question may often well be asked, Full of what?

He was a Baptist and I think of that strict Calvinistic school popularly and irreverently dubbed Hard-shells. That is, he adhered to the supremely logical and, it seems to me, absurd Genevan system of disposing of us all for eternity. He had been a communicant of the Baptist Church at Candor, New York—I believe—where he was also chorister; for he had a magnificent barytone voice, and sang hymns and songs in the old Jubilee and the Carmina Sacra in a style which I cannot account for, it was so plangently effective. Yet long before I came on the scene he had ceased to go to church. My mother, a devout Methodist, was troubled, I am sure, at times by his latitudinarian conversation, his use when exasperated of such awful language as "By thunder!" "Gosh blast it!" and "Jimminy scribes!" objurgations quite as bad as Mr. Peggotty's "I'm gormed!" and his occasional taking the name of the devil in vain. She finally joined the Baptist church in Steamboat Rock, Iowa; but her diplomatic apostasy from Methodism failed of its sacred object.

Father was not drawn back into the communion. Perhaps he missed the Calvinism, or objected to missionaries, or, as I have always thought, he had become skeptical. But when, after I had grown up and gone from home, and father neared the end of his life, Win McClure, an old friend who had become a Y. M. C. A. home missionary, asked my mother whether or not she had talked with Mr. Quick about his soul's welfare, mother asked Mr. McClure to do this; and after the conversation he reported that he had never conversed with a person who was clearer in his views or more filled with faith. Moreover, he had gone back to the Calvinistic creed of his youth with all its logic and dogma. Really, we never forget. Father's mind had then so far decayed that he could not converse connectedly, and he often failed to recognize his friends and even some of his relatives; yet he was perfectly clear in his conviction that "In Adam's fall we sinned all": that the chief end of man is to "know and do the will of God," and that we are justified by faith.

I wonder if, had Winfield McClure pressed the question, he would not have uncovered in my father's mind the old Calvinistic dogmas of infant damnation and the eternal perdition of most of the human race. Probably he would. Our minds retain whatever has once entered them.

It seems to me of small consequence. My father was in all his Laodicean days, if he lived through such, a Christian. If the poet tells the truth, he was the noblest work of God, for he was an honest man. He was honest with himself. Once an old German immigrant bought our farm and, because of the prevalent financial troubles, could not pay the unpaid balance of the price. Father was obliged to foreclose his mortgage, and thus became the owner of two farms—an immense thing to him. The equity of the courts had given him the land; but it was not the sort of equity which satisfied my father's conscience. He could not rest under the burden of the feeling that Hagen, the German, had lost a farm to Martin Quick. So he let his debtor have another chance; and, after delays, took his little unpaid balance, thus refusing to profit by the default of a stranger and a foreigner. For a rich man to have done such a thing would have seemed easy; but my father was poor in money.

Such acts as this, I like to believe, were what made my father so easy in his mind when Win McClure talked to him that day so near his end. Father applied to Mr. Hagen's case, not the Revised Statutes of Iowa, but the older charter of good living, the Golden Rule. His Dutch deliberation did not restrain him from very promptly laying the corner stone of a fabric much more sacred, I must be permitted to believe, than any church.

The Estate Called Laughter

It was through my mother that I inherit the Irish and other non-Dutch blood. Her father, though three-quarters Dutch, seems to have possessed certain traits of character which—he would have been sorry to admit—came through the Bardeen or McKendry strain. For the Colemans always remembered the Bardeens with apologetic amusement. I wish I could have known these poets and wastrels; but alas! they stayed behind in New York and Wisconsin. I knew the laughter only which was provoked by stories of them; and after all, he who passes down to posterity a few acres or only a rood or so of the estate called Laughter has not lived in vain.

The Bardeens seem to have had a flair for satire and the incongruous. One of them, named McKendry Bardeen, I think, but nicknamed Kenny, historicized the gangling height of his brother by saying to him, "You don't need to ask the blessin', Bill; you kin jest reach up an' take it!" One of the Bardeen girls—and I assume that it

(Continued on Page 157)

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All "B.V. D." garments are distinguished for their shaped lines and graceful proportions, for their accurate finish and unvarying quality.

They hold their shapeliness, too, through such wash and wear as would play havoc with ordinary underwear. For they are tailored with lock-stitched, "can't-rip" seams; and their cool, super-durable nainsook is woven in our own mills, treated by special processes in our own bleachery, and used in "B.V.D." and no other underwear.

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"B.V. D."
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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

(Continued from Page 154)

would be difficult to overestimate the illiteracy of the family—must have been a mute inglorious Doctor Wolcott as well as a lady cartoonist lost in the wilderness; for she would take a shingle and a bit of charcoal from the fireplace and draw caricatures of her friends and enemies which were never forgotten by those who were old enough to be ashamed of Tewt—for that is the only spelling of her nickname which expresses the accepted pronunciation of her name. I have heard repeated—with dashes of suppressed words—some of her Rabelaisian satirical verses, never committed to paper. I shall not venture to quote from her Ship of Horicon, the name under which she personified a certain lady of the town of that name, in verse which had a swing and snap and a capacity to cause blushes on the cheek of modesty which were not far below Burns at his worst. Give me Tewt Bardeen naturalized in a society on which to work, and the right sort of education—I don't know where on earth she would obtain it—and I will make something remarkable of her; and I feel sure that Kenny would be a syndicated columnist at least. The geniuses and scourges buried in the country churchyard of the Elegy are very few in comparison with those who were lost to the rod of empire or the living lyre in the two centuries of suppression of a race in the passage of the forests of North America by our pioneer ancestors. As was said of one who may have been an ancestor of the Bardeens, "I would I were with them wherever they are—for an hour or so, anyhow." They were emphatically no good; but they were funny.

My Grandfather Coleman might have had an education; but his father, who was what they called well read, insisted that if his children never learned to write they'd never be arrested for forgery. That is logic. But John, his eldest son, though not sent to any sort of school, gave of his wages as he grew up and sent his brothers and sisters to the schoolmasters most available. I would rather have for a grandfather the boy who did that than to trace back to the author of Colburn's Arithmetic. Perhaps it was from a common ancestry which he shared with the McKendrys and Bardeens—however the name should be spelled—that grandfather inherited his love of poetry and his native eloquence. He was a fervent Methodist, though a little lax on passing adverse judgments on sinners. His strong point was his eloquence in prayer, in which he often wrought his hearers up to the religious fervor which thrilled himself; but in his grace at table he always said, "Lord, we acknowledge that to Thee we owe all that we have and am." The Lord overlooked the error in grammar. Let us do likewise.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Spell

The Irish blood showed in both my mother and my Uncle Matthew, her brother. He had the black brows and hair and the dark-blue eyes of the Emerald Isle. Moreover, he was a true humorist, putting a little of the Bardeen style in the letters he used to write. My mother looked like an Irishwoman. Her hair was dark and her eyes had the very color of the upland violets of the prairie. I think her schooling was protracted over the extreme period of three months; but she did the reading for the family until I took over my part of it. Whatever of the artist I possess in feeling, or the ability to do, I get from my mother, I am sure; and she, I have no doubt, from the same source from which came Cousin Tewt's shingle masterpieces and the swing of her rimes. I have seen this toil-worn wife of an Iowa frontiersman falter when reading some poem with the power in it, and break down in tears at the sheer wonder of its beauty.

She had the genius for indignation at injustice or tyranny. When I was something less than five years old I was sent to school down the road about forty rods to the little white schoolhouse on the headwaters of that Pine Creek from which the town of Eldora has, with the state's aid, now made her beautiful little lake. In my class of two, struggling with words of two and three letters, was a little girl named Maggie Wade, the daughter of a family just then rather poorer than most of the rest of us. Maggie was a naughty little girl. She had been in school two or three terms, but was still sullenly rejecting everything in the Pierian spring except the alphabet. I remember now, as well as though it were yesterday, that the teacher, a young woman noted for her thoroughness in both instruction and discipline, asked Maggie to spell the word "sky."

Maggie couldn't or wouldn't manage it. Then the teacher asked me to spell it for Maggie. I did so. The teacher told Maggie that she ought to be ashamed to have a little boy spell that easy word for her who had only last week learned his letters. Maggie grew sullen and stubborn. She refused to spell the word even when told. She spelled it "ski," "kys" and every other way but the correct one. Then the teacher grew angry. She let Maggie look at the word in the book. Still Maggie refused to spell it.

A Woman Who Knew No Fear

Then the teacher whipped her. I remember she sent me down to the banks of Pine Creek to get switches, thus giving Maggie time to think it over. When the switches came the little creature was scourged until she spelled the word. The whistling blows fell cuttingly on the thin, faded and ragged calico over Maggie's back and shoulders until the child finally gave in, her will broken by pain. She was never the same intractable girl afterward. My mother always contended that her will was broken so that she was basically harmed. I do not know. I only know that, at least a fortnight after the whipping, Mrs. Wade came to visit us, bringing her daughter with her. She complained to my mother because the teacher had whipped Maggie so hard, and she bared the child's back for inspection.

The willow whip had drawn great welts across the back and shoulders. These had risen, turned red, and after two weeks were still purple, with greenish borders. My mother dilated with indignation.

"If that was my child," said she, her eyes blazing, "I'd—I'd"—and then she hesitated for a word—"I'd raise blazes with her! She and I couldn't stay in the same school district! A man that would whip a slave like that ought to be hung!"

And she would have raised blazes with the teacher. She never did protest against any punishment which my three sisters or myself received, and I got my share; but this was because the teacher stood *in loco parentis*, and had whippings to deal out if the game required it. Maggie Wade's whipping, however, was a cruel one. In administering it the teacher represented tyranny and cruelty, and my mother's passion against them flamed and burned like a torch. It always did.

If she had any such thing as fear in her make-up, I never saw any indication of it. Nobody, high or low, stranger or neighbor, could make her give ground in any clash of wills. Not that she ever had any such thing as a quarrel. Her sense of personal dignity forbade her demeaning herself. I think she felt the duty of fearing God, but I doubt if she ever did. She had a sense of God as a being whom it was nonsense to fear. As for man, he was in her mind not worth fearing.

"I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by owls," she would say when intimidation of any sort, personal, social or political, was abroad.

She faced the world with level blue eyes, filled with the love of love, the hate of tyranny and wrong, the glad recognition of whatever beauty—and there was all too little of it—came within her vision. When she grew old and white-haired, there were many men belonging to the intellectual stratum of brain society who had the habit of calling upon Mrs. Quick occasionally, "just to have a talk with her"; and they were well rewarded for their pains.

It was a train of three ox teams which kissed the forests good-by just west of Dubuque in July or late June of that rainy season of 1857. Each wagon represented one of thousands of homes then in process of transplantation. Besides the oxen, each had the foundation of its breeding herds and flocks. They started with the germs of future Iowa agriculture, cattle, hogs and poultry. Imagine it! The fowls were in crates tied to the back of the wagon. The cows were driven in a small herd. Each wagon had its little flock of sheep, too; and when I was a boy there was a carding mill at Iowa Falls, to which we took our wool to get it back in the form of rolls, which my mother spun into yarn for stockings and mittens, and which was sometimes somewhere woven into an ugly, heavy, checkered fabric for winter dresses.

Our people started with hogs, too, meaning to drive them with the other livestock; but these useful beasts could not keep up even with ox teams; and streams swollen by rains, and which had to be forded, were too deep and swift for swine, so they were soon sold. The foundation stock of my father's herd of cattle was one cow. Father called her Shakspere. I remember clearly the mystification of my mind when I began reading great passages of blank verse written by our old cow—or, anyhow, with her name signed to them. I found these in that remarkable collection of English selections in the big old McGuffey's Fifth Reader published long before the war between the States. I was then about six or seven years old. The mystification cleared itself up of its own accord, as do most of childhood's puzzles.

I think it was that certain martial note in the poet's name which suggested it to father's mind; for Shakspere the cow was celebrated for her vigor of character, her ability to hold up her milk whenever things went wrong, her genius as a forager, her breachiness, and the richness of her milk when she chose to part with it. We had her descendants as long as I stayed on the farm; and they all had a touch of Shakspere's genius. I knew the descendants of those fowls too. They were huge Asiatics of some cross between what my parents called shanghais and the Cochin Chinas. With true Dutch conservatism, my father clung to the progeny of Shakspere and the shanghais, magnifying their virtues and accepting their many bad qualities, until we boys grew up and partly by argument and partly by stratagem succeeded in introducing new strains of blood.

Weary and Wet Pilgrims

It was a season remembered for decades as the wet year. The women and children often had to clamber out in the mud and water and rain while the goods were unloaded and carried to firmer ground to lighten the wagons so that the jaded teams could drag them on west of the swales. The skies were gloomy. The summer air was often chill, or heated to sultriness as the thunderheads rolled up out of that luring West and broke in thunder and lightning and downpour. Cooking had to be done under these conditions over fires by the roadside. Yet still they pressed on, toward the hope which had preceded their fathers for two hundred years like a pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day.

It now seems like a racial obsession. They traveled by the old Ridge Road which I have described in Vandemark's Folly, and traces of which I saw as a boy. What I saw was a rain-washed road, winding along the higher ground of the prairie to avoid as many of the sloughs as could be missed, washed into deep trenches on the hillsides, and passing across levels where the detritus of the wash had formed little fields of deep black loam in the hollows, in which grew the yellow-flowered gum weeds ten feet high, and the saw-bladed slough grass almost equal in height. I have heard my father say that in that summer of 1857 the earth

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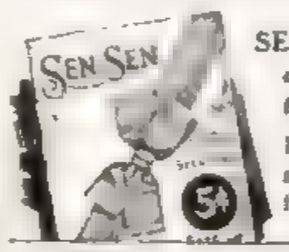

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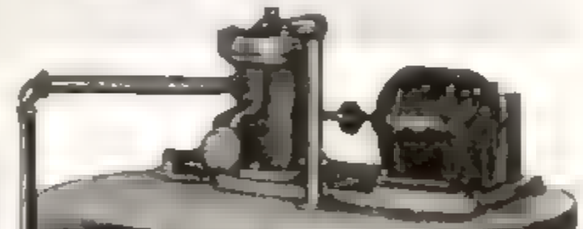

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was so wet that springs of living water broke out on the very hillsides and the wagons mired down on steep ground.

You may imagine how these weary, wet and delayed pilgrims felt when they reached the Iowa River at Steamboat Rock, and, seeking to cross it, so as to go on to what they called with cheerful generality, "the Fort Dodge country," found that the river was far out of its banks and too deep and swift to ford or swim; and that the primitive ferryboat had been cast away somewhere, down by the rocks which gave the town its name. They camped on or near the ground where Root's Hotel was afterward built and, for all I know, still stands. Near it was a stone house.

You think these miserable, wet—and, I have no doubt, dirty—people were avoided and looked upon askance by the community? You do not know the Midwest of those days. Instead of being avoided, they were welcomed. There lived in the village one S. B. Cunningham, a man long locally celebrated and known by no other name than Squire. He and others came to our people and urged them to stay at Steamboat Rock. Here, if they only knew it, was the place for which they had started. Anyone could see that these people were poor; but that made no difference. Steamboat Rock wanted them to stay. Squire Cunningham owned or controlled the stone house close at hand. He would give them the right to occupy this dwelling for a month, rent free, if they would only stay and give the locality a chance. It sounds humorous in 1925. Everything in their wagons was wet and moldy. They wanted to dry out. They had long arrears of laundry work to take up. They were weary of the everlasting splash, splash of the wheels and of the oxen's feet in the mud. "Weariness" is not a strong enough word to apply to the condition of these women; and they all yearned to sleep with a roof over their heads. They all wanted to get in out of the wet. So they yielded to the hospitable arguments of the people and stayed in that locality permanently.

The Doubting Castle

If the Iowa River had not been so high I should have been born somewhere in Western Iowa. Perhaps I should have been scalped in the Indian troubles of a few years later. I wonder what that freshet really did to me. We are, as Hawthorne somewhere says, always traveling in the shadow of things which almost happen. To be sure, I was not yet then living; but the principle is the same, I take it.

As I try to recall these circumstances so typical of the process of the peopling of the Midwest, I find myself without the slightest knowledge as to what my father possessed, aside from a new wife with a daughter some four or five years old, three sons of his own, ranging from fourteen or so down to one just emerging from infancy, his wagon and oxen, the chickens, the sheep and Shakspere. He must have had a little money, for the family had to live; and it was too late in the season to grow much that year. Such a migration took grim resolution, faith—or blindness.

My grandfather and my uncle had sold small farms in Wisconsin and were able to buy similar tracts in Iowa. They located in Shiloh Township, out in Grundy County, and soon built houses, planted groves and made homes. Their first work, I suppose, was to cut and stack their hay for the winter, and perhaps to plant gardens of such vegetables as had a prospect of maturing before frost. August and September were the best months for haying. The prairie grass made a beautiful hay, so fragrant, so sweet and juicy, so free from mold and dust. Primitive Iowa was a wonderful hay country. The more arid lands west of the Missouri were the grazier's paradise; for the short grass cured on the ground and the herds waited to grow fat until the herbage of the plains was dry enough to burn. Our grass was worthless unless it was made into hay before the heavy frost.

Our family left the others in the village and went out to a farm which was usually referred to as the Billy Nicholson place, but which my father habitually called "the old Doubting Castle." I never saw it, but I heard it discussed frequently. This was a log house. Too bad, but I wasn't born in it. It stood some two miles south of Steamboat Rock. It had a cellar. I know this, because that sister of mine, Katherine, who was brought into the family by my mother, tells me that she at one time fell into it. The Doubting Castle had a roof of a sort, too; but it left much to be desired, since my mother here, as she told me, lay with my newborn sister Stella in her arms, and held the baby to her breast to keep her warm in the bitter winter night; and looking up through the roof at the stars, was able to draw from this vision of other suns than ours a comforting faith in the Ruler of all things.

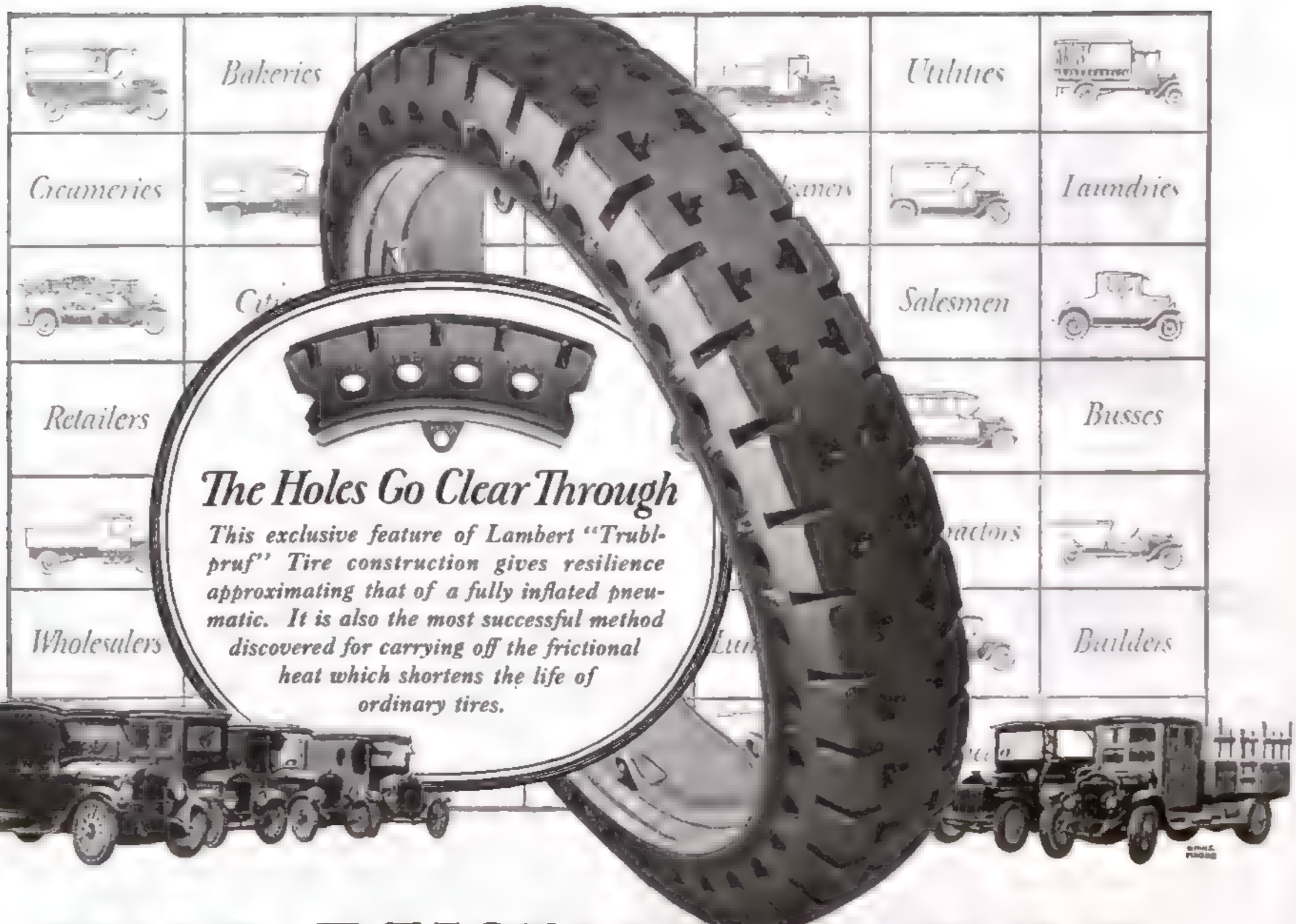
Comfort was at a premium then; for the winters were very severe ones, even for people with opaque roofs. This was at the very end of February, 1859. It was either in this winter or that of 1858 that the last of the deer in that part of the state were killed. The snow was so deep that the settlers were able to walk on snowshoes up to the deer, confined in their hard-tramped yards in the snow, and to kill them with axes and clubs—and I for one do not blame them for it, for meat was meat. Anyhow, the settlers and the wolves made it impossible for me to see deer in my childhood. The winter which finished the deer made the replenishment of the population in the Doubting Castle a serious business.

A True Son of the Prairie

From this log house the family moved to the James Reynolds farm out in the edge of Grundy County, where I was born, as hereinbefore set forth. This was not a log house, and I may therefore claim to be a true son of the prairie. The people who built log houses along our rivers were merely the last of the forest dwellers. It was only when a family left the woods, pushed out into the grassy plains and built a house of boards—or afterward of sods—that they were really initiated into the Grand Order of the Open Sky. We lived there—for now the editorial "we" may be adopted—for three years. That my memory retains some events which happened when I was pretty young is proved by the fact that I have always remembered my going to a spring for water. We left that place when I was still under two years old; and after I was twenty months old I could not walk for a long, long time, because of an illness. There was no spring at any of our other homes. So I was less than twenty months old when I ran down to the spring with my mother, wearing a new cap on my head, and feeling very proud for some reason, and tossing little clods of earth into the grass growing by the path. I remember the spring with its soddy rim covered with green moss.

I ought to remember something fateful which came upon me immediately after the first adventure recorded by memory—that journey in the new cap to the spring for water—but I don't. I was stricken with infantile paralysis. It was no mild case either. My mother often told me that for weeks I could move not a single muscle of my body, except to roll my head from side to side a little. All that long summer of 1863 she had me to care for amid the heat and flies. If a fly alighted upon my flesh, I could not move a member to drive it away. If my mother laid my arm or leg in a certain position, there it remained like a dead thing until somebody changed it. Of course, I was given up for lost, probably as to life itself, and certainly as to future usefulness. I suspect that had my mother outlived me she could not have suffered more at my death than to see me thus robbed of everything which made up a living child, save the merely vegetative existence I clung to.

(Continued on Page 160)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(Continued from Page 158)

She often told me in my childhood and youth, during which, as is still the case, I have borne the stigmata of poliomyelitis, of what a wonderful baby I was. Far be it from me to deny it. I was with her at Mrs. Millslagle's just before I was "taken down"; and being one of those children who can be here this minute and on the house roof the next, I disappeared for a moment, and came back with a garland of Mrs. Millslagle's young turkeys in each hand. They were quite dead. I had caught the tender little things, with no object save amusement; and putting their heads between my fingers, had filled my hands and come to the house to exhibit my playthings. Not a small physical feat for a child of eighteen months or so. I could climb the side of a house. I left to the horses—for we had horses by this time—the responsibility of tramping on me or not when they came into the yard or stable. I had walked at the age of six weeks! Well, if it wasn't six weeks, it was a very early age. And I talked almost as soon. You cannot disbelieve a mother when she tells of the precocity and ability of her first-born son; and I have all these marvels from her own unprejudiced lips. But now, I was as helpless as a clod.

The Beef-Gall Cure

They had no name for poliomyelitis then. The doctors said I had something the matter with my spine. We have the name now; but after all, the area of ignorance has not been greatly narrowed. One day my mother left me in charge of someone and went with my father to the village. They often related to me the story of their getting into conversation with Doctor Wright. Any talk with him was sure to be interesting. He was one of the outstanding characters of that and other frontiers. He had been misled by mica in the sands of the Iowa River years before and had started a gold fever in Hardin County. He went with the John Royal expedition to California when the gold rush was on to the Coast. His party encountered a grizzly bear when out prospecting, which they shot and wounded. The others ran—and were always blamed for it by everyone but Grizzly Wright—but the doctor could not get out of a corner in the rocks, and after emptying his rifle into the bear, he drew his bowie knife and closed with the foe.

His companions went back to camp and reported that a bear had killed Doc Wright. The party which went for the remains found him lying under the body of the dead bear, his hand still grasping the knife, which was buried in the beast's heart. John Royal ever insisted that he had seen Doc Wright's heart. My father always explained to me that what Mr. Royal saw was the sac in which the heart is placed. I remember that the word "pericardium" in my school physiology was always associated with this most perfect of all bear fights. Two or three of the doctor's ribs had been torn completely out, which accounts for his heart being on exhibition just then. One of his ears was gone, and with it a section of his skull. I remember him as having a strange naked side to his head, with a smooth place where his ear should have been.

The prognosis was grave. He pronounced it so himself; and being the only doctor in camp, one might have expected that they would accept his verdict and pursue the treatment which he ordered. They probably trusted the prognosis, but refused to give the treatment. The doctor begged them to put him out of his misery with a bullet through the brain. They refused to do this, and the doctor lived, and when I last heard of him, say, forty years ago, he was hale and hearty at his ranch somewhere among the mountains of Colorado.

Doctor Wright was a friend of our family, but for some reason he was not called in with reference to my case. They fell in with him in Steamboat Rock, however, that day mother left me and went to do some trading. When she suggested to my father that it was time she returned to her sick baby, Doctor Wright asked what ailed the child. My mother replied that I was paralyzed, and described the symptoms.

"If you will go to a barn I'll show you," said Grizzly, "you'll find a beef's gall nailed to the door—all dried. Take it, and after slicing it up, put the slices in a quart bottle of alcohol. Bathe the child's back and legs with this three times a day."

My mother did this, and in a few days she saw that I was beginning to move my legs. She continued the treatment, and I slowly grew alive; and here I am at sixty-three writing my biography. I notice a physician over in the corner laughing at the beef-gall treatment. Of course it did no good. I should have recovered just the same anyhow; but you can't prevent the *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* reasoning from prevailing in medicine, and politics and human life. If recovery follows treatment the *hoi polloi* say the treatment cured. If bad times follow an election, the party put in power is to blame. This philosophy—if one may miscall it that—is the physician's greatest blessing.

I now follow my usual rule of writing something, whenever I have the opportunity, for the benefit of my fellow unfortunates who are victims of poliomyelitis, and for those who love them.

Victims of this disease, if they regain their health, which they usually do if they live through the attack, have more ability than a similar number of perfectly sound people. I don't pretend to account for this. But I have no doubt it is true. Maybe people of the able type in brain and nervous constitution are peculiarly liable to have it in its crippling form. Perhaps the change in their habits and occupations has something to do with it; but they are abler than their fellows who are normal in physique. This disease is usually followed by complete recovery, save for the crippling of the feet and legs, and sometimes other organs. So far as I know, no enfeeblement of the mind ever results. I propound the theory that instead of impairment of the mind a stimulation is given it. This, at least, I feel safe in asserting—that the people whom I have known who have had infantile paralysis in childhood have achieved success in life above the average of their youthful companions, and that through their intellectual vigor, and in spite of the undeniable penalties of impaired bodily powers.

A Stout Ex-Paralytic

Like most sufferers from this disease, I recovered my general health perfectly. I feel certain that the very important effects of this affliction upon my life were not detrimental. It did not rob me of the ability to walk pretty well, as is proved by the fact that I followed the plow and the harrow just as did other boys of my age; but it prevented me from getting shoes which would fit and made farm work a torture to me. I could do as much of most sorts of it as the rest of the boys, but I was always exhausted at night—an exhaustion, however, from which I had the power to rally for the next morning's labors. It destroyed my ability to dance; but, sad to say, did not keep me from trying. It fell short of giving me a pronounced deformity or limp, and many people who have known me all my life politely claim to have noted nothing wrong with me except a rather odd walk.

It made a dreadful dub of me in all athletics, but left me an enthusiastic follower of sports and allowed me to concentrate on that most delightful of all games of physical skill—billiards. It kept me out of West Point, but that may have been just as well for me. Inasmuch as I am six feet one in height, have a reach greater than that of most men who are taller, weigh one hundred and ninety when in training, and was daft about boxing, I think infantile paralysis may have prevented me from becoming a prize fighter; or, in view of the fact that baseball was all the rage in our part of Iowa when I was a boy, and Pop Anson, who lived in Marshalltown, was just getting glory as a member of the Chicagos—wasn't it?—I, who was rather demented on baseball, too, might easily have become a great professional ball player. I did play a little, but in view of the fact that the farthest I could get on a home run was to first base, I was usually chosen last. And it made the world of the intellect the only realm in which I had any chance. It set me off in a class by myself in our community, in which books were my companions—when I could find any.

I once wrote for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article on poliomyelitis, being urged thereto by my friends whose children had been crippled by it, and who felt that my thoughts might cheer up many who had felt that their prospects had been blighted. I took the ground, as a member of the laity, that the evidence proves that very few cases of infantile paralysis are recognized as such by the medical profession. I contended that probably everyone has it, or nearly all of us.

Praise From High Authority

In most cases nobody knows how the disease is caught. People must take it from others in whose cases it is not clinically recognizable. It must attack the spinal cord in only a small proportion of the cases. It may be that the highly organized cerebrospinal system of girls and boys of great natural ability are more liable to such attack than others. Anyhow, I make that claim. After my article had been published, I had the pleasure of dining at the Cosmos Club in Washington with two great epidemiologists—Dr. L. L. Lumsden, of the Public Health Service; and Dr. A. W. Freeman, now of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University.

"Lumsden," said Doctor Freeman, after we had sent in our orders, "have you read that article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on poliomyelitis?"

I scrutinized my plate. Doctor Lumsden knew I had written it, and he was the only person in the world who did, save the editor; for I lacked the assurance to sign it. Doctor Lumsden tried to catch my eye, but failed.

"Yes," he replied, "I have read it. Why do you ask?"

"It's the best article on a medical subject," said Doctor Freeman, "that I ever saw, written by a layman."

Then I essayed a blush, mingled with an effort to detect chaffing; for I now believed that Freeman knew I had written it. It turned out, however, that he had no idea as to its authorship. He may have changed his mind by this time, but he can say so if he has. At one time my views on this disease, written to comfort its victims, received from him the qualified approval which I have quoted.

I grew up a clumsy, pale, awkward boy, who never was supposed to be spared the doing of any task which he could perform. In other words, I was fortunately not recognized as an invalid. I tumbled down whenever I stubbed my toe, which I did frequently. I walked in the snow to school and elsewhere, with a swing outward of my feet which drew continuous parentheses between my tracks. My shoes never fitted me, and I took them off and went barefooted as soon as the snow disappeared. I remember at various times hearing the women of the neighborhood talking about me to my mother.

"You'll never raise that boy," they often said.

"I hope you're wrong," my mother would say. "I think he's getting stouter every year."

"No," the reply would be. "He's got the mark of death on him. See how pale he is. And he's too good a boy to live!"

They little knew! They little knew! And dying was the last thing in my plans.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

Twenty Million Whittlers Quit Whittling

THE group in front of the country store industriously making big sticks into little ones were actually setting the stroke of the nation.

Everybody whittled!

You sharpened the pencil before you honed and stropped the idea.

Millions of pencil shavings littered the world. Though there were plenty of mechanical pencils—still *nobody used them.*

Then Eversharp was discovered!

It was new in principle. The rifled tip *gripped* the lead at the *tip,* like a wood pencil. The lead could not wobble or turn. It therefore wrote easily and smoothly.

20 million whittlers quit whittling. 20 million adopted Eversharp.

Now the new perfected Eversharp is winning a few million more users. Because it is *ever sharp.* Never clogs. Reloads in a second. And Eversharp is made with jeweler's precision. It is beautiful and dependable as a fine watch.

Commercial Eversharps sell at $1 and less. Gold-filled or sterling models in keeping with the other personal articles of successful men and women—$3 to $6. Other models up to $45.

Eversharp is matched by Wahl Pen. Both are products of the foremost manufacturer of fine writing equipment. Together they constitute the most efficient and effective writing set you can buy.

One of the thirty thousand dealers selling Eversharp and Wahl Pen is near you.

Models for every need
50¢ to $6
Also made in solid gold
This model $5

Gold or silver filled or sterling
$3 to $10
Also made in solid gold
This model $8

The New WAHL
EVERSHARP
PERFECTED

Red Top Leadlets are the equal in perfection, and economical. Made in black & grades, red, blue, green, yellow, purple copying. At all dealers.

And now the break-proof smooth writing pen

The story of the cracked fountain pen and its broken cap is being told less and less often.

Wahl Pen resists the stoutest fist and comes unscathed through a lifetime of carelessness.

It is made of metal. Which is logical. For the pen barrel and cap are a protection for the rubber ink sac and vital pen parts, just as a watch case is guardian of the works.

Wahl Pen is gold or silver, which is also according to the watchmaker's experience.

The thin metal walls of the Wahl Pen barrel are strong as steel and allow space for a much larger ink sac. To get the same ink capacity you must buy a pen much larger in size than the Wahl Pen.

Wahl nibs are made in the finest plant of its kind in the world. They write with ivorylike smoothness and their iridium tips cannot be excelled in wearing quality.

Wahl Pen is not only serviceable, but beautiful, as a fine personal article should be. It is made in designs to match Eversharp.

Your dealer will help you select a model to suit your hand and preference.

WAHL PEN

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS
This watermark identifies Eagle-A Bonds

The right paper for the purpose

ONE or two grades of bond paper can not meet the exacting requirements of modern business. And no useful purpose is served by the wide variety of grades on the market today.

Few men have been able to buy bond paper to the best advantage. So, what should be a simple and accurate matter is turned into a confusion of undeterminable paper values.

Briefly, this is why The Specification Chart has been so widely adopted. More than 700,000 of these Charts are in use today—assisting alike the large corporation and the individual buyer to find *the right paper for the purpose*—and to provide that paper *at the right price*.

"The right paper for the purpose"—because we have scientifically graded nine bond papers to cover every business requirement. The United States Government has proposed seven grades—business needs nine. The Specification Chart shows you how to use these nine grades accurately—purposefully.

"At the right price"—because, as the world's largest makers of fine writing paper, we have concentrated our bond paper production on these nine grades. The vast economies in production and distribution and the uniformity of quality resulting from this standardization are most apparent. These Nine Eagle-A Grades give you the utmost in paper values—in utility—in price.

Make The Chart your guide. It takes the guesswork out of your paper buying—and saves you money. Buy each Eagle-A paper by name, through your printer or lithographer.

May we send you three paper buying guides—The Chart,—a booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers" and sample Portfolio of Eagle-A Bond Papers?

AMERICAN·WRITING PAPER·COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Writing, Printing, Specialty and Industrial Papers
Holyoke, Massachusetts

at the RIGHT price
THE GRADE CHART
The Grade Chart indicates the relative price-quality position of each of the Nine Eagle-A grades. These nine grades cover every bond paper need.
The Grade Chart supplements the Specification Chart, and will assist the buyer in determining whether a first, second or third choice should be made.
It is also an accurate presentation of the bond paper standards governing the Nine Eagle-A basic grades.
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EAGLE A AGAWAM BOND
EAGLE A CONTRACT BOND
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SULPHITE
KEY TO ABOVE CHART
SAMPLE PORTFOLIO of EAGLE-A BOND PAPERS
The Correct Use of BOND PAPERS for Business Purposes
Four Corners
A. W. P. Co

FINGERPRINTING BULLETS

(Continued from Page 19)

assigned from police headquarters recently to check up on all holders of gun permits had investigated some 700 cases up to May first. In approximately 100 of these he found the holder of the permit living at the address of record and under the name under which the license was issued. In some 600 cases he found irregularity, and usually no trace of the permit holder. The effect of the law is vitiated further by the ease with which a New Yorker may cross the Hudson to New Jersey and buy as many guns as he pleases, or with which he can order them from mail-order houses and have them delivered to his door by the postman. This latter evil recently led two of the largest mail-order houses voluntarily to discontinue the sale of pistols and revolvers.

Every fall the arms seized by the New York City police under the Sullivan Law or released in homicide cases during the year are collected at police headquarters, taken out to sea in police launches and sunk in the Atlantic. In the autumn of 1922 Mr. Waite, examining the 3000 weapons rounded up at headquarters, was amazed to discover that two-thirds of the pistols and revolvers were foreign makes, many of them unknown to him, others counterfeits of American brands.

He went to his friends in the customs service and learned that more than 500,000 revolvers and pistols had been imported through New York that year. A specific tax of $1.25 and an ad valorem duty of 55 per cent was about to go in effect against the cheaper grades of foreign pistols and revolvers, and the European makers were hurrying their wares in. The average value of the imported guns was only $3.04; considerably less for the Spanish guns, which formed the great bulk of the shipments.

Getting Foreign Data

Due to the tariff, the importations have dropped since 1922, but guns continue to flow in in quantities enormously larger than before the war. Importations rose from 36,000 in 1920 to 205,000 in 1921, then to the peak of 559,000 in 1922, fell to 134,000 in 1923, and rose again to 236,000 in 1924. The answer of the Spanish makers to the new tariff was to cheapen their product still further. From an average of $4.62 in 1920, the value of the importations dropped to $2.28 in 1924; and 93 per cent of all were consigned to New York and Chicago.

The British, French, Belgians, Germans, Austrians and Spanish are the gunsmiths of Europe. All British, French and Belgian guns must pass a government proof-house test for tensile strength before sale. All German guns made for domestic consumption must pass such a test. German guns for export are freed from all restrictions, but the French and British have seen to it that Germany has produced few arms since the war. Austria is out of business. The Spanish did not establish a government proof house until about a year ago.

Spanish manufacturers thus alone were free to throw together a jerry-built thing with a soft steel barrel, a cast-iron frame, scratch rifling and the cheapest of materials and workmanship generally; to counterfeit or imitate proof marks and trade-marks. Only the finish never is neglected. These shoddy but plausible-looking automatics virtually have driven the cheaper grades of British, French and Belgian guns from the North and South American markets. Their slovenly machining and inferior metal, of course, insure great unevenness in the barrels, and they leave a trail on a bullet which a tenderfoot can follow.

If two out of every three weapons taken from criminals by the New York police were of foreign make, and if the back country was being flooded with these imports, what price Waite's laboriously compiled record of domestic arms? Presumably it would fail of its purpose two times in three, for it contains only fragmentary data on foreign makes.

Mr. Waite had his option of shrugging his shoulders and offering his data for what they were worth, or of going to Europe and making a factory-to-factory pilgrimage. He chose to go to Europe, and went armed with letters from the chief of military intelligence at Washington to all our military attachés, from the Department of Commerce to our commercial attachés, and from the New York Police Department to European police heads.

The Paris Prefect of Police, General Naudin; the Chief of Judicial Identity, M. Marlier; and Colonel Reymond, Chief of Artillery Technic, threw open the Paris police laboratories, the proof houses at Paris and St.-Étienne, and the great French arsenal at the latter place, to the American inquirer, and saw to it that he had complete entrée to the records of all French arms factories, with any other data he desired. He met with similar assistance in Belgium. The British records were to be had for the asking.

In Paris he found the police familiar with the general theory of bullet identification. They had little data on foreign guns, but firearms used in homicides almost invariably were of familiar make. Their method of reproducing the telltale markings of the bullet—rolling the bullet on dental wax, tin foil, or even carbon paper—was crude, but apparently not ineffective. By it they had just solved a crime. Three masked bandits had held up the passengers in a first-class compartment of a Paris-Orleans express. A police officer happened to be among the passengers. He resisted and was killed. The bandits later were surrounded in Paris and two were killed. A third man, who was captured, inevitably blamed one of his dead companions for the murder. The police made an impression of the bullet recovered from the body of the murdered officer and compared it with the weapons of the three bandits. The comparison disclosed that the bullet had come from the gun of one of the dead criminals, and the captured man went to prison instead of to the guillotine.

The gunmaking of Spain is concentrated in one little valley of the Basque mountains, in the town of Eibar and its satellite villages of Elgoibar and Ermua. Gunmaking is the community's only industry, and it has been so for generations. Until the German guns began to thunder at the gates of Liège in August of 1914, the industry was a small one and the valley somnolent. Soon the Allies were coming to Spain with war-material contracts. Eibar made more and more side arms for the Allies as the war went on—1,600,000 in all. The town grew from 6000 to twice that; old factories expanded and new ones were built.

Cheap Guns Cheaply Made

The war ended, Eibar was threatened with the same deflation as the munitions and shipbuilding mushroom growths of the United States. There was depression, but it was greatly softened by the enterprise of the gunmaker. Eibar could not make a good revolver or automatic to compete with British, French, Belgian and German models in the home markets of these nations. It could make a cheap gun very cheaply, but these cheap arms could not pass the proof tests enforced by those nations; so, outside of Spain, the European market, such as it was in the early postwar years, was all but closed to them. Therefore, Eibar, Elgoibar and Ermua turned their faces westward and made a concerted dead set on the North and South American markets. For the United States they turned out a product with which they could undersell the cheapest American gun, after paying freight and tariff. The United States enforces no proof tests.

Waite and Ord found five large factories in Eibar making complete firearms. Their product was good, indifferent and bad according to the market for which it was intended. They found also assemblers, jobbers and sweated pieceworkers; children and women polishing barrels and varnishing stocks in cellars and sheds; whole families engaged on subcontracts performed in the home. In Elgoibar there were two more factories, other pieceworkers and jobbers. In Ermua they found only piece-work, junk and scrap dealing.

They found rifling being done with a hand punch, barrels rifled only an inch each way from the apertures, and the rifling sometimes varying at the two ends. In Ermua, junk dealers were using defective barrels condemned in the Eibar factories and sold as scrap. All this was going into revolvers and automatics for the American trade. As the competition grew hotter and the American tariff imposts rose the skimping had grown apace.

An Interesting Exhibit

Eibar also is the seat of the Spanish School of Arms. The director, Señor Julian Echeverria, gave the two Americans every aid and courtesy and was invaluably helpful. There is a museum in the School of Arms. Prominent among the exhibits were two weapons that caught the eyes of Ord and Waite. They were two early American revolvers. Señor Echeverria explained that an American traveler in Spain in the 70's had attempted to buy ammunition in Madrid for his American revolver without success. His gun was far in advance of contemporary Spanish models and attracted much attention from dealers. One suggested that the traveler leave his revolver and receive in exchange a Spanish pistol with as much ammunition as he desired. The Yankee traded, the dealer sent the gun to Eibar with an order to duplicate it. That was the beginning of Eibar's imitation of American models. The gun which has left such a lasting impression on Spanish weapons is a seven-shot, .22 caliber, tip-up, single-action revolver, bearing the serial number 13,751. The second exhibit in the museum is another early revolver of the same American model, the serial number 125,153, and carrying in addition the patent dates 1855-59-63.

Though the larger factories of Eibar and Elgoibar do not produce the junk that comes from the pieceworkers and assemblers, they do concentrate frankly on cheap imitations of American, Belgian, French and British guns in the order named. The American imitations are made for both North and South American trade, the others for South American and occasional Balkan and Levantine demands.

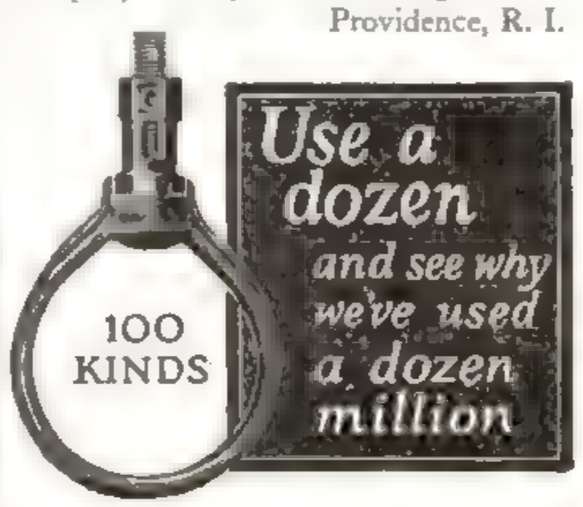
"We specialize in imitations of Smith and Wesson and Colt models," the catalogue of one of the largest Eibar factories reads. Every model pictured in the catalogue of another Eibar gunsmith is a copy of an American product. The awkward American names often have been corrupted by long use in Spain. "Smith and Wesson" sometimes becomes "Smit-Wesson" or "Smith-Beson" in catalogues and on gun barrels; "Sharpshooter" becomes "Sharpsooter." Whether the intention is to deceive or not, the barrels frequently are stamped with such a device as ".32 Smith and Wesson cartridges" in English, and are mistaken for the genuine product here at home, even by police officers who should know better. The imitation usually is an exact copy in mechanism. In one certain model of an American maker, there is one small screw made on a special pitch. The Spanish counterfeit reproduces even this eccentric screw precisely. In this instance the injured American manufacturer stopped the shipment in New York by injunction and forced the importers to return the lot to Spain. The Colt trade-mark is not copied, but is imitated with the figure

(Continued on Page 165)

1340 Years' Experience

GRINNELL Adjustable Pipe Hangers ought to be the last word in such a product. Into them is built all the experience of our 134 installation foremen. On the average their experience with us is 10 years each. That's 1340 years' piping experience. No wonder these hangers make installation work easier and the finished job better. We use them invariably. You will, too, if you try them once. Our 120-page catalogue tells how to choose the right hanger for any job. Send for your copy today

If your jobber doesn't stock Grinnell Hangers, write us for the name of the nearest distributor. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.



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Adjustable
PIPE HANGERS

Fresh Running Water in Your Home

Automatic Water Supply Systems

from wells, cisterns, lake or river, to flow with force through your faucets in ample supply as needed for all household use—like city water service.

Inexpensive

Comfortable and Sanitary at a cost of a few cents per week. Finely constructed, rust-proof galvanized tanks. Eight sizes for shallow or deep wells.

Entirely Automatic

Silent operation from any electric circuit. Shipped completely set up. Simple and inexpensive to install. Write us today.

Fine Line for Dealers and Agents

Milwaukee Tank Works
Milwaukee, Wis.
Our Pumps and Tanks in World-wide Use

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK

See MT. VERNON via Electric Route
Chair Car Service De Luxe (10 A. M. to 2 P. M.)
LIMITED TRAINS
The only route of unlimited time
Regular Service Every Half Hour 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Mid-City Terminal 12th St. & Penna. Ave. N. W.
Heart of the Hotel Districts. Write for folder
WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA RAILWAY CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

What keeps a hotel new?

THE "new" hotel, from the guest's viewpoint, is the one that's *kept* new. These hotels are so kept; and they are "newer," in the sense of cleanliness, convenience, attractiveness, than many hotels built more recently. Step behind the scenes in any of them, or look around the room you occupy, and see if you aren't in what is virtually a new hotel.

Soap and water in tremendous quantities, paint by the barrel, constant renewal of furnishings, the unceasing labor of hundreds of people—those are some of the things which *keep* these hotels new. We know of no hotels which pay more attention to cleanliness and maintenance than do these houses.

But to give you Statler Service, on the other hand, we have organizations which are *not* new but which are well-seasoned, well-trained. You *do* get an interested and helpful service in these hotels; and if something happens to go wrong you get prompt satisfaction and adjustment.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room, for one or for two people. You know exactly what the room is costing you—and that you're paying no more than anybody else would pay. We believe in the policy of one price, plain figures and the square deal.

Boston's Hotel Statler is building:

In the Park Square district of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths, and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world-famous.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler, Niagara Square, Buffalo, has 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists who make Buffalo their headquarters when visiting NIAGARA FALLS, but 20 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

(Continued from Page 163)

of a zebra. But careful as the imitation may be outwardly, the differences are apparent at first glance to the expert eye.

In imitations of French, Belgian and British small arms, which also are freely and disingenuously reproduced in many Spanish catalogues, the various national proof marks frequently are imitated. Like the Japanese, the Spanish are conscientious copiers of superficials. The ultimate intention may be to deceive the purchaser—the Gaucho of the Argentine pampas, the Venezuelan bravo, the Mississippi negro or the Nebraska farmer boy; but the Spanish manufacturer is perfectly frank with his patrons—the exporters and dealers. They want cheap copies; he supplies them.

In Belgium and Spain Mr. Waite came across a condition highly important to his system. He found the same make and model of pistol and revolver being produced under two or more names in instances. An automatic sold in some parts of Europe under one name, in America under another, proved to be manufactured in Liège and sold in Belgium under a still different name. And so in Spain a manufacturer would stamp any name desired upon his gun barrels for a buyer ordering in sufficient quantities, and exporters in Spain and importers in America were found to have taken advantage of this opportunity. Presumed manufacturers, it developed, were mere assemblers or exporters.

Mr. Waite returned from Europe late in 1923 with trunkloads of shop standards, blue prints and specimens of foreign small arms, and began the tedious task of indexing, codifying and reducing European millimeter measurements to thousandths of an inch. He now had the precise dimensions and the family characteristics of every make and model of gun which might normally be expected to turn up in an American homicide—the only collection in the world of the standardized particulars of all modern small arms.

The only case likely to defy his rogue's gallery was the unlikely possibility of murder being done with some obsolete pistol, such as the Sharps pepperbox, made fifty years ago or more in a plant that has vanished, with all the workmen dead and the factory records destroyed. The expression "sharpshooter" arose from the superior accuracy of the Sharps rifled barrels in the Civil War.

New England once was dotted with village gunsmiths. Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, was such a one. More than a century before Henry Ford ever made a motor car, Whitney introduced standardized parts and division of labor into his New Haven gun shop. The Marlin Company once manufactured revolvers. It ceased to do so in 1889, but retained its records until 1917. Then, with space at a premium for war work, the records were destroyed. Mr. Waite has collected specimens of such obsolete American guns when he has come upon them, but there never would be any certainty about a bullet in such a hypothetical case, and it need not concern him practically.

Photography's Aid Enlisted

A bullet and a pistol came to Waite from the mayor of an Ohio town on one occasion. A man had been murdered in 1921. The crime went unsolved. Almost two years later a narcotic peddler was picked up with a Brownie four-barrel pistol. The bullet that had killed the man had been fired from a weapon of the same caliber, and there was some circumstantial evidence that it might have been fired from this particular weapon.

When Waite examined the rifling marks on the bullet under his microscopes, however, it was immediately apparent that the bullet had not been fired by a Brownie pistol. It had come from some obsolete American weapon the measurements indicated. Moreover, his records disclosed that the pistol submitted to him had not left the factory until September, 1922.

But there was more to his task than the collection of information: there was its application. That application demanded expert special abilities and knowledge. The measurement of minute bullet characteristics is not done by eye or ruler, but with microscope and micrometer. Such instruments of precision demand a trained eye, trained hands and a trained head. Waite had only a moderate familiarity with both instruments, sufficient for preliminary work. He needed not only an expert but an enthusiast, for there was no prospect of any immediate or even proximate return on the labor and capital invested in the work. With great good fortune he found such an enthusiast in John H. Fisher, a physicist formerly of the Bureau of Standards.

Mr. Waite's luck stayed with him. Up to now experts on firearms, whatever their expertness, never had been able to offer more than an opinion to court and jury. If Waite's method was to claim the title of a science, as he hoped, nothing less than a fact would do. The fact would be visualized for jury, judge, counsel, anyone, in enlarged low-power microscopic photographs of the bullets. Photographing bullets so that twelve laymen may see the telltale markings for themselves is no mere matter of buying a camera and a microscope. Microphotography is both a science and an art. Again Mr. Waite caught the imagination of one who was both expert and enthusiast, and enlisted him. That was Philip Gravelle, Barnard medalist. The proper photographing of the much-enlarged image of a bullet proved to be a problem of lights and shadows worthy of Gravelle's skill, and superior even to the resources of his South Orange laboratory, with its special apparatus, mostly of his design, for his regular work of photographing the invisible not only in pathology, biology and botany but in industrial materials such as metals, fabrics, phonograph records, plasters, razor-blade edges, and the like. Before he solved the lighting problem, Mr. Gravelle had to invent a tungsten ribbon lamp.

Measuring Bullets' Markings

The absolute measurement of a bullet's markings called for the blazing of other new trails. Mr. Waite consulted Max Poser, one of the greatest living experts; and Mr. Poser designed a compound microscope fitted with a screw micrometer eyepiece reading to thousandths of an inch, instead of in millimeters. The eyepiece is provided with a fixed scale and a movable hair line, and by means of a graduated drum at the side of the instrument the hair line can be moved from any one point under examination on the bullet to any other, and the interval between the two points determined to ten-thousandths of an inch.

This eyepiece also is provided with an arc of a circle which is graduated in fractions of a degree for measurement of the angle of pitch in the rifling, and like features. By a special device this eyepiece can be rotated so as to bring the movable hair line in a position to coincide with the mark in question. The reading of the angle shows on the graduated arc, immediately giving the rate of pitch by reference to previously worked-out tables.

A bullet's last secrets were exposed to the searching gaze and feelers of these mechanisms, but one possibility of error remained. In comparing the mortal bullet with the test bullet, as seen and measured under the microscope, the ocular images had to be carried in the mind. The lens may disclose as many as thirty distinctive lines in one groove or land of a bullet; and even if the two microscopes are side by side and the comparison is made without lapse of time, that careless, unscientific instrument, the human memory, must be employed.

To overcome that difficulty Gravelle and his colleagues devised a comparison eyepiece of special construction that closed the last gap in the wall. The mortal bullet and the test bullet now were mounted with wax on separate bullet holders, instruments of watchlike refinement specially designed for

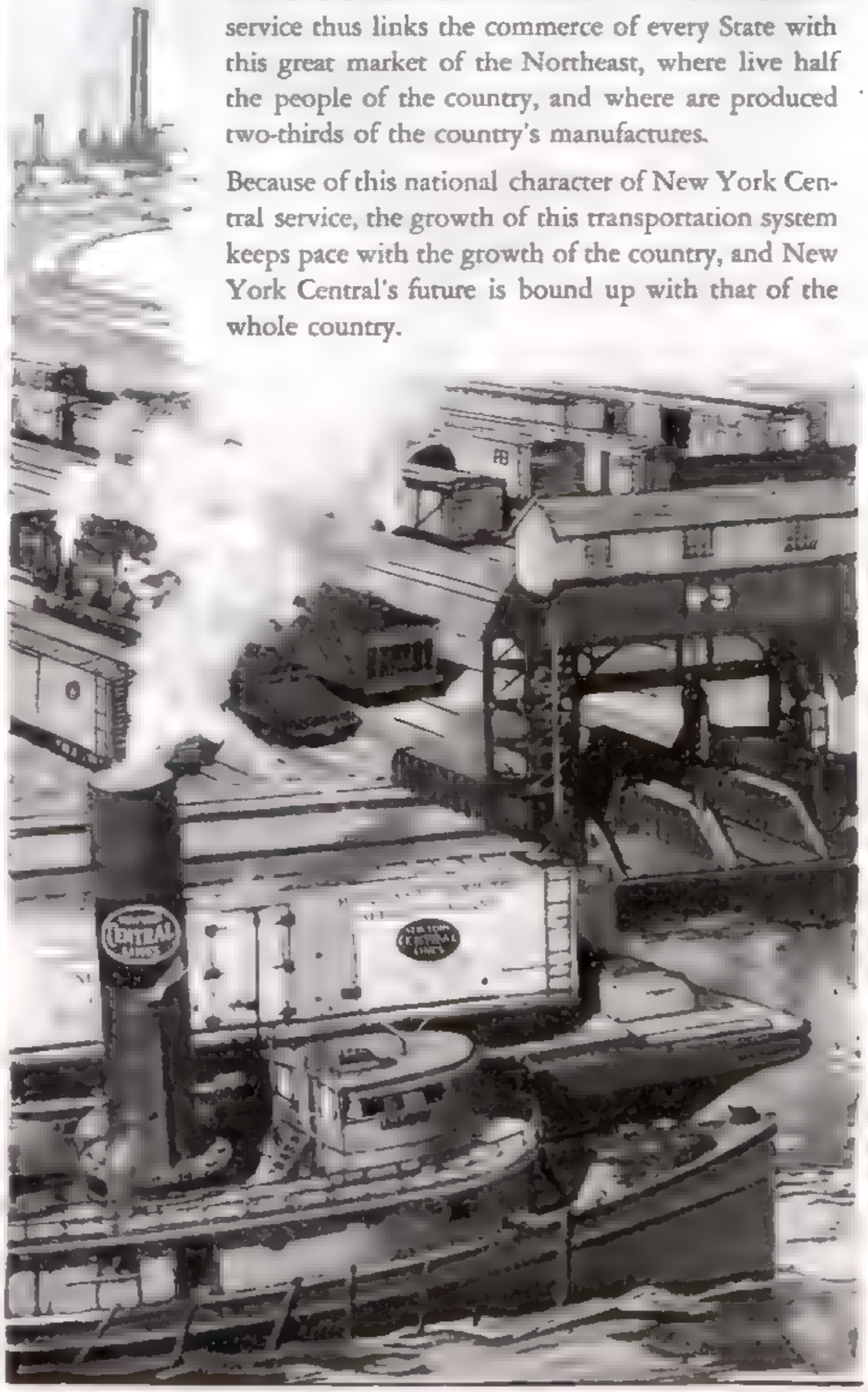
A carrier for all the nation

One out of seven carloads of freight shipped in this country moves over the New York Central Lines.

This 12,000 mile railroad system, in addition to serving thousands of communities on its own rails in the rich industrial territory between the Mississippi Valley and the north Atlantic ports, is a carrier of products from every section of the country.

Forty per cent of the freight carried by the system comes to it from other railroads. New York Central service thus links the commerce of every State with this great market of the Northeast, where live half the people of the country, and where are produced two-thirds of the country's manufactures.

Because of this national character of New York Central service, the growth of this transportation system keeps pace with the growth of the country, and New York Central's future is bound up with that of the whole country.



NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Mountain trails that lead straight up into the blue

Silhouettes against the friendly mountain sky. Across a vast expanse a timid Rocky Mountain goat like some impassive sculptured thing at the very edge of space. And far below the high up ledge where horse trails end, admiring eyes look up at other silhouettes—a horse—a girl.

Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15 to September 15

Bring your jaded spirits and your wearied nerves out to this soothing, million-acre, lake-dotted, mountain paradise atop the continent. Give your civilization shortened vision a chance to span vast distances where tiny silver ribbons are streams that rush to Hudson's Bay, The Gulf and The Pacific. Ride horseback or hike along the flower bordered trails that reach out into every corner of these friendly mountains. Fish. Motor over broad highways. Glide in launches over lakes. Camp out, or live in world renowned hotels and rustic chalets. Loaf and relax luxuriously.

The Northwest
Via the New Oriental Limited

Eastbound from the Pacific Northwest, or westbound from Chicago, you can travel direct to Glacier National Park without change and without extra fare either on the de luxe New Oriental Limited, finest train to Pacific Northwest, or other fine Great Northern trains—for Glacier Park is on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, which traverses the southern boundary of the Park for 60 miles. Arrange for Glacier Park stop off—an all-expense-paid tour of 1 to 7 days or longer—or a Glacier-Yellowstone circuit tour.

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For free books and information, apply any ticket or tourist agent, any Great Northern Railway office, or 113 South Clark Street, Chicago, 214 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., 516 Longacre Bldg., New York, N. Y., 516 Railway Exchange, Kansas City, Mo., 1403 Fourth Ave., Seattle, Wash. A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"See America First"

GREAT NORTHERN
Route of the New Oriental Limited

Finest Train to the Pacific Northwest—No Extra Fare

the precise centering and turning of one to three bullets, separately or in alignment, without touching them with the hands. Two compound microscopes were set side by side and one bullet and holder placed in position on the stage of each. The two microscopes now were connected by the comparison eyepiece, using a prism system, by which means a portion of each bullet is brought into focus and shown in the same field. The bullet holders, turning on a minute gear, permit the finely gradated rotation of each bullet.

If the two bullets have been fired from the same barrel, every groove, elevation, tool mark and scratch existing in each is brought into absolute alignment. If the bullets were fired from different barrels this superimposing of the rifling marks cannot possibly occur.

This description is necessarily technical. Perhaps it can be expressed more simply by saying that the eye, looking through the comparison eyepiece, sees not two bullets but apparently one. At a point about midway in the image before the eye the lines of the lower half and the lines of the upper half do not meet line for line. The two bullets are rotated slowly in their holders until a line common to both halves of the image is joined. Both bullets then are turned very slowly in unison. If both have come from the same gun barrel, the next line and the next and the next will coincide, and so with every cut and scratch, hill and dale, on the circumference of the bullet where it takes the rifling impression. If the two bullets have issued from different gun barrels, an occasional line may join, but the remainder will break as the patterns of two sections of wall paper of the same design fail to fit when carelessly laid.

What the eye sees the sensitive film will record, given proper lighting and photographic equipment, and this marriage or divorce of the two bullets can be shown a jury in a photograph enlarged as many times as is desirable.

This is the silent witness which offers no opinions, expert or inexpert, but is the fact in itself.

Fingerprinting has not gone so far. There only nine points of duplication are considered essential to certainty. The points of duplication in two bullets, under the Waite method, will not be fewer than fifty, perhaps twice that, unless one of the bullets has mushroomed badly.

Firearm Freaks

But those points will not be apparent to the village constable. The layman will go astray almost inevitably until he knows where to look and grasps the principle of rifling. A discharged bullet will bear a greater or less number of dents and scratches that are purely casual. They may be caused by the uneven resistance of the object penetrated, by handling, by the forceps of the surgeon who removed the bullet, or any number of chance circumstances. Most of these irrelevant marks will be found on the head, or dome, of the bullet. Any mark there, with rare exceptions, will be valueless, for the dome, being of smaller diameter than the body of the bullet, does not come in contact with the rifling.

It is the rifling in the gun barrel which transfers to the soft lead or metal jacket of the bullet the elaborate pattern of many perpendicular lines of greater or less width and depth left on its hard steel surfaces by the cutting tool. And it is these lines which are the primary record. In a new and commercially perfect weapon they may give the only record, but no more is needed.

There are jokers in the firearm deck, naturally. That is one of the special provinces of Major Goddard, who knows them all. The chances of a freak weapon appearing in a murder mystery are few, but that odd chance might save the guilty, convict the innocent or lead the police into a blind alley. One of them is the adapter, a device which permits various revolver cartridges to be fired from certain sporting rifles and any army Krag or Springfield. They are made for a legitimate sporting purpose, to enable inexpensive ammunition to be used in high-powered rifles, and to permit such rifles to be fired with safety in a settled community; but a detective or a district attorney unfamiliar with the adapter might be led utterly astray in solving a crime in which the device had been employed. Similar adapters are made for shotguns.

There is a man in Ohio who makes a business of rerifling worn barrels. A new barrel would cost the owner of a gun some twelve dollars; for five dollars the Ohio man will reline the old. Again a legitimate purpose is served; but the rerifled barrel would leave an impression on a bullet entirely different from that which would be looked for in that particular make and model of firearm.

There is one model of a rifle made in America with both rim and center firing pins. Employed in a killing, it might hopelessly confuse an investigator to whom this idiosyncrasy was unknown.

Old nine to twelve shot revolvers turn up now and then. If a witness to a homicide case should testify to having heard nine or twelve shots, the police would conclude logically that an automatic had been used or that more than one person had attacked the dead man.

Linking Gun and Bullets

The pin-fire shell brought out in France in 1835, the first successful metallic cartridge, continues to be made and used in quantities. The twelve-shot revolver mentioned employs it. But few policemen would recognize such a shell if the solution of a murder hinged upon it.

Smoothbore weapons always are a possibility in a murder case. Certain single-shot shoulder arms are smoothbore, and any rifled barrel may be reamed out. A smoothbore is accurate at only a short range, but the great bulk of murders are committed at short range. A smoothbore makes no impression upon a bullet. The very absence of impression would be startlingly significant to the expert, of course. A round ball, too, often is used in short-range target practice. They are to be bought or cast easily and inexpensively, and they take only the faintest impression if fired from a rifled barrel.

The police came near going astray in a recent murder through another firearms freak. During the war the government arsenals and the private arms companies were unable to produce sufficient army automatics. To supply this deficiency in part, and to permit the interchange of revolver and automatic cartridges in emergencies, the 1917 army model .45 Colt and Smith and Wesson revolvers were revised to permit the use of automatic shells, which have no base flange and would slip through the ordinary revolver barrel.

In this murder a .45 automatic 200-grain bullet from a Winchester shell caused death. Half a box of these cartridges were found in a motor car abandoned by the bandits, and a .45 automatic loaded with such shells was found on one of the suspects. The bullet came to Mr. Waite for confirmation of the identification. One glance destroyed the police hypothesis. Three standard army models use the ammunition—a Colt .45 automatic, a Colt .45 revolver and a Smith and Wesson .45 revolver, these latter of 1917 army pattern. All Colt guns have a left twist. The bullet had a right twist. It must, therefore, have been fired from a Smith and Wesson 1917 army revolver.

In another recent murder the suspect had hidden his automatic under exceedingly incriminating circumstances. Recovered by the police, the weapon proved to be a Colt of the same caliber as the bullets taken from the body. The bullets bore a left twist. At the trial the state contented itself, in linking gun and bullets, with the simple fact that the left twist is characteristic of Colt rifling, and that the marks made by the firing pin on the shells of fifty or more test cartridges fired from the gun were

(Continued on Page 169)

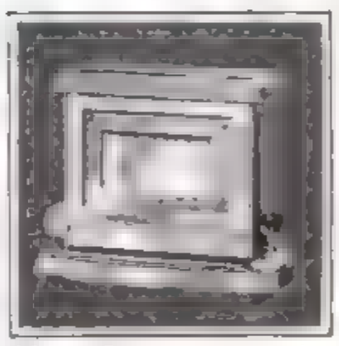
To this hostess Entertaining is a Delight

HER dinners or informal parties are at once the envy and admiration of her friends. Gracious, unhurried, without effort, she anticipates her guests' every want. For this excellent hostess has at instant command a corps of efficient, silent, dependable servants—her Manning-Bowman electrical appliances.

At her house, Sunday supper is a real occasion. Before her, in a stunning Manning-Bowman urn, the coffee bubbles cheerfully, intriguing the appetite with its inviting aroma. On her Manning-Bowman table stove, some unusual dish reaches a magic perfection. While by her side the waffles attain a golden delicacy that earns the praise of the most jaded epicure.

The Manning-Bowman Company has designed and manufactured electrical appliances from the viewpoint of the woman who will use them. They embody the most modern elements that make for efficiency, dependability, long life and convenient use. And each one has such exquisite beauty of line, finish and workmanship that it is a most graceful addition to any table service.

The Manning-Bowman percolator, for example, is a most efficient and satisfactory way of making delicious coffee. In it, coffee never percolates too vigorously or too slowly. It comes to just the right strength and is served at once, steaming and aromatic. There is a safety fuse to turn off the electric current for you, in case you forget to do it yourself.



Manning-Bowman oven type electric toaster. Priced at $8.50. It is No. 1227.

Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron. Exceptionally handsome and compact. Easy to keep bright and attractive. $12.00. No. 1616

Beautiful designs in great variety wait upon your choosing: Urn percolators with lines of classic grace, as well as the conventional pot percolators. And all are as beautifully finished and shining as a piece of fine silver.

See the percolators and other Manning-Bowman appliances at the better stores. You will find just the equipment you need: Electric toasters, waffle irons, table stoves, laundry irons, heating pads—each designed, finished and priced with the thoughtfulness born of seventy long years of precious experience.

"Alluring Luncheons" is a little suggestion booklet that will prove intensely interesting especially to the woman who entertains. "Bright Breakfasts" is another. We'd like you to have a copy of either, or both. Send for it today. Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

M Means the best
Trade-mark

This is a bridal month! Perhaps some friend will soon be preparing her first meal for her very new husband. Your Manning-Bowman [illegible] percolator, perhaps a [illegible] Other Manning-Bowman electric percolators are priced from $11.00 up

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

Who is going to sell Splitdorf radio reception?

WHILE Splitdorf's engineering forces and vast resources have been concentrated upon the improvement of radio reception, the Splitdorf distributing organization with more than half a century's experience in electrical merchandising has been establishing ideals for its retail representation.

The merchant who will qualify for the Splitdorf franchise is a broad-gauged business man who realizes that successful merchandising must be built upon a foundation of customer-satisfaction—the type of man who will appreciate the opportunity to offer his public not merely a radio set but radio reception, radio *satisfaction!*

As a buyer of radio reception, or as a merchant looking ahead to building a permanent business —INVESTIGATE!

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

Newark, New Jersey

Subsidiary of Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

SPLITDORF

(Continued from Page 166)

identical with the firing-pin marks on two shells found near the body. Such a linking up was dangerously inconclusive.

The switching of barrels, such as the replacing of the original with a cheaper foreign-made barrel in an American frame by an unscrupulous pawnbroker, though frequently feasible, offers no difficulties to the Waite method, for the identification is made by the barrel, not the frame. These and other contingencies, all familiar to Waite and his associates, by their very novelty usually would offer a particularly easy trail to the expert.

In the last war every enlisted man and officer of all the major armies was fingerprinted, adding enormously to the world's fingerprint records and making the identification of the dead much more certain than in previous wars. Had the identification of bullets and the effects of firearms at close range been similarly understood, other tragedies might have been averted.

Few death sentences were inflicted by American courts-martial on members of the A.E.F., but 2610 officers and men of the British forces were sentenced to death by their own government during the war, and 287 actually were shot by firing squads. Thousands of others were given drastic but not capital punishment. One of the principal, if not the major, offenses charged before military courts was malingering by self-inflicted wounds. The question of whether a soldier has been wounded in line of duty, or deliberately by his own weapons to escape further duty, usually would be an elementary one to an expert in firearms and bullet identification; but military courts were guided largely by the circumstantial. Similar figures have not been made public by the French, Belgian, Italian, German, Austrian and Russian Armies; but the number of such military court sentences, many for allegedly self-inflicted wounds, is known to have been high in all.

Selling a New Science

The first half of Mr. Waite's journey is done. He can, with the remote exceptions noted, now say with certainty the make and model of a pistol or revolver from which a given bullet was fired. Given both bullet and revolver or pistol, he can say with absolute certainty whether the bullet did or did not come from that particular weapon.

He does not wish to know the details of the crime or the identity of the suspects. He will answer one of two questions only: What type of small arm fired this bullet? Did this bullet come from that gun? He will answer these queries as accurately and as dispassionately as an adding machine totals a column of figures. Whether the result makes or destroys the case of the applicant, frees or convicts a prisoner, is no concern of his.

Murders will continue to go unsolved even if the Waite method comes to be accepted as universally as fingerprinting, for the greatest variable of all, the human element, enters into every murder case. The number of crimes in the United States that go unsolved officially for such reasons is considerable.

The second half of Mr. Waite's journey lies yet ahead. It will not be done until he has convinced police, courts and public of the utility and accuracy of his method. Judged by the past, that journey may not be short. The infallibility of fingerprint evidence is unchallenged today; but Inspector—now Deputy Commissioner—Joseph A. Faurot, of the New York City Police Department, did not establish it in the United States in a day or a year.

Commissioner Faurot has followed Mr. Waite's adventures into bullet identification step by step with friendly interest and occasional skepticism. On the night of April 28, 1925, he saw the complete operation demonstrated for the first time.

Fingerprints Card Indexed

"Waite has discovered a science and invented a method of applying it, in my opinion, as infallible, as practicable, as revolutionary and as valuable in criminology as fingerprinting itself," the commissioner said.

Today the average time required to identify a criminal from among many more than a million fingerprint records at police headquarters in New York is less than five minutes. Mr. Waite recently made a test of his own at Albany. A fugitive embezzler had been returned from Buenos Aires. With him the Argentine police sent his fingerprint card. The card contained no identification beyond the impressions and the Spanish words for the five fingers. Handing the card to a girl clerk in the office of the superintendent of prisons, Mr. Waite asked for the man's record and looked at his watch. The girl glanced at the impressions under a reading glass, walked to a wall lined with rows of card-indexed files, pulled out one box without hesitation, and in four and one-half minutes from the time she had received the card she returned with the embezzler's name and record.

Yet the first conviction on fingerprint evidence in an American court occurred fewer than fifteen years ago, and fingerprinting as legal evidence in America dates from this trial. A loft in downtown New York had been entered and robbed. The burglar had removed a pane of glass, leaving a fingerprinted smudge on the glass. Faurot detected the smudge, arrested a professional loft burglar and found the print

"Gate of the Mountains." 20 Miles North of Helena, Montana

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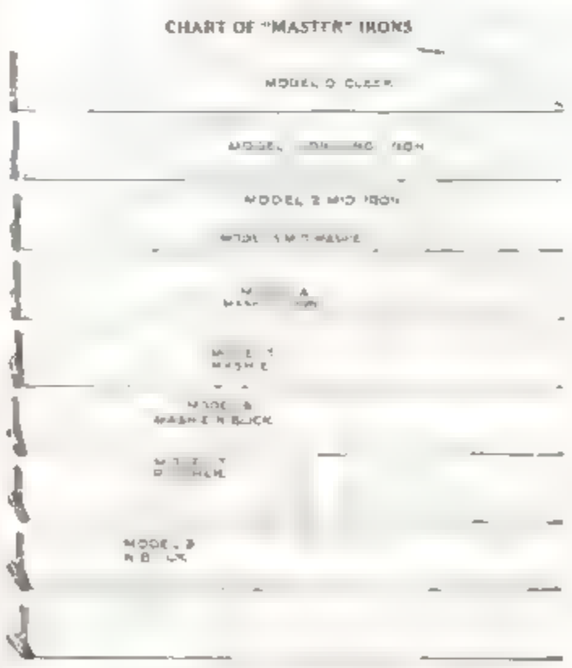
BLUE MACGREGOR MASTER
MACGREGOR MASTER
Both of these balls are *balanced* by a process and construction that positively assures a true line of flight and deadly accuracy on the greens. The *meridian marked Master* was one of the two original *balanced balls*. Either of these balls will stand plenty of pounding—and will thrill you by the distance they deliver.

CONSISTENCY

To play consistently—get a matched complete set of MASTER IRONS



GOLFERS today are buying their three Wood Clubs all at one time, *matched in complete sets*. This is a good thing—but *there is fully as much reason for it in your Irons.*

Master Irons were developed to offer the opportunity of a *complete set* of Irons, matched one with the other through each detail of construction—a club, that fits you, for any type of shot you ever have to play.

In a fitted set of these Master Irons, there is a harmony between one club and another that has a reaction in more consistent golf. If one club fits you—they all do. And you have a loft for every requirement or distance. See chart to the left.

Your Pro or Dealer can show you Master Irons equipped with either our own selected Hickory, or Bristol Steel shaft; and whichever you prefer, these Irons will have that perfect harmony of balance and "feel," which is the secret of making successful shots in succession.

WHICH OF THESE SHALL WE SEND YOU?
1—General Catalog. 2—Rule and Score Book. 3—"Golf, the Game of Games," (an introduction to golf). 4—"Stepping Stones to a Golf Course" (helpful [illegible] out a new course) 5—"Municipal Golf Courses." [illegible] will be mailed free to anyone interested in public golf).

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

"Well, sir, it was wonderful rootbeer
and they made it themselves
from Hires Household Extract"

Brown was enthusiastic—"I wish you could have tasted it. Never thought rootbeer could be so good. It had a wonderful flavor and a zip to it that made you want more and then some. We're going to make some and you're going to get the surprise of your life when you try a glass. Believe me, you have something to look forward to."

Make delicious rootbeer yourself

In your own home, with a package of Hires Household Extract, you can make the most delicious and healthful drink. No trick at all to do it. No fuss—no muss. It is so easy to mix, so inexpensive and convenient, that thousands of homes are never without it. For every occasion it is the ideal drink.

Costs less than a cent a glass

Just think—with one 25c package of Hires Household Extract you can make 80 glasses of this sparkling and health-giving drink with its unforgetable flavor of roots, herbs and berries. There never was a finer drink for children. For rootbeer made from Hires Household Extract is a pure drink—does not contain chemicals. It has the natural plant juices with vitamins and healthful qualities. How much better than artificially colored and flavored drinks.

Get a package of Hires Household Extract today and make this wonderful rootbeer. Then you'll be ready for the hot, thirsty days when everybody clamors for a cool, refreshing drink. If you like ginger ale too, you can buy Hires Household Extract for making ginger ale at home. It is wholesome and delicious. A 25c package makes 80 glasses.

Hires
HOUSEHOLD EXTRACTS
For making ROOTBEER OR GINGER ALE *at home*

Most every dealer sells Hires Household Extracts for making rootbeer and ginger ale at home. If your dealer cannot supply you, just send 25c (35c outside of U. S. A.) with this coupon and we will send a package direct, post-paid. For $2.80 ($4 outside of U. S. A.) we will send you a carton of one dozen packages.
Canadian address, 47 Davies Street, Toronto, Canada.

The Charles E. Hires Company
208 South 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find——c, for which please send me——packages of rootbeer extract at 25c* and——packages of ginger ale extract at 25c.*

Name

Address

*35c a package in Canada

of one of the man's fingers corresponded to the smudge. It was strictly a fingerprint case; there was no corroboration. The suspect's friends, confident of beating such evidence, raised a pot of $3000 and hired an astute lawyer to defend him.

Moreover the man had an apparently perfect alibi. The night of the robbery he had attended the Hippodrome with his wife and two other couples. Returning home at midnight, he and his wife had gone to bed. When she wakened in the morning she found him beside her.

When the district attorney learned that the defense would offer five witnesses in support of the alibi, he congratulated himself. The more witnesses to an alibi, the greater the chance of contradictory testimony; but all five agreed exactly and were unshaken in cross-examination because they were telling the truth.

In the midst of the trial, the officiating judge ordered Faurot out of the court room under the guard of a bailiff. The inspector went in some perturbation. In his absence the court selected fifteen persons from among the spectators and ordered a print made of the right index finger of each on a pane of glass. The court then directed that the fingerprint of one of the fifteen be made on a second pane. Faurot then was recalled the test explained to him, and he was asked if he could identify the one spectator of the fifteen whose fingerprint appeared upon the second pane. Faurot pointed to the right man after six minutes.

The Study of Prints

The prisoner and his counsel conferred briefly, and counsel entered a plea of guilty, which was accepted by the court. The prisoner later confided to Faurot that he had set the stage of his alibi with great care, had risen at four in the morning without waking his wife, accomplished the robbery and returned to bed, again without rousing his wife, by half past five.

A year earlier Faurot had won a case on fingerprint evidence, but not officially. A thief christened The Midnight Burglar by police reporters, had been running wild in the Upper Fifth Avenue district. Headquarters had 200 men in plain clothes flagging the district without success. In a house in East Ninety-first Street, the burglar tossed aside a soup ladle that did not strike his fancy. On the discarded ladle he left a fingerprint by way of a calling card. Faurot took the print and bided his time. Weeks later a night loiterer was picked up on the Avenue. The print of one of his fingers tallied with that recovered from the soup ladle, and he was charged with the burglary. The prisoner hired counsel and prepared to fight. Faurot was eager to get his system before a jury, but as the case was called the burglar changed his plea to guilty.

Faurot's earliest identification by fingerprint evidence was a spectacular one. A series of burglaries in Harlem in the spring of 1908 ended abruptly in early May. On May twenty-sixth a family returning from a month's absence, found the body of a man long dead hanging from the skylight in the library of their home. A kit of burglar tools lay on the floor. In lowering himself through the skylight the man had slipped and hanged himself more than two weeks earlier. The face was unrecognizable, and there was no other apparent identification, but Faurot checked the fingerprints with those of a criminal of record, and the identification was confirmed by the man's family.

A theatrical press agent laid a trap for Faurot in the early days of fingerprinting. The press agent was exploiting a lightning-change act, the actors twins of such remarkable similarity that even their Bertillon measurements coincided almost exactly.

How To Tell Twins Apart

The press agent, several reporters and a stranger looked in on Faurot at headquarters one morning. The stranger, who was one of the twins, was introduced to Faurot as a booking agent.

"Well, Joe, how goes the fingerprinting?" the press agent greeted him. "Would you recognize this gentleman, do you think, if you saw him again?"

"Let's see his fingers," the inspector said. He studied the man's finger tips for a moment and answered with some pleasantry.

"We were down this way and thought we'd just say hello," the press agent said, and the visitors left.

During the afternoon the press agent, the reporters and apparently the same stranger dropped in again.

"Well, do you recognize our friend?" the press agent asked.

"I don't know," Faurot answered. "Let's have a look at his fingers."

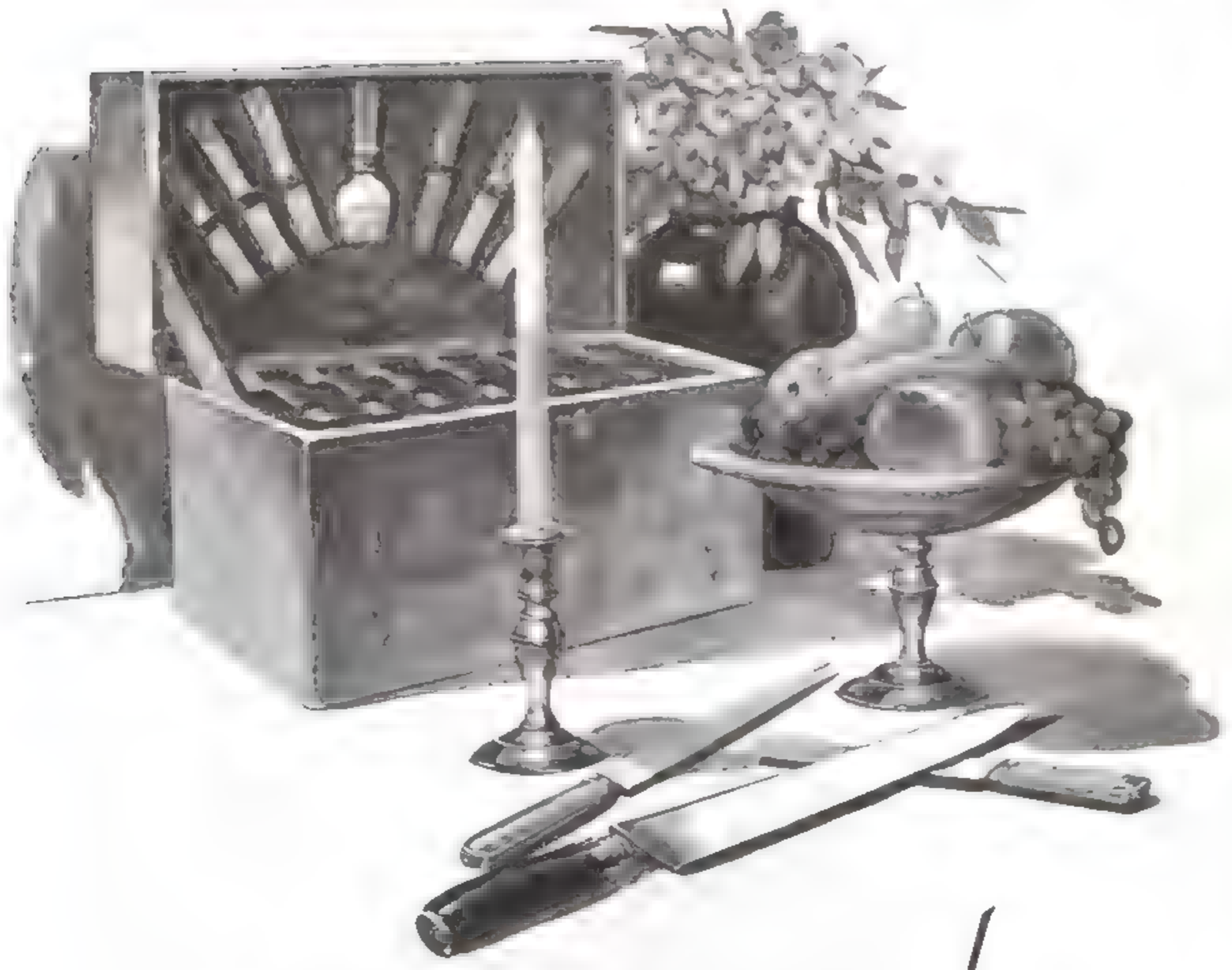
Again the inspector studied the finger tips.

"No," he said shortly, "this is not the man who was with you this morning."

The smile faded from the face of the press agent. There would be no Twins Fool Fingerprint Expert headlines in the morrow's papers, but with the resourcefulness of his craft he visualized another headline: Only Fingerprint Expert Can Tell These Twins Apart. The other twin was called in from the corridor, both were photographed and fingerprinted and the story was in the papers the next day with pictures of two faces that must have baffled even a mother, but with fingerprints five classifications removed. Today no professional sneak thief, burglar or yeggman thinks of working without gloves on both hands. He may sometimes be surprised unarmed, but never ungloved. Tomorrow he may be as afraid of his trigger finger as of the others.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Stout.

The Right Number



Stainless!

What a word to conjure with—S-T-A-I-N-L-E-S-S!

Use will not mar it
Disuse will not tarnish it
Lemons will not stain it
Heat will not discolor it

When you buy silver or silver plated ware, you are almost invariably asked "Would you not rather have the STAINLESS steak knives?" Ostensibly the three blades are alike—but only the beautiful, highly polished STAINLESS blade will hold a keen edge and will never stain or tarnish.

In your kitchen you will probably find some *new looking* fruit knives, and paring knives and, maybe, some butcher knives—if you do, and you will look closely, you are almost sure to find the word STAINLESS etched in the blades. And they always look and are so much better and cleaner than *scoured* knives.

Cutlery was really the first use for STAINLESS. The manufacturers realized the desirability of modern, comely table, kitchen, and pocket cutlery that would not tarnish or corrode, so they began using STAINLESS, and now you can buy STAINLESS Cutlery at almost any store.

As time goes by, we ask you to look for and to purchase with confidence other STAINLESS household utensils, furnishings, equipment, and hardware; such as cooking utensils, table tops, electrical machinery, ranges, stoves, electrical appliances, hinges, door hardware, lighting fixtures, bathroom fixtures, etc. When you see the STAINLESS trade mark, you can be sure of quality and of service.

You will be very much interested in our booklet "STAINLESS In The Home"—write us for a free copy.

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY
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PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS STEEL & IRON
TRADE MARK

Some of the Endless Possibilities of

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Meters
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Motion Picture Equipment
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Musical Instruments
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Toasters
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Turbines
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Varnish Kettles
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Ventilating Systems
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Water Meters
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X ray Apparatus

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Today men who formerly wouldn't think of burdening themselves with a trunk on a short trip, take a Hartmann Wardrobe with them when they travel.

And the apparel from a Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk is always fresh and unwrinkled—just as it came from the hands of the valet.

For two generations we've been building Hartmann trunks—always embodying in our product all the conveniences and advantages you would naturally expect from a maker who has been in the business forty-eight years.

Every kind of trunk imaginable in the Hartmann offering—every size and style and finish. The Hartmann Taxi-steamer model is just what the name implies—it's almost hand baggage in its convenience—yet a perfect wardrobe trunk.

Travel with a Hartmann—no matter how short your trip. It's assurance that you'll look your best.

Sold on the policy of unusual quality at usual prices.

Look up the Hartmann dealer. He's the kind of merchant you want to patronize.

OVER HALF A MILLION IN USE
QUALITY TELLS

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BE SURE THE HARTMANN RED ✕ IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

THE RICH MAN'S INSURANCE

Continued from Page 14)

not my affair. I can show you several towers that are very prominent in the sky line of Manhattan that are now wearing mortgages because of inheritance taxation. The Woolworth Building was mortgaged for $3,000,000 to help raise the $8,000,000 inheritance tax on that estate. It just simply does not come natural to the sort of man who does things and builds up a big fortune in the form of going concerns to have idle money on hand. He not only uses all his own money but as the years of success roll on he builds up an enormous credit as well. When he dies his credit is no more, and that, of course, was one of the foundations of his fortune. With his credit, under present conditions, often goes quite a large part of his estate. Our economic structure is still highly individualistic in spite of big corporations.

"The Government is seldom very gentle in the matter of collecting what is coming to it, but quite a number of states try to even matters up a little by granting certain discounts for prompt payment of inheritance taxes. The details of all this would be boresome; but speaking in generalities, I can say that many an estate has saved between 15 and 20 per cent of the total amount of taxes by having insurance money on hand for prompt payment. I don't mean that the discounts run that high; but adding the discounts received to the penalties for delay that would have been inevitable, the total saving was considerable."

Insuring Valuable Executives

"Even savings of that proportion, however, are very small items compared to those effected by preserving the property from forced sales. I have here the court records of an interesting case that points the moral, although the man wasn't very wealthy as this day and time count fortunes. We will leave out the man's name and just deal with the figures, but I assure you that every one of them is correct. He was a resident of Buffalo, New York, doing business there, but with the greater part of his property in Wisconsin and West Virginia. The transfer-tax appraiser in New York appraised his net estate, after his death, at $197,221.11. Inheritance taxes were then computed as follows:

Federal	$2,442.42
New York—state	6,638.84
West Virginia	4,496.00
Wisconsin	10,237.07
Ohio	230.00
Total	$24,044.33
Executor's commissions	$4,662.16
Attorney's fees and disbursements	5,021.25
Court costs and appraisers' fees	470.00
Miscellaneous expenses	[illegible]
Total	$11,[illegible]51.18

"There was no such sum available, since the business was a going concern; moreover the death of the owner had hurt its credit. At first securities were sold in haste at a sacrifice of $2,213 under their reasonable value. I am still quoting from the record. That wasn't enough, of course, so the whole business had to be disposed of. Again I quote the record in saying that the forced sale resulted in a loss of $79,713.18—that is to say, the business brought that much less than its reasonable value. Add these figures and you get a total shrinkage of $117,121.69 in an estate appraised at $197,221.11. Such happenings as this are not so unusual as you might think."

"Then the inheritance tax is the reason for big insurance policies," I commented.

"It's the principal reason, but not the only one," the insurance man said. "There are several others; however, they are more or less obvious. Very often nowadays when the board of directors of a corporation put an extremely valuable executive under contract they take out life insurance for the term of his contract. They are especially likely to do this if he has some particular job under way, such as a merger or a difficult engineering feat. It doesn't require a mathematical genius to figure out just about what their loss would be if the executive in question should happen to die when the job was about two-thirds completed. They take out insurance to cover that possible loss.

"Then there is the situation which arises when one member of a partnership dies. Usually the other partner wants to buy the whole business at once and avoid legal entanglements. In order to make it possible to protect the business, each partner becomes insured and they have an agreement that the insurance money will be used to buy the interest of the heirs. This also operates to protect the families of the two partners, because then they will get cash instead of an interest in a business that they may not understand.

"These three considerations cover quite a number of the larger insurance policies; in fact, I guess, 90 per cent of them. Sometimes, however, a man is so devoted to his business that he will take out a very large policy in order to protect it against the losses incident to his death even when he has already provided for his family. Many business men feel just about the same kind of affection for their firms that they have for their families. They know that time must elapse before other executives can adequately fill their shoes, even granting that they have equal ability, so they provide against an interim of uncertainty until the new man proves himself. In doing this their main objective is to perpetuate the business to which they have usually given their lives."

"How many policies of $1,000,000 or more are now in force in this country?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "Such information isn't generally given out. Whatever the number is, it won't stand very long. Big policies are being written pretty regularly now. About the only public figures on this subject relate to policies that have already been paid. The names and amounts in these cases are published annually. For instance, in 1921"—he was reading from a little leather-bound booklet—"there was one policy of $1,500,000 paid; six of $500,000; five close to $400,000; five close to $300,000; about fifty in the vicinity of $100,000, but not less; and about 150 policies of $50,000 on up to $100,000.

"John Wanamaker heads the 1922 list. I see they paid a $3,000,000 policy on his life. Next comes Henry P. Davison, with $2,000,000. He was a partner in the J. P. Morgan firm. There is one policy listed here of $1,700,000; another for $1,000,000; three just under $1,000,000; three close to $500,000; and several pages of $100,000 policies. By the way, the latter figure is becoming a favorite amount."

Splitting Up Big Policies

"In the 1923 list we begin with Arthur Letts, of Los Angeles, who had a policy for $1,795,000. Then there are four close to $1,000,000; three close to $750,000; four close to $500,000; about 100 for $100,000 and several pages of those having smaller amounts, but above $50,000.

"I see a notation here, in connection with the Arthur Letts insurance, that it was divided among thirty-two companies. I don't know whether that interests you or not, but it certainly interests us fellows who go out and write these big policies. Some of the companies aren't very enthusiastic about them and every company has a fixed limit for the amount of insurance it will carry on any one man. The top limit is $350,000 and only one company goes that high; quite a number of companies won't go over $50,000. Nor is this dictated entirely by the size of the company; it's a matter of business policy.

On your new Car a Rim-Wind Rim-Set 12-day clock

THE "BROADWAY"
Rim-Wind — Rim-Set
$12.50
With Radium Dial $2.00 extra

Quickly installed for steady service

IT takes only a few minutes to install the new 12-day Phinney-Walker on your car. Every Phinney-Walker dealer now has a special appliance for making installations quickly and neatly.

The Phinney-Walker is a clock *specially designed for automobile use:*

1. It is the only automobile clock guaranteed to run 12 days on a winding. It eliminates the nuisance of daily winding.
2. It can be easily regulated without removing from the instrument board.
3. It is wound and set by turning the rim.
4. It is accurate—and strong.
5. It is beautifully made in every detail and finished in polished nickel.
6. It is the production of "specialists in fine automobile clocks".

Phinney-Walker clocks are standard equipment on many of America's finest cars. If there is none on your car, call on your dealer today. They may be obtained in various models from $8.50 to $15.00.

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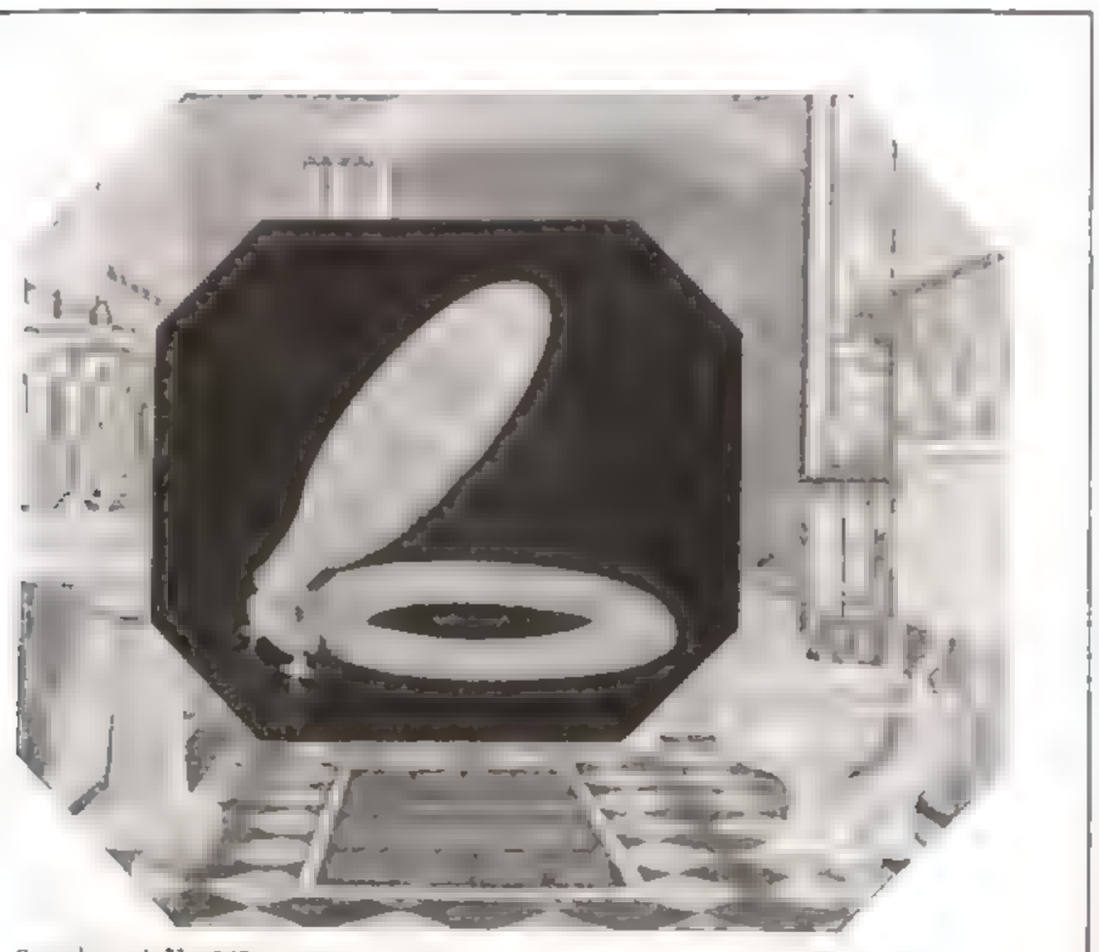
PHINNEY-WALKER
12 DAY AUTOMOBILE CLOCKS
DO KEEP TIME



Seat shown is No. 142

See your bathroom through guests' eyes

DID you ever look at your bathroom—particularly the toilet seat—through your guests' eyes? Familiarity often blinds us to uninviting details, but if the toilet seat is old and worn, your guests will quickly notice it, just as you would in someone else's home. You owe it to yourself to remedy this condition if it exists.

Thousands now have nicer bathrooms

THOUSANDS of people who have always wanted nicer bathrooms now can easily have them, not by making the bathroom all over, but simply by installing a new Church, all-white toilet seat.

The difference a spotlessly white toilet seat makes in the looks of the whole bathroom is certainly a pleasant surprise. Some people say: "Looks hundred percent better;" some, "Looks dozen times better;" and others, "Now we are proud to have guests go into our bathroom."

Church Seats fit any bowl; installed in a few minutes

CHURCH Seats fit any bowl and can be installed easily in a few minutes; so easily that you can install one yourself, although any plumber will be glad to install it for you at small cost. If you move to another house or another apartment, the seat is easily taken with you.

The handsome white surface of Church Seats is a smooth, ivory-like sheathing, which won't wear off as paint is apt to do, and it won't crack, split, discolor, absorb moisture or retain odors. It is as easy to clean as porcelain and is perfectly sanitary. It is above the criticism of any guest.

SEND FOR interesting sample of sani-white sheathing and circular describing most popular models of Church Seats. Cut the coupon now and send it today.

C. F. CHURCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. F5, Holyoke, Mass.
Established 1898

Church
sani-white Seats

Look for this name on underside of seat.

Mail this coupon today

C. F. CHURCH MFG. CO., Dept. F5, Holyoke, Mass.
Gentlemen: Please send sample of Sani-white Sheathing and descriptive circular to:

Name ..... *(please write plainly)*

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

When I am ready to write $1,000,000 on one man I have to go out and scurry around trying to place it. Of course I always find takers, but the point I am making is that insurance in big figures has to be divided.

"The life-insurance business is only seventy-five years old and these big policies are quite recent developments. The attitude toward them used to be almost panicky, but since they are becoming more numerous the companies are not quite so uneasy. Insurance, you see, is based entirely upon percentages. If you can get 1000 big policies you are all right, because percentage has a chance to work; but if you have only one it's a gamble. I can explain that to you more clearly in terms of fire insurance. Suppose, for instance, that your company wanted to write about $2,000,000 of business and an agent came in with an offer for that much on the Equitable Building on Broadway. You'd have your business all in one lump. If everything went all right it would be very nice, but if that one building caught fire you might be ruined. Insurance as a business can't be conducted in any such manner. The fire-insurance companies have maps of every city in which they do business in order to keep from grouping their risks. I don't know of any insurance company that would take every building in a city block. They spread it out and get the benefit of percentage. The same principles apply to life insurance. We want lots of business, but not too much from any one person.

"The rates on a big policy are not a cent lower than those for a small policy. The actuaries fix the rates—a certain age, certain conditions, and the rate per thousand follows. After that it doesn't make any difference whether the man takes $1000 or $1,000,000; the rate remains the same. But if each of 1000 men takes a policy for $1000 in the form of group insurance the rates are lower. The reason for that is the better percentage which the company enjoys under group insurance. You see, you simply can't make insurance wholesale on one man. As long as he remains one man he's a retail proposition. I am reminded in this connection of the old argument that used to be waged hot and heavy about cheaper railroad rates for men who traveled all the time. These traveling men insisted that they were wholesale customers, while the railroads argued that they were necessarily retail, since no one of them ever constituted a trainload or even a carload. Well, it's the same with insurance."

Special Prejudices

"We rig up different kinds of arrangements to handle these policies. For instance, I know of two companies that have almost identical ideas on the subject of medical examination, so they are willing to accept each other's risks. Both of these companies have a $50,000 limit on any one policy, but each agrees that the other may bind it up to its limit. Thus either company can write $100,000, knowing at the time that the other will reinsure half. No negotiations are necessary, this being the settled policy of both companies. There is another company, however, that will not undertake reinsurance at all. This company will write $200,000 on one man, but will not enter into any agreements to obtain more from other companies, nor will it assist other companies by reinsuring their excess.

"As a rule, when an agent gets one of these big policies he knows right off the bat where he can place a considerable portion of it, and then he consults other agents about the rest. All sorts of questions arise. One company will be very skittish about the slightest heart trouble; another centers its anxiety on the lungs; each has its favorite alarm. The result is that you take your applicant's case under advisement, knowing the different companies, and distribute his insurance around to conform to their pet theories. I'm not poking fun at them, but it is a fact that they don't all agree; nearly everyone, I think, knows that.

"It's amusing sometimes when an agent comes in with a $500,000 contract to distribute and grabs a wire to summon his friend Tom or Jerry or whoever it happens to be. 'Tom,' he'll say, 'how'd you like to have about $100,000 of this?' Tom looks it over and says, 'I'm out, Bill. Rotten luck. Look here at the heart report.' But Jerry grabs it. Next time Jerry will want to pass along a big one to Bill and can't because of a kidney or some other item of anatomy that Bill's company doesn't like, so Tom gets it.

"Insurance as a science is making great strides in this country, partly because so many of our people have policies. That helps the actuaries to work out their tables. There is more insurance in force in this country than in all the others on earth put together. The general tendency of rates is down. Naturally, the more people there are insured, the better the percentages work. At one time there used to be all sorts of clauses to protect the companies. For instance, if you traveled beyond a certain line—usually marking off yellow-fever territory—your policy automatically canceled itself. If you traveled on a boat certain other things happened. Companies also used to worry about getting too many risks in a very small area, but they don't any more. The general condition of public hygiene and health in this country is so much better than it used to be fifty years ago that concentration of risks in a small area doesn't cause worry any more."

More Deadly Than Cyclones

"When that terrible cyclone struck Illinois, Indiana and other states last spring some of the big companies had so many policyholders in the stricken territory that they sent nurses and doctors. One company sent agents and cash by aeroplane so they could pay claims very promptly and thus help as much as possible. Half a century ago such an event might have frightened some of the companies out of that territory, but not now. They've got percentage working on their side. Everybody doesn't get killed, you know; and as a matter of fact, cyclones and earthquakes cause life-insurance companies very little trouble. Stomachs are far more deadly than storms. I'm not an accident-insurance man, but they tell me that just about as many accidents happen to people in their own homes as anywhere else in the world. A man puttering around with a hammer or papering the attic is a terrific risk compared with a passenger traveling sixty miles an hour on a limited train.

"If everybody who now carries a $1000 life-insurance policy increased it to $100,000, the companies would be in precisely the same situation as before so far as risk is concerned. I look to see the limits on policies move steadily upward. In the meantime, however, the companies have to keep their percentages straight by reinsuring. A company with 1000 policies of $100,000 each has nothing to worry about, but if it held one lone policy for $1,000,000, that wouldn't be very good business.

"I do not observe much of a tendency for big policies to go skyrocketing toward unprecedented figures—$1,000,000 is still rather exciting to any agent and will be for some time to come in my opinion. But $100,000 policies are becoming very common. What the country needs is a lot more $10,000 and $15,000 policies to protect business men with small going concerns that they think they are going to turn over to their sons some day.

"But we started talking about inheritance taxes, didn't we? Well, that reminds me of a clever stroke of business by the state of Florida. They have a constitutional amendment now that bars an inheritance tax. Not all the rich people who go down there in the wintertime are looking for sunshine. Some of them want a nice, comfortable, legal domicile where the taxgatherer isn't quite so active as in some other states."

How well can you look in a swimming suit?

You'll never know until you wear one of these new suits made by Spalding!

~ ~ ~ ~

GOOD-BYE to all that awkwardness—that painful feeling that your suit is not all it should be!

That's gone forever! For Spalding has made new swimming suits so professional, so clean-cut, so trim and comfortable that you feel like an Olympic champion the minute you put one on!

These suits won't teach you to swim, but they will certainly make you *feel* like swimming. There won't be any sagging, any binding, any chafing seams or rough edges, any clammy, oozing fabric to chill you. When you come out of the water your suit will feel warm and almost dry.

Go to one of the Spalding Stores (in larger cities) or to one of the many other stores which sell Spalding swimming attire. Examine these suits carefully. Stretch the fabric to twice its normal width, and see how it springs instantly back into shape. Note how the suits are cut. Look at the bow-shaped seam across the hips of women's suits—the seam responsible for the new slenderizing effect. Pick your favorite among the colors.

Then ask yourself whether you are willing to go through another season without one of these suits—at prices so reasonable!

N. B.—The time to get one of these suits for the Fourth is *now!*

Spalding offers these notable features—A special worsted yarn of remarkable life and gloss . . . Elastic spring-needle stitch produced by Spalding machines—assuring continued snugness with greatest flexibility . . . Unusually large armholes . . . Indestructible rubber buttons . . . Non-rip buttonhole . . . Re-enforced crotch, wonderfully durable and truly comfortable in design . . . New slenderizing bow-shaped seam across the hips of women's suits . . . Fabric which absorbs very little water, and dries quickly.

MAIL COUPON! *These books will help you become a better swimmer*

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
105 Nassau Street, New York City

This is my order for the following.

"The Science of Swimming," by Frank J. Sullivan Swimming Instructor, Princeton University, 25 cents ☐

Swimming for Women," by L. de B. Handley, Coach of New York Women's Swimming Association, 25 cents. ☐

(Please check your selection in the squares, and enclose 25 cents in stamps for each book ordered.)

Name

Street

City State

S. E. P. 6-20-25

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Now— S.P.A. Certified Guaranteed Lumber

Every Piece *Grade-Marked*, Every Piece *Trade-Marked* —so the user may know the Southern Pine he buys

HERE is the biggest piece of news that ever came out of the business of manufacturing and selling lumber!

Manufacturers of Southern Pine Lumber, who are subscribers to the Southern Pine Association, are now plainly stamping upon the end of every piece of lumber and stick of timber they produce:

1—The grade of the lumber as fixed by the expert grader at the mill.

2—A number by which the user can identify the name of the manufacturer who made that particular piece of lumber.

3—The initials of the Southern Pine Association whose authoritative inspection service maintains the integrity of the grades.

These are facts that lumber buyers for years have wanted to know but never before had the opportunity. It means that it is now possible to buy *certified Southern Pine lumber of guaranteed grades*. It means the buyer will get exactly the grade he asks for and the grade he pays for. It means protection to the manufacturer who puts his best skill into his product because his identity stays with that lumber through to the ultimate consumer. It means protection to the retail lumber dealer who may have suffered from the unfair tactics of those who "juggle" lumber grades.

Lumber users—look for the S. P. A. marks on the Southern Pine you buy and be assured of getting the grade you want.

Ask Your Retail Lumber Dealer

Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Secretary Herbert Hoover Says:

"There is no reason why conscientious grade-marking of lumber should not be as successful as the grade-marking of other products manufactured on the basis of different qualities. The grade-marking of lumber seems to be particularly important because, unlike any other article, the quality of which can be analyzed, the grading of lumber largely depends on judgment founded upon long experience. It is therefore evident that the consumer often is at a loss to know whether he is actually receiving the quality for which he has paid and which he wants. Without grade-marks on lumber it is easily seen that grades may be mixed unintentionally. The plain indication of grade on each piece of lumber protects consumers as well as distributors.

"Grade-marking will also reduce waste. Correctly grade-marked lumber can be bought and sold without necessitating actual inspection. In other words, if the grade-marking is carried out in a conscientious manner, lumber will be bought and sold unseen, as wheat or any other commodity, the various qualities of which have been definitely determined. This will reduce the cost of distribution and stabilize lumber conditions.

"Through grade-marking practices the public will be educated in the various grades of lumber and in their correct and most economical uses. This will encourage certain consuming industries to increase their purchases of low grade material and thereby extend the uses for these qualities which are now often a drug on the market."

Lumber Users Endorse Grade-Marking

The grade-marking principle has been endorsed by practically all of the larger organizations interested in the manufacture and use of lumber. Among them:

National Lumber Manufacturers Association
National-American Wholesale Lumber Association
National Retail Lumber Dealers Association
American Institute of Architects
American Railway Engineering Association
American Railway Bridge and Building Association
The Association of General Contractors of America
National Association of Builders Exchanges
Association of Wood Using Industries
Automobile Body Builders Association
National Association of Wood Turners (Inc.)

The Mark of the Expert Grader on Every Piece

S.P.A. CERTIFIED GUARANTEED LUMBER

7

A number in the circle designates the lumber manufacturing plant where this particular piece of lumber was made. It is equivalent to the individual trade-mark of that manufacturer and puts upon him the responsibility of standing squarely behind every branded board he produces.

SPA

These initials—S P A—show that this lumber was produced under the standard grading rules and authoritative inspection service of the Southern Pine Association which conform to the recently adopted American Lumber Standards. They also mean that this manufacturer is a subscriber to the Southern Pine Association, a fact in itself accepted for years as a recommendation of uniform grading.

B & BTR

This mark is the grade. Your retail lumber dealer or your architect or contractor will explain to you the grade-marks and what they mean as applied to your lumber requirements.

USE THIS COUPON

Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La. Dept. 136

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of your pamphlet: "*How the Southern Pine Association has Taken the Mystery Out of Lumber Buying.*"

Name _____

Street _____

Place _____

IS COMMON HONESTY COMMON?

Continued from Page 15)

"We have more than 1000 agents in all parts of the country," he said. "They are not under bond, and yet they collect for us millions of dollars' worth of premiums in a year. When you ask about losses incidental to them, I cannot even think of them, they are so small—so exceedingly small. On rare occasions a man may die suddenly and we may lose a little in that way. But that would not occur even once in a year."

However, in the main, it seems the better plan to have the honor system reënforced by bonds of protection for public and employe alike. The head of a restaurant group which serves 140,000 persons a day said that he felt personally culpable if he allowed either his patrons or his employes to gain advantage of him dishonestly.

"I have no right to allow temptation to sway either group, when I can avoid the issue by the proper safeguards," was his manner of explaining a simple double-check system which has worked famously.

Merchandising houses have followed the same rule. The sales persons are a check upon the cashiers and wrappers and the latter in turn are a safeguard to the sales persons. A man with thirty years of business experience said in this connection:

"As soon as the persons in authority assume that everything is all right, there are always unexpected and unpleasant developments. Employes who might be tempted to take merchandise or money are deterred by their knowledge of the strict supervision, as long as they are convinced that the supervision is strict. I was talking to a group of cashiers recently. In the course of the discussion I remarked, 'There are three young women in my presence who are taking small amounts from their cash boxes every night. Until the end of the week, they will have opportunity to return them. Otherwise—but I do not need to add the possibility, for I know the money will be put back.' Then I let my eyes pass down every row and looked searchingly at every girl. Six girls returned from three to five dollars by Saturday night. I think that I helped them to be honest and perhaps prevented others from following in their wake."

"You do more," I suggested. "They no doubt often apply personally the strict business standard you teach them."

"That is true," he agreed. "In the course of a year several hundred dollars is turned in that represents money that the cashiers have found on the floor or near their cash registers."

Cooling Gratitude

This feeling of personal responsibility was given a new application by several business men with whom I talked.

"If there is any financial laxness as regards payment of bills," one stated, "we and the professional men are responsible. I would say more especially the professional men. I had an operation six months ago, and I have seen the surgeon perhaps eight times since. Every time I say, 'Better send me your bill,' and he replies, 'No hurry. I know you are all right.' My case is no isolated instance. Hundreds of medical men send out statements long after the patient has forgotten his illness. No wonder then that the pay is equally slow in coming. I said to my wife the other night, 'I wonder if a thousand would cover the operation in case that man sends his bill.'

"'A thousand!' she repeated. 'Why, you said yourself that you were going to send him $5000 as soon as you got the statement!'

"'The deuce I did!' was my answer. 'When did you ever hear me talk such nonsense?'

"'When you were convalescing,' she retorted. 'You kept saying that he had saved your life.'

"And doubtless she is telling the truth, but I feel very differently now. The illness seems very remote and not very important."

The casual bookkeeping of some professional men has doubtless had some bearing on the slowness of the incoming moneys, but some of the responsibility lies with the clients.

I have asked dozens of persons what their business systems were. Perhaps one-third of them have said that they paid all bills on the first or the tenth or the fifteenth of the current month. The others answered with considerable uniformity:

"We pay our telephone and gas and light and water bills at once, because we must have the service. Next, we pay grocers and merchants and dairies with whom we run accounts. Last, we pay the doctor or lawyer or tutor or consulting engineer."

Of course, the situation could be handled perfectly if every business or professional group banded together and became a "must" in the same sense of refusal of service without payment as the telephone company which would disconnect the line or the water company which would cut off the water supply. But either lack of organization or professional ethics has prevented and will continue to prevent such an arrangement. Some men have evolved their own system to cover slow payments, while others take them as part of the professional or business drawbacks.

Financial Delinquents

One engineer who has built up a unique practice in a highly specialized field told me his method.

"I only send out a first statement to inform my client of the amount of his indebtedness," he said. "There are no follow-up letters, no reminders, no collectors. My clients often speak of my great forbearance in pressing money claims. It is a convenience to them and it costs me no money."

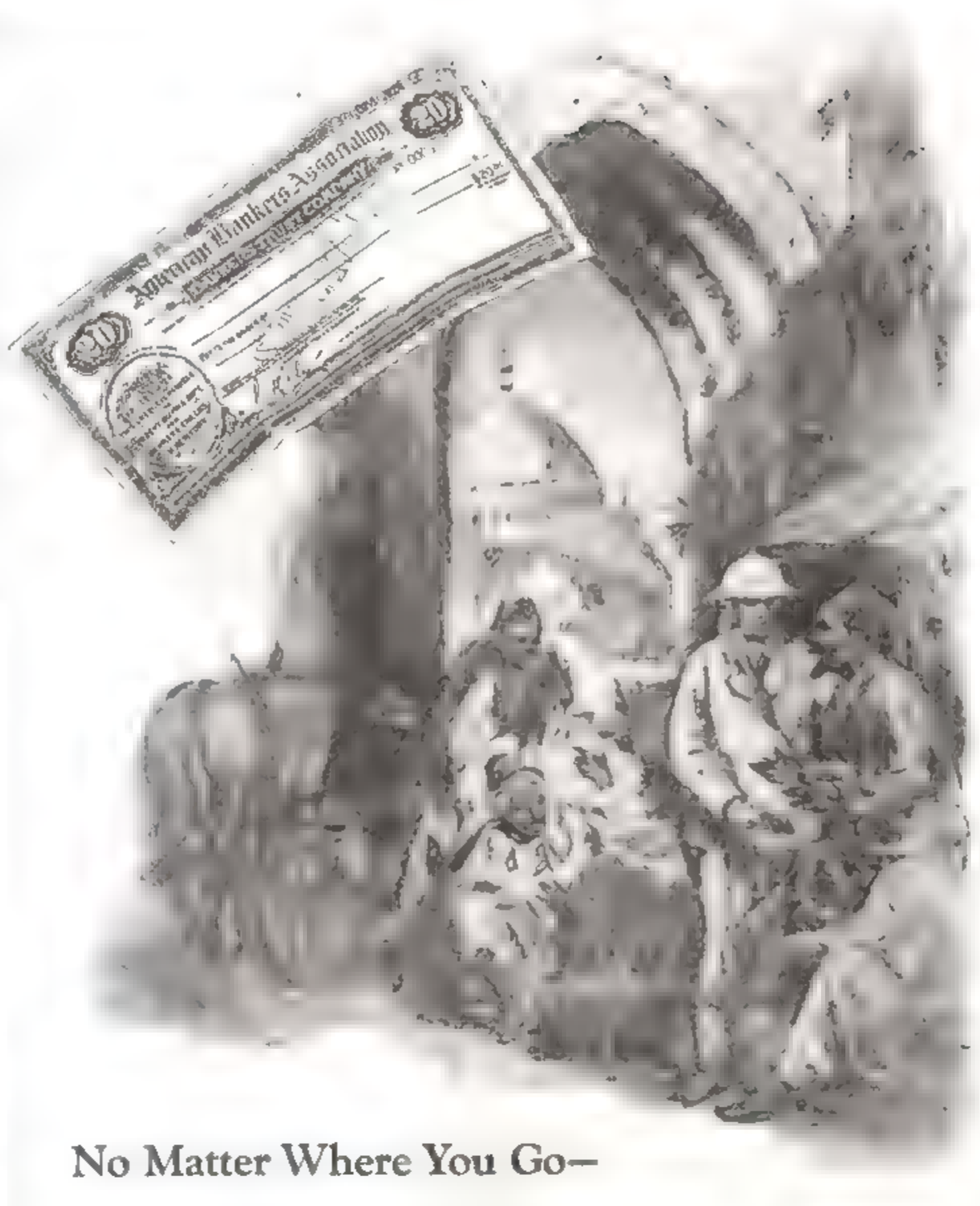
"But waiting for your settlements means that you lose the interest," I suggested.

"On the contrary," he said, "when the 15 per cent who pay promptly come to me for further advice, I render them a bona-fide bill. The others I charge interest in accord with their delayed payments. For instance, there is a man with whom I do $20,000 worth of business in a year. He takes from six to eight months in which to find time to write my check. So good. When he gets his next advice, suppose it is worth $1000, I would charge him $1600 to cover the half year's interest on $20,000 which was unpaid. In that way he is satisfied and so am I."

But there is another side to the business responsibility for financial delinquency. To the individual with a vivid imagination or with a weak resistance development, the efforts to separate him from his money either present or in prospect are almost overpowering. All the luxuries that a poor man has dreamed of are within his reach by small payments. He is assured of this actually by the ads which he reads in the press, in the trolleys, on billboards. If he had any vestige of doubt, visiting agents would reassure him, or letters would.

I wish that I could estimate the number of letters that I receive in a year offering me exceptional investment opportunities, asking me to open charge accounts, telling me to order from inclosed sample. Once I even found a dollar bill and the letter beginning with "In consideration of the value of your time." Naturally I returned the note, regardless of the preciousness of my minutes. But the appeal is very great and often irresistible.

A cleaning woman has a nineteen-year-old son. The boy lost his leg from the knee down in an accident about four years ago and has regarded himself as a retired business man since. I pointed out to the woman that her boy could work in numbers of unskilled positions if he had a wooden leg. She agreed and allowed me to suggest a method of finance. It seemed to be quite settled. Several days elapsed and I could



No Matter Where You Go—

Your "Cheque" Is Good

When You Carry

A·B·A American BANKERS Association Cheques

"TRAVEL MONEY"

You sign them when you buy them. You sign them again in the presence of the acceptor when you use them. That's your complete identification.

Safe: Safer than money. A refund may be obtained if uncountersigned A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques should be lost through theft or carelessness.

Easy to cash: Accepted by hotels, shops, banks and ticket offices at home and abroad. Cashed in foreign countries at current rates of exchange. More convenient than a Letter of Credit because not dependent upon banks or banking hours. Cashable day and night, business day and holiday. Wherever money means anything, A B A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques mean money

Handy: Provided in small, compact bill folds in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Light and easy to carry.

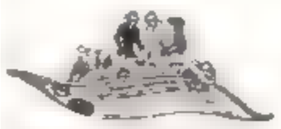
Nice to handle: Clean, crisp, fresh and handsome as new bank-notes.

Good for customs: Officially authorized by the U. S. Government for acceptance in payment of customs duties.

Official travelers' cheques of the American BANKERS Association, an organization of nearly 25,000 banking institutions, with world-wide connections.

Most popular: Universally used by experienced travelers. In 1924, 650,000 travelers cashed 6,000,000 A B A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques totaling $136,500,000—making them the most widely used travelers' cheques.

Easy to get: Sold by 11,000 banks and trust companies in the United States and Canada. Only 75 cents per $100 for protection for your travel funds.



Like the Magic Carpet, A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques take you wherever you want to go.

FREE TRAVEL BOOKLET

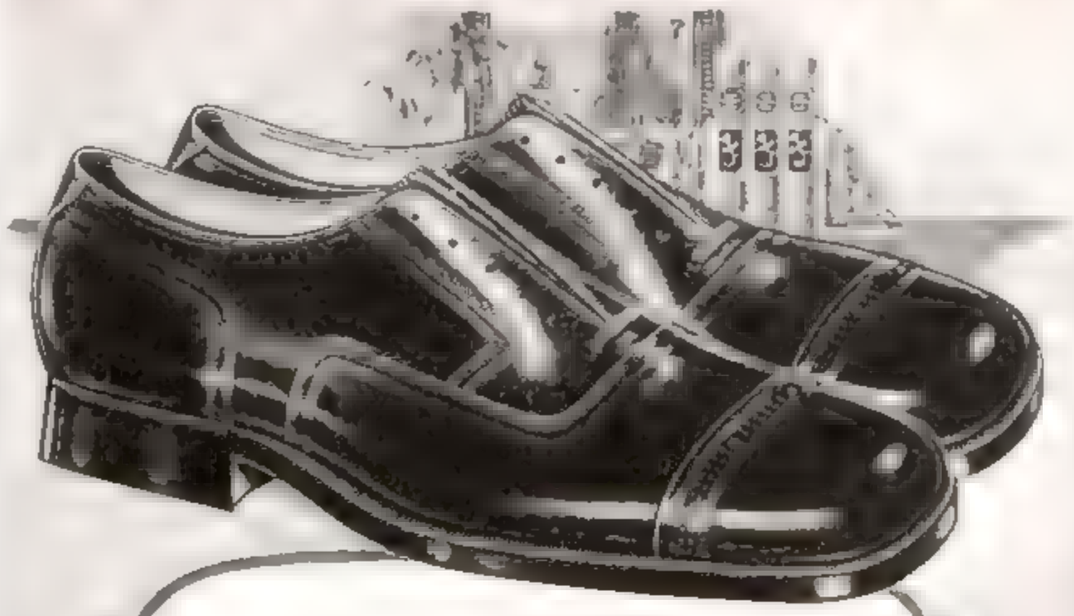
Ask your local bank for the A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheque booklet, "Travel Trails," which contains information valuable to all travelers. Or write us direct.

The Agent for the payment of all American Bankers Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



It is gratifying to wear FLORSHEIMS and know that your shoes are in keeping with the times—smart looking—and built for endurance.

THE WALES—Style S-92

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers — CHICAGO

"for the man who cares"—The Florsheim Shoe

You! Never Can Tell When You'll Need It

Some day you'll be stuck on the road with your last tube punctured. Then you'll wish you had this Shaler Vulcanizer. It is by far the *quickest and easiest way* to fix punctures—and its heat-vulcanized repairs never loosen. Just clamp on a Patch-&-Heat Unit, light the prepared solid fuel it contains, and give it a few minutes to cool. Anybody can do it. Nearly three million motorists use the Shaler.

Complete Outfit only $1.50

Costs a little more in Canada and Far West.
Buy from any auto supply dealer

C. A. SHALER CO.

(Factory and Executive Offices) Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.
Branch Factories: Beeston, England, and Montreal, Canada

SHALER

5-MINUTE VULCANIZER

not but notice that we were carefully avoiding the subject.

Finally I said: "Ellen, we can go to town and see about the wooden leg this afternoon, if you move quickly."

"Yes'm, I know," she admitted. "But there's no hurry. I—well, Jim ain't so pantin' for work, so he told me there was no rush. A year or two won't matter, and we both like the piano. It soothes us."

What the woman had done was to buy a player piano on the installment plan, a procedure which postponed any wooden leg for half a dozen years. Jim was very willing too.

But an objection may be raised. Slowness in paying bills or running accounts cannot be accounted either honesty or dishonesty—not in themselves, perhaps. But assuming obligations that are impossible of fulfillment with full knowledge of the situation borders perilously on the dishonest.

With the way so very easy, it is remarkable how few persons do allow themselves to become involved. To check up this point, I visited a number of installment houses. Their main business is done with families that average five and have incomes which vary between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars a week. They were unanimous in their findings. The great majority of their customers pay their accounts regularly.

"To give you an idea," said the owner of one large credit house, "I do an annual business of $1,500,000. At the end of the year I have less than $10,000 to charge off my books."

Another manager had a still more convincing illustration. A few weeks previously his store had been entirely destroyed by fire.

"Not a record saved," read the newspaper account.

"This fire has taught me that nearly everyone is generous as well as just," said he. "The morning after its occurrence, numbers of persons came with payments. About half of them brought advancements in varying amounts. One man who owed eighty dollars brought the entire sum. 'You need the money more than I do,' was his comment. No one asked how much he owed, because the general impression was that our records were lost."

"Weren't they?" I asked.

"No: that was a news error. But as a matter of fact, I doubt if we would have lost half of 1 per cent if it had been true. We have collected more money since the fire and with less effort than ever before in the store's history. We have yet to find a customer making an underpayment on the basis of lost data."

The Poor But Honest

But there are persons who could not even be classed in the twenty-five-to-thirty-five-a-week group. If the latter averaged very well, indeed, what about those others?

Organized charities and dispensaries and legal aids had plenty of data. Less than 10 per cent asked for free medical or legal assistance if they could afford to pay for it. Aside from the pride that would prevent some from making the attempt, there was a general feeling among many that it was not square. As one organization handles more than 13,000 cases in a year, the data are representative.

A charity federation which covered 5000 cases last year felt that there was less and less duplication of relief to needy families. As its representative was giving me the information, she opened the constitution and read, "To secure the community from imposture."

"That is one of our purposes," she explained, "and we feel that we are meeting with a measure of success. The confidential exchange prevents much crossing of activities. But the important point to us is that very few persons, even though they are in great need, try to take advantage of us. They are not sending each one of the four children to a different Sunday school with an idea of having help from four churches, and they are pretty accurate in giving us an account of their troubles."

Leaving the poor for the middle class, I found a splendid showing. A credit manager said with great feeling:

"If every customer had $2000 in the bank, owned his own home and went to work every morning, we should have no credit problem. It is that man who makes business pleasant. They all pay their bills promptly, they do not overbuy, they are generally satisfactory."

Though he may have underestimated the holdings of the average man in the middle class, he did not make a mistake in regard to his trustworthiness. The average citizen wants to stand well in his community, he wishes others to regard him as substantial. So he makes a point of keeping his credit flourishing and his business healthy. A hotel manager instanced this care for high standing.

"I had a young bank cashier living in one of my hotels," he said. "He was the grandson of the president and seemed destined for promotion. Then quite suddenly his grandfather died and the young chap had to give way to another man, who likewise had relatives well represented on the directing board. He was without a position and could not even pay his bill. He brought me his luggage and several pairs of fine cuff links, which more than covered his indebtedness. I told him not to worry, to keep his baggage and to pay me when he could. But he would have none of my suggestions, instructing me to sell his effects in the usual way if he was unable to redeem them within the customary six months. I hardly need say that the procedure was not required, as he soon relocated himself, and to good advantage too."

The Hard-Up Wealthy

Merchandising houses have a variety of such cases on record. A young couple purchased $4000 worth of furniture to put into a house that they were building. They planned to take out insurance at once, but unfortunately the house and the furniture were completely destroyed by fire on the day they were to draw up the policies.

The house was nearly paid for, the furniture about one-third. The young woman brought her jewelry, the young man his two or three small bonds to secure the account, while they took up their abode in a single furnished room. Three years were required to see their recovery from the property loss, but by that time they had redeemed the last bond and trinket. They had built an excellent credit too.

If we continue up the financial ladder, we find the *nouveau riche* as careful as the man in middle class.

"They pay promptly," was the general opinion. "Because they want to be well regarded, and are not yet sure of themselves. They want the tradespeople at least to feel sure of them."

But a rather large group of modistes, grocers, tea-house owners, interior decorators, specialty-shop managers, hotel men, garage and motor men had a real grievance against from 15 to 20 per cent of the class that represented established wealth. A shop which caters to women's custom-made clothing has difficulty in collecting at least 18 per cent of its accounts.

"What can one do?" asked one of the head buyers. "We cannot afford to offend them, yet they cannot pay."

"Do not, you mean," I corrected her.

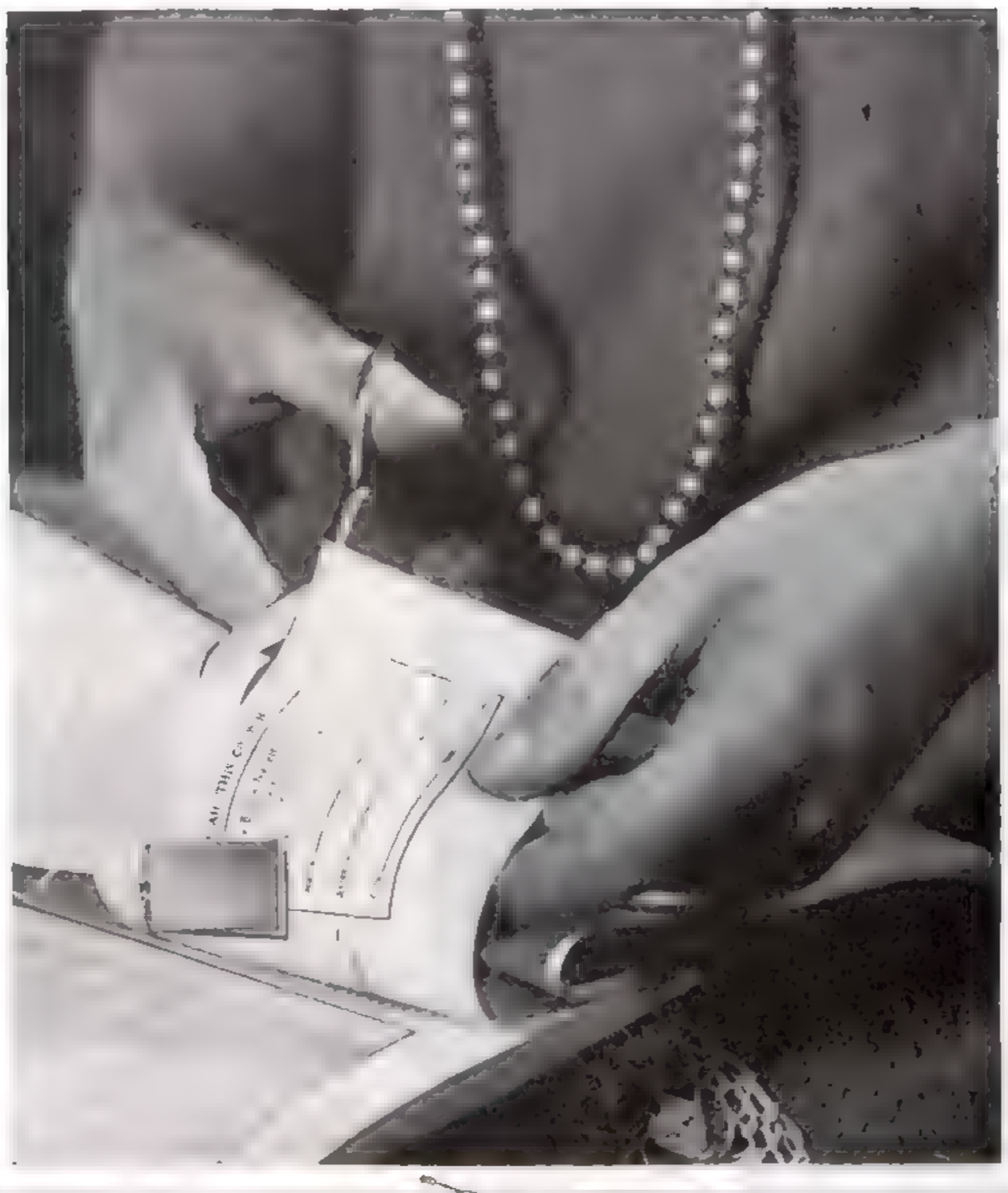
"Cannot," she repeated. "I am speaking of women whose husbands have great wealth. Some of them are afraid to tell these husbands about their bills for gowns and wraps; others tell them, but they refuse to pay any attention. I could give you names that would astonish you, that belong to women who receive such a niggardly allowance that they could not afford to pay for a decent frock. When they are sufficiently desperate they may come to us, for they know that to some there will be no refusal."

(Continued on Page 181)

Books of this sort

are worth sending for

The books and booklets offered to the women of America by manufacturers are the most useful that are printed



THE newspapers and magazines that you read contain many offers of booklets. They offer booklets on cooking, books on beauty, books on clothing, books on home furnishing, books on gardening, books on baby.

Some of these books are free. For others you are asked to pay ten cents or sometimes a little more.

Nearly all these books are valuable.

The modern booklet issued by a reputable manufacturer contains the most highly technical information in the world—boiled down, simplified, and made interesting and helpful.

As much care is used in writing such a book as in writing a scientific treatise. Many experiments are conducted before this recipe is offered or that method of cleaning silverware is recommended.

The printing is usually excellent. Color is freely used. No expense is spared to secure drawing and photography that make the subject crystal clear.

The few cents you are sometimes asked to pay seldom cover the cost of printing and mailing. Nearly every book so bought is a bargain. The free books are real gifts. They contain real information on the business of living.

Manufacturers seek the help of the best printers they can find, in order to offer their customers the most helpful and useful books - the best written, the best illustrated, the best printed.

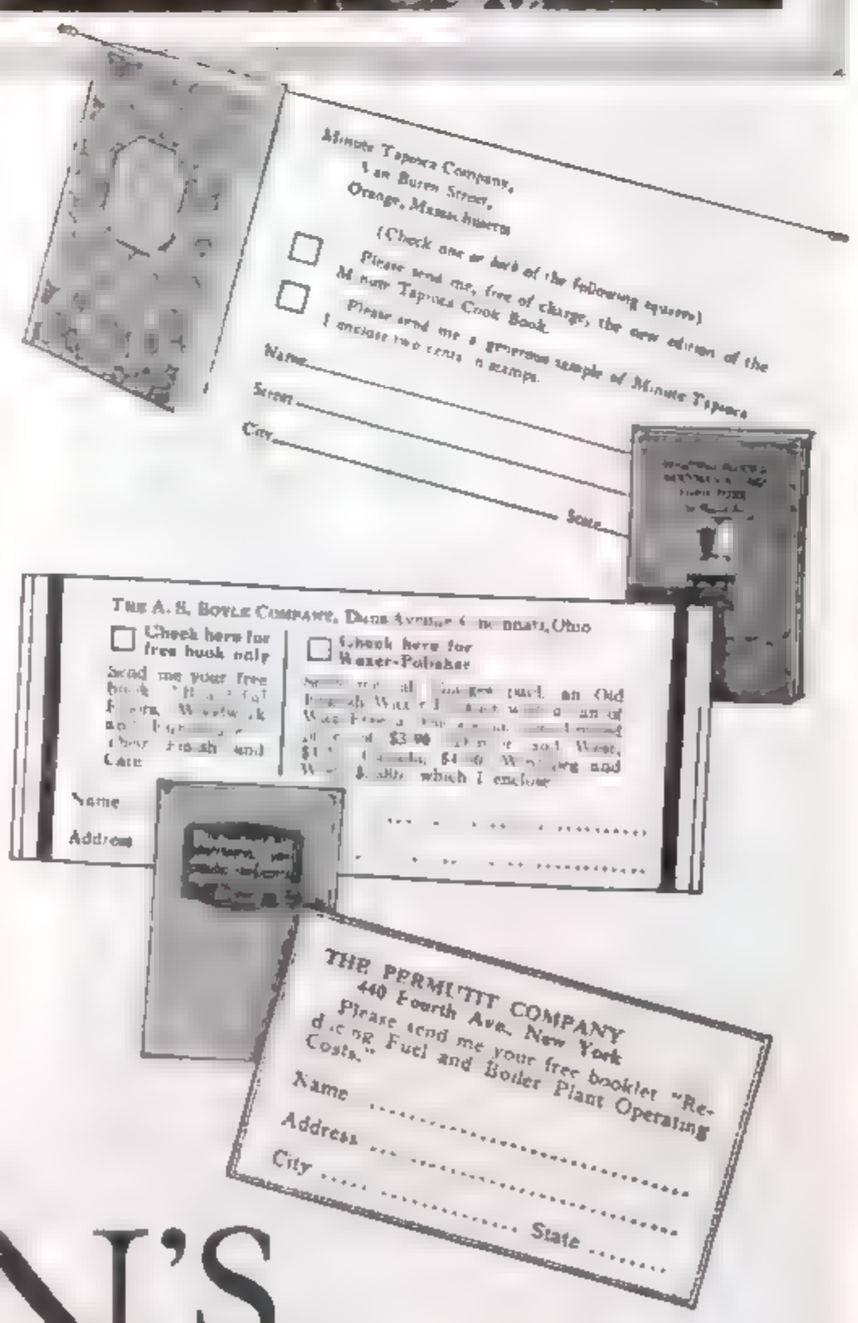
Send for these books when you see them offered. Get them and read them. Almost without exception they are thoroughly worth while.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on the production of good printing in business literature may be secured from a number of books on this subject being issued by S. D. Warren Company. One book just issued is "Selling with the Help of Direct Advertising" (Book No. 1), and is a discussion of the use of printing to help sales. You can obtain, without cost, this book and others as issued from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing to us.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY

101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.


Minute Tapioca Company,
Orange, Massachusetts
Please send me, free of charge, the new edition of the Minute Tapioca Cook Book.
Please send me a generous sample of Minute Tapioca
Name
Street
City
State
THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Check here for free book only
Check here for Water-Polisher
Name
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THE PERMUTIT COMPANY
440 Fourth Ave., New York
Please send me your free booklet "Reducing Fuel and Boiler Plant Operating Costs."
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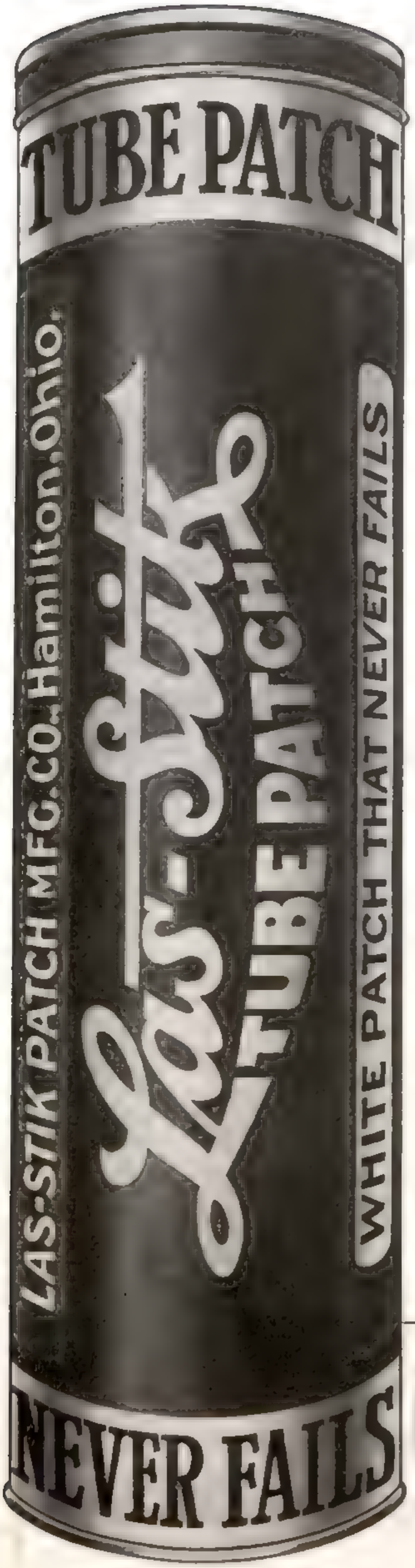
City
State

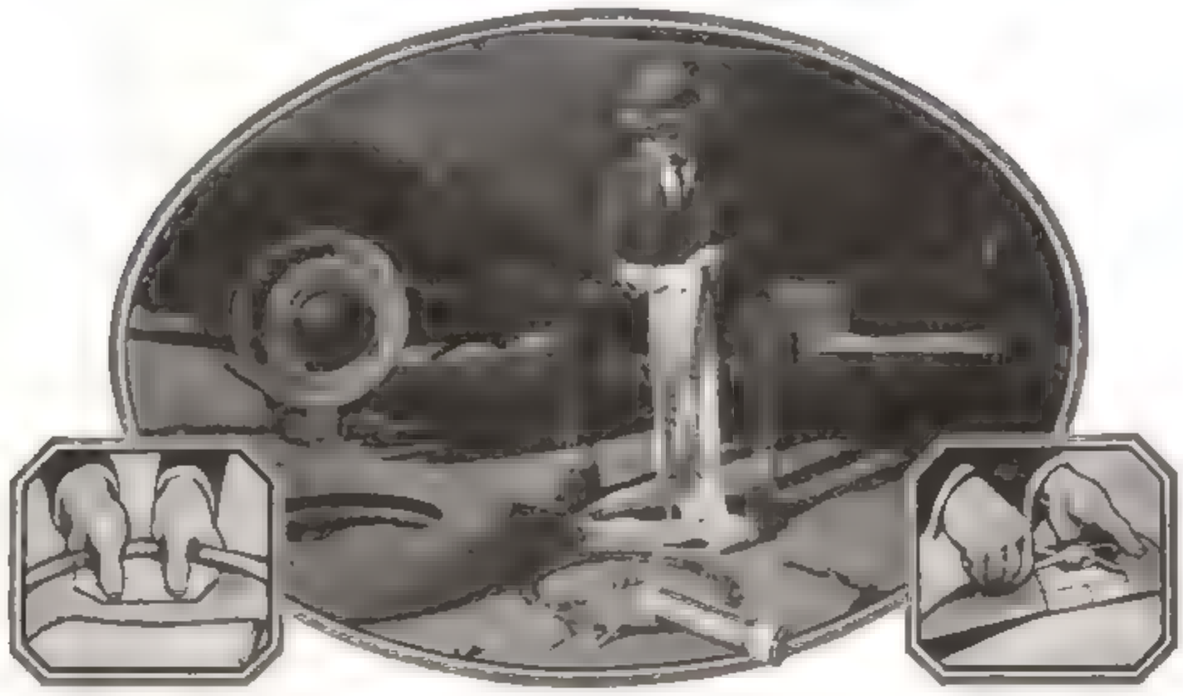
WARREN'S

STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper — better printing





Simple to apply.
No fire needed.

Can't come off.
See *Note.

The White Tube Patch That Never Fails

WITHOUT gasoline, without fire, you can mend a 17 inch blowout or small puncture in two minutes after you have located it.

Las-Stik leads because it actually does what an automobile tube repair should do—becomes the strongest part of the tube.

***Note.* The repair becomes *self*-vulcanized (cured, welded, fused) by the slow, safe, natural heat developed in the tire when you drive. When it has welded in this way it can't be torn off with a pair of pliers. Try it and you'll tear rubber out of the tube itself.

The reason Las-Stik adheres instantly and sticks tighter than the ordinary repair is because the uncured, sticky side is pure para rubber specially processed to make it adhesive—and kept from drying out by a protecting layer of the best air-tight "Holland." You can tear this "Holland" off a piece of Las-Stik that is three years old and still find the rubber fresh and sticky.

Look for the red, white and blue can, containing this trade-marked white tube patch, at your dealer's. Standard outfit complete with buffer, tube of best rubber cement and ample patching material for many emergencies—50 cents. If your dealer cannot supply you send 50c direct.

Garage Men: The big can illustrated at the left is an exact size reproduction of the garage size which costs $2.75 and contains 389 square inches. Send for it. Repair men all over the country are adopting Las-Stik for quicker results and more satisfactory repairs. Many use it exclusively, apply it to standard and truck tubes and apply it in layers to standard and balloon casings.

Jobbers: Write for merchandising plan.

Dealers: Display the counter carton and tie up with four years of Las-Stik advertising in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other publications. Cash in on the eight year reputation for a good product and the public confidence behind Las-Stik. Send us your jobber's name and we'll send sample can.

LAS-STIK PATCH MFG. CO., HAMILTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Joseph St. Mars, Ltd., 205 Church St., Toronto, *Canadian Representatives*

FOR CASING REPAIRS

Many users repair regular, cord and balloon casings with Las-Stik applied in three overlapping layers as illustrated.

Competitive laboratory tests of both fabric backed and all rubber patching materials recommended for casing repair have been made on Sprague testing machines—also exhaustive road tests have been made which prove that Las-Stik has no superior for casing repairs of this kind

Las-Stik Patch Mfg. Co., Hamilton, O

Gentlemen: Please send me through the jobber named below a sample of Las-Stik.

Jobber's Name

and Address

My Name

My Address

(Continued from Page 178)

A hotel man who had had difficulty with a client learned how to handle him from the example of a local merchant.

"I know that I can count on having some trouble with as much as 20 per cent of my very wealthy trade," he said. "But I generally get the money in the end. There are ways through the protective association," he said darkly. "But this man was a lawyer who was a permanent resident. He had immense prestige and numerous influential clients. And he ignored every financial overture, not only in my case but in all the regular outstanding accounts. I noticed that a credit man from a boot shop appeared at intervals of two or three months, and I asked him one time if he ever had any luck. 'Always,' he answered. 'Do you mean that you get money out of Blank?' I was incredulous. Then under sworn secrecy he revealed his method. 'I walk into the room and up to his desk,' he explained. 'His check book is in the upper right drawer. I take it out, fill in the amount of his indebtedness to us and hand it to him with an urgent and peremptory request to sign. So far it has worked.'

"I lost no time in making a try myself, and had equal success. But so far as I know, no one else ever got a cent from him."

In general, however, the percentage of persons who are square in their financial dealings is gratifyingly high. A bank with 21,000 depositors averages less than two protested checks a day. An indemnity company, basing the answer on very rough calculation, has reported to it less than one person out of every 1000 that is bonded by it. A department store with 100,000 charge accounts does not drop an average of one case a day. A railroad which does a business of $2,000,000 a day has such few losses from fraud that it has not seen the need of insurance against it. A million-dollar college campaign for endowment had 1000 contributors with incomes of $10,000 a year or more. Eight of the 1000 failed to pay promptly; the other 992 kept their promise. Eighty per cent of the people pay their church pledges without quibbling or postponement.

If we leave percentages for types, we find that it is easy to trust persons generally, since the untrustworthy so often label themselves. A bank treasurer said:

"I always put up my guard when a perfectly dressed chap comes to me and talks either very loudly or very softly. I am not reassured either when he remarks, 'I'll just make a small deposit now while you are looking me up,' and draws out a check for $10,000 on a bank 3000 miles away. I always ask him the name of someone in his bank—the cashier, or teller, or president, anyone whom he knows. I am never surprised when I refer to my directory and see that he has guessed all the names wrong."

"What do you do in such cases?" I asked.

Hotel Souvenir Collectors

"Nothing," was the answer. "We simply write to the bank and ask for the man's credentials. If these cannot be supplied, he can draw no checks. Of course, he has no drawing privilege until we do hear. Aside from personal appearance, we watch carefully the credit habits of our depositors. If a man is constantly overdrawing his account by small margins, or drawing checks on unknown banks, we give him special attention; as we do also for the man who makes a deposit and proceeds to make a check for the full amount within a few days."

A hotel manager stated that his people watched the guests' luggage.

"If a man demands a suite and has two paper suitcases," he explained, "we are likely suddenly to develop the rule of pay in advance. Or if a guest has excessive baggage, he may be a millionaire or a thief. In either case, he is entitled to special attention."

A man in charge of several hundred cashiers is exceedingly wary of a particular group.

"It is very rarely that a girl who lives in town alone and away from home surroundings will be allowed to handle money," he said. "The exception would be in cases in which she was an orphan and we knew the circumstance, or in which she was considerably older than the usual cashier."

But there is a blind spot in the eyes of some persons who are remarkably clear visioned in financial transactions until they touch taxes, public utilities or hotel equipment.

"I cater to 1,000,000 persons in a year," was the remark of a hotel man who had years of experience to back him. "And I am prepared to say that the public will not allow a fine hotel. I put out 500 white and gold pin trays a couple of years ago in the suites of two of my hotels. Where are they now? Not here, at any rate, for not one is left. I tried silver desk lamps in twenty de-luxe suites; they left in a body. Blankets, clocks, draperies, lamp shades, electric globes, silver and linen steal away like the Arab—silently. Of course, some of the persons are out-and-out thieves. But others would be amazed to find themselves in such a class, yet they are most assuredly stealing."

Nor is "dishonesty" the word which men use who employ skilled lawyers to cut down their income taxes or who do husband-and-wife selling for losses in bonds which the brokers manipulate but never physically handle. If a word were required, it might be "cleverness" or "keen business."

Petty Chicanery

A man closely associated with several public utilities said:

"I know people who hit the telephone bell to give an impression of a coin entering the slot, who slip children on trains and have them crouch down in order to be small enough to ride free, who drop slugs in gas meters, who buy tickets to stations nearer than their destination in order to have a little advantage, and yet who are careful in money matters and would not take either my money or my property. They have a certain mental attitude which allows mulcting public utilities."

In the same class, which is fortunately very small, are persons who make philanthropic or religious institutions pledges which they later find it inconvenient to pay. Doubtless, carried away by the zeal of the moment, the original intention was good. But on more sober and quiet reflection, $10,000 or $25,000 begins to assume quite large proportions.

A woman who had been left in charge of an $800,000 estate by the death of her husband promised $30,000 for a Southern college. The collections were to be made within two years, although she did not specify. Later she was relieved that she had not in words put a time limit, for it was then quite possible to make the gift a part of her legacies. In this instance the joke was on her, however, for she died within the year and the amount was one of the first paid in full.

A larger number of persons, all of whom pride themselves on their business integrity, will delay paying a small account for months. The large bills will be discounted or paid in full, but a drug bill or a laundry bill or a grocery bill may drag for half a year. This type of business method is most annoying to mercantile houses and tradesmen in general. Aside from the fact that it is impossible to clear an account which shows any indebtedness, there are very many small bills which run into large totals and the payment of which is a business necessity. In this respect, men are much greater offenders than women.

But women hold the palm in a certain petty chicanery which represents merchandise rather than the actual cash. A store superintendent stated the situation concisely:

"Many times during a year we find cases in which we have undercharged a cash customer. The sales person made a wrong multiplication or accepted the amount for one when the customer purchased two.

Your revolver should be

SMITH & WESSON

because—

It is *Accurate:* in target tests at close or long range Smith & Wesson Revolvers hold the world's records.

It is *Safe:* a Smith & Wesson cannot fire unless the trigger is pulled;—and its cylinder is double locked.

It is *Durable:* made of specially hardened alloy steel, heat treated, a Smith & Wesson is good for generations.

Learn to shoot—your cellar will make a good gallery. Let us tell you how. Address Dept. N 1.

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representative:

Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.—Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.

Suppose you could see your wasted steps!

SUPPOSE you could see each wasted step—from files to counters and from counters to files. "Y and E" Counter-Height Fire-Wall Steel Files save lost motion by giving you a file and counter in one. They halt fire, too. Their double walls of steel are insulated by two layers of asbestos. Safety latches keep drawers shut.

Phone the "Y and E" Store for colored photo-sketch. Or, write Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co., 632 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

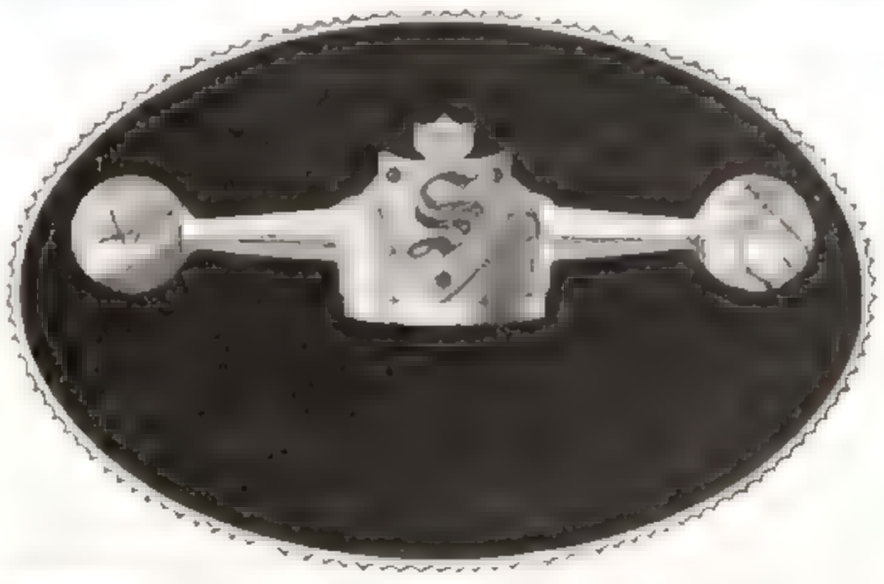
Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E" OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILING CABINETS—STEEL SHELVING
DESKS—SAFES—OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST RADIATOR CREST



THERE is a Monogram Original Self-Locking Radiator Cap made to glorify every automobile advertised in The Saturday Evening Post.

Ask your dealer to show you Monogram in Standard and Royal Onyx Ball Models. Junior for small cars—Senior for large cars. Insist on the original! Refuse imitations!

THE KINGSLEY-MILLER CO., 600 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

MONOGRAM ORIGINAL SELF LOCKING RADIATOR CAP

POSITIVELY ACCEPT NO MAKESHIFTS

Saves You $150 or More

BUY an open Ford, Chevrolet or Overland-4 touring car—put a Gates Glass Enclosure on it—and you'll have closed car comfort at a saving of $150 or more.

The Gates Enclosure fits snugly—water-proof and storm-proof—no gaps or openings to admit air or water. Nothing to rattle. Good looking—and lasts as long as your car.

The sliding glass windows, for ventilation and signaling, run in felt-lined channels to prevent rattles. Outside door handles. Easily installed. Mail coupon below for full information.

for FORDS
1923-24-25 Touring Models $33
1923-24-25 Roadster Models $23

CHEVROLET
1923-24-25 Touring Models $36

OVERLAND-4
1923-24-25 Touring Models $36

Slightly Higher in Canada and Far West

GATES Products

Made by one of the oldest manufacturers of automobile seat covers. Also makers of tire covers and top covers

GATES GLASS ENCLOSURES

GATES MANUFACTURING CO., INDIANAPOLIS

Send me complete information on the Gates Glass Enclosure for—

Ford ☐ Chevrolet ☐ Overland ☐ —I am a Car Owner ☐ Dealer ☐ Trimmer ☐

Name

Address

When we write to these customers, ninety-nine out of 100 return the money at once with a word of regret. They were not aware of the error and are only too glad to correct it. But a woman will bring her young son and show shoes that have seen a month of continual service and demand a new pair because the shoes wore out the second time he used them or because they were wrongly fitted and hurt his feet. I know of one case in which the customer actually had four pairs of shoes for the price of one. She gypped the store out of $22.50, the cost of three pairs of shoes. But I should not like to try to convince her on that point. The case is one of many that pass through our hands within a year which indicate a lack of scrupulousness in damage claims. I have had persons who bought sets of dishes write or telephone us three months later and say that they found a cup missing, or a plate or a saucer. I know that the article is, indeed, missing, but I refrain from suggesting that they look in the refuse can for broken china."

In considering honesty from a general standpoint, it is quite true that the more complex a civilization is, the greater the range of temptation to dishonesty. Forty years ago boys who had an urge to steal did not have swift motors and swifter telephones at their disposal. Nor were they as dependent upon excitement and motion and change to make living endurable. This restless tendency among the youth which may lead to a character deficiency more serious is shown by some figures recently published. They give the average criminal age as six years less in 1924 than in 1913, with the penitentiaries half filled with young persons of twenty-one or less. In the great majority of cases there was no deliberate planning. The fewest number of persons take stock of themselves and say, "I shall begin to be a thief." On the contrary, they glide into stealing. They may borrow money which they plan to pay back, or they may figure that the employer is so rich that he can easily spare the few dollars which they so greatly need, or they may use any one of half a dozen other alibis with which to delude themselves.

But though gliding in is easy, gliding out is hard. The doors of employment close very quickly against a thief, regardless of his protests of regeneration. The man may be sincere of purpose, but he has already shown himself weak and there will be constant fresh temptation. He is a poor business risk. It is, indeed, possible to reëstablish himself, but the odds are against him.

Conscience Money

A young architect played the races and lost $5000 of his employer's money. Even exemplary behavior only lessened his sentence by five years, so he had five other long years in a penitentiary. If his hands were occupied with the breaking of rock, his mind was better engaged. When liberated, he opened an office in his home town.

His advent was not hailed with a brass band, nor were his clients of the Four Hundred. But in all his dealings he showed himself not merely honest but honorable. After ten years the townsmen were giving him a grudging respect. Today he is so trusted that he conducts his business on a cost-plus basis and could be underwritten by any indemnity company in the country. But he wasted ten of his best years—five in prison and five in convincing his customers that he was dealing fairly with them. A thousand times a patron has said, "These figures look all right, but I would like them for a day or two," and he has later consulted a lawyer or scouted around for comparative prices. The architect was perfectly cognizant of these movements, but they were part of the penalty.

Sometimes a large revival will bring in its wake a crop of persons who have old accounts to settle. If they are covered anonymously, they are called conscience funds. Every store, every bank, every railroad, every public service is an occasional recipient of conscience money.

A telephone company received a two-dollar bank note and an inclosure: "I picked the nickels out of a phone, and I am sorry."

A lunch room which offers two services—the cafeteria and table—received a ten-dollar bill and a note: "I ate in both the cafeteria and the lunch room, but I only paid for one. Herewith the total amount."

A man had commuted free for five months. He regretted his unpaid-for rides and sent twenty-five dollars, but was careful to add, "I owe you only $24.50, but I do not know how to send the change."

A city treasurer was recently dumfounded to have $300 mailed as a conscience fund and undesignated. His joy was tempered by other considerations.

"The people who send these anonymous amounts are doubtless happy," he said, "so someone is satisfied. But as a matter of fact, they are not canceling any wrong that they have done. The chances are that the young clerk who let the error slip has had to cover the loss from his own pocket. The money does not go back to him; we have no way of knowing in what department the fund belongs. So it goes to the sovereign state of Delaware or New York or Kansas, and a fat lot of good it does."

Mostly on the Level

"I notice that you always give such contributions pretty wide publicity," I remarked.

"Of course we do. In the first place, it is our only way of receipting the bill, and then it makes others who are also offenders think of their shortcoming. Many times, after the receipt of one amount and its public notice, there will come two or three or four other refunds."

But though a newly aroused conscience is doubtless a wholesome indication, a well-trained one is better.

Honesty is not an inborn trait; it is one of the developments of society and group living. A young child discriminates not at all between his own property and anyone else's. He takes all within reach and what he cannot grasp he cries for. If he ever learns the fine distinction between *meum* and *teum*, it will be while he is in his formative years. He will learn, moreover, as much from example as from precept.

Parents always expect their own children to be exemplary and to reflect the strictest and highest sense of honor. Yet before the children, the father will relate a shrewd business deal or the mother will tell how she made an overkeen trade. I knew a woman who regularly had her bills overcharged at half a dozen shops in order to increase her allowance. Her husband paid the bills and then she drew the amount from the store that was due her in credit. Yet she was scandalized when her small daughter began to short-change her on fruit and vegetables that she was sent to buy.

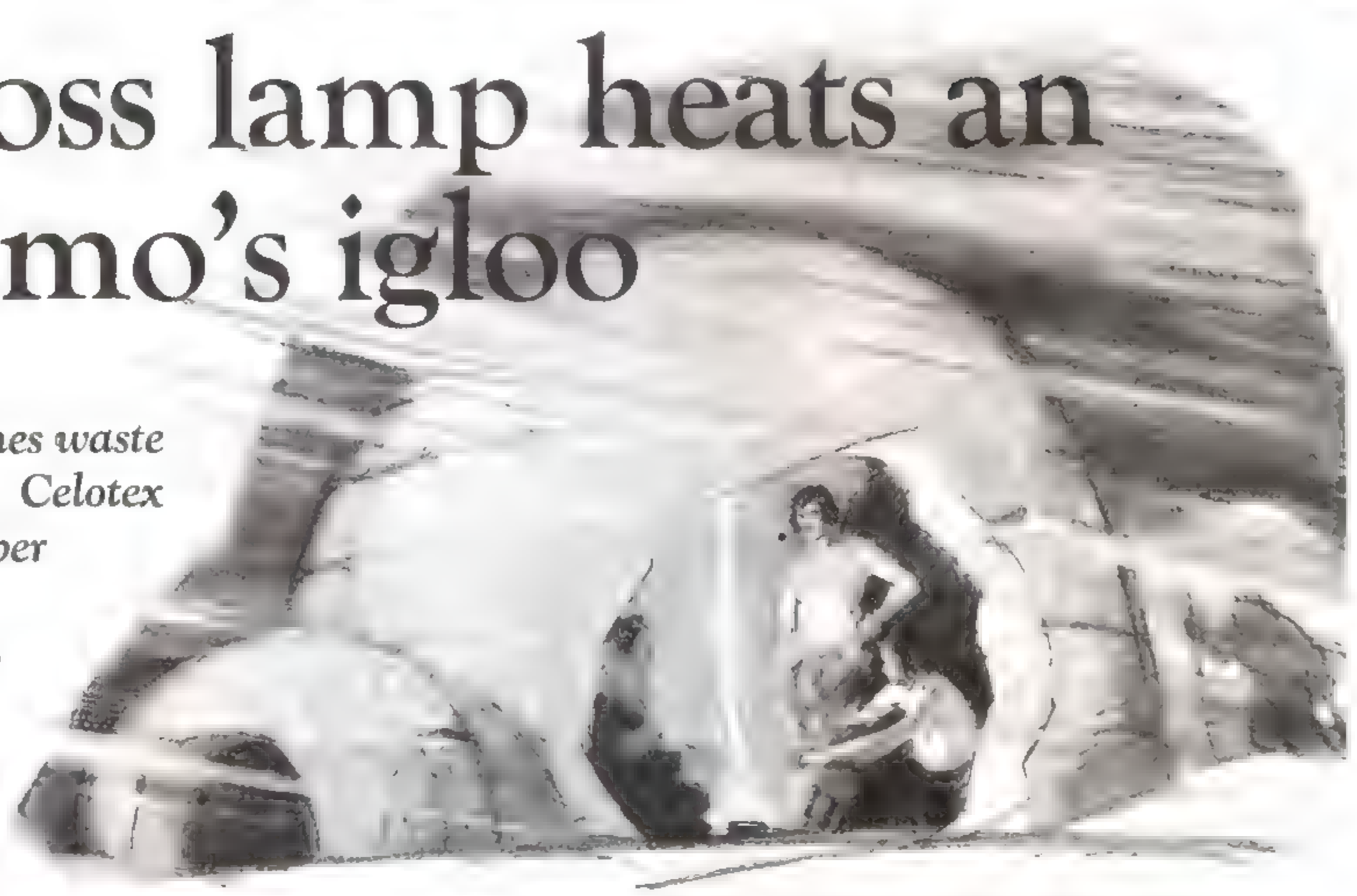
A wholesale tobacco dealer used a partly dry and heavy head for his hogsheads to increase their weight. If the wood became too dry, the young packers were instructed to toss it into a trough of water, then put it in the open air. The air quickly dried the outer layer sufficiently for capping the barrels and shipping. But when a packer stole a hogshead of tobacco and shipped it in his own name, the dealer was ready to prosecute to the limit.

It is a secret longing to break the bonds of society's forging that gives such enthusiastic appreciation to the strong, silent hero of the cinema who opens his lips only to utter ominously, "I'm Dick the Killer. What I want, I take!"

But though it might be rather thrilling to contemplate a life made up of a series of episodes of aggression, it is not being done. Meanwhile the woman who found a silver bud vase in her china packing is returning the vase, the negro porter is turning in a $1000 diamond which he picked up from the sweepings, the newsboy is handing you the quarter that you did not know you had dropped—and we are 99 per cent on the level.

A moss lamp heats an Eskimo's igloo

Yet civilized homes waste 2/3 of their heat. Celotex Insulating Lumber stops avoidable heat waste without adding to building cost



"After the lamp has blazed for some time, the heat is all but unbearable." ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

A small moss lamp is sufficient to heat an Eskimo's igloo—because its walls are *insulated*.

Minute particles of "dead air," held captive in the snow blocks, provide natural insulation—the most efficient known to science.

But present-day homes of ordinary construction *waste* two-thirds of the heat that comes from the furnace. One-third of this heat naturally escapes through windows and doors. The other third is *unnecessarily* wasted. It escapes easily through uninsulated walls and roofs. Ordinary building materials cannot hold heat in.

Celotex stops heat waste

Now heat waste can be stopped without adding to building cost. Celotex, the world's first *Insulating Lumber*, has made it possible.

Celotex is made by converting the long, tough fibres of cane into broad, clean boards of durable lumber with great tensile strength and stiffness.

It is filled with millions of sealed air cells, which give it high resistance to the passage of heat.

Celotex has been used in thousands of refrigerator cars to keep heat *in* during winter and *out* during summer. In the walls of a house it serves the same purpose; it checks heat leakage. It provides *heat insulation*.

Celotex is applied directly to studding, in place of wood sheathing

Celotex is used as plaster base in place of any lath. Gypsum or wood fibre plaster is applied directly to it

More comfort—lower heating cost

In a Celotex home the common heating troubles disappear. No more cold upstairs rooms, drafty floors, chilly closets, or "cold sides" when the wind blows from certain quarters. Instead—cozy comfort and healthfulness on even the coldest winter days.

Celotex pays substantial dividends in fuel saving the very first year and every year after.

A Celotex home costs far less to heat. In addition a smaller, less expensive heating plant is required. Fewer radiators are needed.

Celotex not an extra

A Celotex home costs no more to build than an ordinary uninsulated house.

Celotex is used in place of wood lumber as sheathing on walls and roof. It simply replaces and saves the cost of wood lumber and any form of insulation. It is stronger in wall sections than wood lumber.

Celotex provides insulation without added cost—because it *combines* great structural strength with high insulation value.

Celotex is also used as a plaster base, replacing lath. Celotex *bonds* with plaster and produces a much stronger wall than lath and plaster. Here again it provides insulation at practically no extra cost.

Additional benefits

In summer Celotex keeps homes cool. It shuts out the sun's heat and retains the coolness of the night. Even during the hottest summer months your Celotex home will be pleasantly comfortable day and night.

Celotex homes are restful and quiet. Celotex has great ability to prevent the transmission of sound. It eliminates the use and cost of deadening materials—yet gives all their advantages.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer

Before you build or buy your home, get all the facts about Celotex. Your architect, lumber dealer, or contractor will explain it to you fully—ask him.

When you plan and build, use Celotex. Your lumber dealer has it in stock or can secure it quickly.

When you buy a completed home, demand one built with Celotex. Tell your real estate agent or builder what you want—and insist on getting it.

No house is modern unless properly insulated. Build your home with Celotex and insure its future sales value.

Free—valuable new building book

Contains money-saving information every home builder should have. Fully illustrated in color. Don't build or buy until you have read it! Mail the coupon now.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—MILLS: NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Name

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City *State*

That Hour on the Back Porch!

Not Only Parents, but Every Adult Will Do Well to Read These Few Observations of Dr. Bundesen's

[*By* WILLIAM R. DURGIN]

THE CITY of Chicago has always had a health department, but it has not always had a health commissioner like Doctor Herman N. Bundesen!

This man's energetic work for the health of Chicago's three million people is amply recorded in the vital statistics of that city.

His advice on health is of the kind that is needed, and should be heeded, by us all.

And if you ask him for a four-letter word that is a synonym for pristine health to all ages, he will answer—*Milk!*

You have always known milk is a wonderful food. Few of us realize how wonderful. Because milk is not only food, but building material—fuel—energy. Milk has in it *the spark of life*. But let Doctor Bundesen tell some of its mysterious and marvelous powers:

Some Amazing Facts About Milk

"The glass of milk you drink brings about combustion. It acts exactly like the shovelful of coal fed a locomotive. This is not so fanciful a comparison as you may think; *dried milk can actually be used to run a locomotive.*

"Those who daily take a glass of milk or more have a very soft skin, and sufficient color in the cheeks to distinguish them readily among even the healthiest who do not drink milk.

"One of twin girls you could not tell apart was given milk regularly, the other none; *in six months' time they no longer appeared sisters, or even related.*

"Milk is the best body-builder because it contains *every structural part.*"

✠

Pure milk abounds in four mysterious vitamines. Be sure that milk is *pure*. Modern dairy methods have made absolutely pure milk and cream easy to secure. Herds are watched, handling is supervised, bottling is scientifically sanitary.

But your milkman cannot control conditions on your back porch.

What use is every scruple of the dairy, if householders pour clean milk from bottles that have become dirty?

Milk and cream are delivered at all hours; in all sorts of weather. Bottles must be handled; must stand exposed to dust and dirt, and contaminating contacts. The entire top of every bottle—*the pouring lip*—should be protected, covered, *sealed* against dirty hands; nearby refuse; curious cat or dog; germ carriers of whatever kind. Fortunately, no American household need longer have its milk or cream subject to these hazards. A simple invention now hoods and seals the entire top of the bottle. It is a small, inexpensive, sterile seal that stays sealed until you remove it in your own kitchen. A flip of the finger, and it's off. You pour over an absolutely clean pouring lip, and replace the hood. But any previous removal or tampering would be instantly detected.

HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M. D., quoted in this page by permission, has done a great deal for the health of a great municipality. He is the present Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago.

We owe this ingenious hood and seal to a Chicago man, O. N. Tevander. Its use, however, has spread all over the country; more than nine hundred dairies now apply it. In *Chicago's Health*, a small but widely quoted weekly devoted to the general welfare, recently appeared these words by Doctor Bundesen: "Such protection as the hood and seal provides so inexpensively should become a public health measure."

Under this banner, countless communities are enlisting for 100% protection of the household milk supply. Note the ingenious hood that covers entire top of any milk or cream bottle. Read about the Milk Book that is being distributed free.

Meantime, do milk and cream for your household have this sensible safeguard? It is probable that any certified milk you buy is thus protected. In fact, a bottle of the baby's milk would appear strange without the hood. But enlightened communities are asking dairies to seal *all* milk in this manner. Why not? Why be less careful where the health of grown people is at stake? The dairymen are gladly co-operating with the public in this safety measure. They want you to have this protection if you want it. Let your milkman know that you do.

A Valuable Little Book, Free

A new book tells some of the things you can do with milk—and the things milk can do for you.

No one would care to eat eight eggs every day in the year! They would pall on the palate. Your stomach would rebel. *But you can have the same nourishment from one quart of milk, and enjoy every drop, every day.*

A quart of refreshing milk taken daily for only a month will make the eyes so much brighter, the "whites" so much whiter, the most casual observer will notice the change. The dentist who works on your teeth will discover their new hardness within a few weeks of your starting to enjoy a glass of milk with meals.

Vitamines which make milk so valuable to humans are not stored in the body; so the only permanent good from milk is in its regular use.

There are only two kinds of milk—good and bad. Quality in milk is almost entirely a matter of purity. No good to use extraordinary care in buying pure milk if you are not just as careful of its purity until poured into the glass, or the dishes prepared for the table. Washing the lip or crevice of bottle tops will not kill germs. *Water hot enough to do that would crack any milk bottle.*

✠

In New York City, it is almost impossible today to find a bottle of Grade A milk except it be hooded and sealed like the bottle in the picture. The same is true of a host of progressive towns of lesser size. In fact, many dairies hood every bottle, of whatever grade or price.

Your dairy can provide milk and cream of utter purity, in bottles scrupulously clean. With your co-operation, this cleanliness can carry straight through to your table. Vote for the hood and seal. Sign and mail the milk consumers' coupon that appears below. No use will be made of your name except to mail you the valuable, free book on milk.

All dairymen are invited to make use of the special coupon provided for them.

(35)

Dairymen ✠ Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation

Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

We would like to have samples of the hood and seal with complete information about its use in dairies.

Firm .....

Address .....

Complete hooding equipment for any size plant

(36)

Housewives ✠ Mail This

Standard Cap and Seal Corporation

Fullerton and Racine Avenues, Chicago

I am interested in having my milk hood and seal protected and want your illustrated book about milk, free.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write name of your dairy in margin

CAPTURING THE SIMPLE LIFE; OR, THE BOOM IN FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 29)

Now the family with which I am best acquainted is unanimously of opinion that the simple life has finally been achieved. Many other families of my acquaintance hold the same view. That is why there is a boom in Florida. But if a telephone will work in Massachusetts it will work also in Siam. If simple life has been discovered in Florida why isn't it equally discoverable anywhere else?

Heretofore the simple life has always been in the past. The year 1900 saw simplicity in 1700, and 1700 saw it in 1500—always behind, like a dog's tail. But at last we have caught up with our tail and have it firmly between our teeth. The simple life is here, in the present. If a real-estate boom was necessary to get it here, it is worth the price.

And that simple life of the past which everybody theoretically admires looks rather complicated on close inspection. For example, 217 years ago this May, twenty-nine empire makers set forth to settle and subdue a wild region in Western Connecticut. A eulogist said of them that the mere fact of their migration "over the intervening space of savage hills, rocks and ravines into territory so forbidding is witness to their courage and energy."

The Goodrich Chaise

The intervening space thus darkly described comprises, in fact, precisely the fourteen miles between the towns of Norwalk and Ridgefield, in Connecticut—beset nowadays with perils of tea houses and ye olde shoppes, but otherwise safe. In Ridgefield the pioneers parceled out among themselves as much land as they judged they could use, built some habitations and a First Congregational Church of rough unpainted clapboards, whereof Rev. Thomas Hawley was minister. His second successor had a son who won considerable literary fame by composing moral tales for children and other works under the pseudonym of Peter Parley. A collection of his letters illuminates conditions in Connecticut toward the end of the eighteenth century, when, according to the views now generally held, the simple life was in full flower.

For one item the town contained "only three foreigners, all paupers." There was no alien complication. At present, Italian workmen form a large part of the population, and the paupers, I believe, are all of pure native stock. Society was homogeneous, hired men on the farms and hired maids in the houses being invariably the respected sons and daughters of fellow farmers and townsmen. In most of the houses, where master and mistress took part in the labor of field and kitchen, hired and hirers sat down to meals together in the ample kitchen.

There could have been no acute labor problem, for the common rate of wages was fifty cents a day, "generally paid in meat, vegetables and other articles of use, seldom in money." There was a butcher who went from house to house slaughtering his neighbor's swine and cattle. The carcass was cut up and smoked or salted for winter. The hide was tanned. A cobbler also went from house to house. A room was set apart for him and he remained some weeks, turning the family's leather into a year's supply of footwear.

"We raised our own flax, rotted it, hackled it, dressed it and spun it. The little wheel, turned by foot, was as familiar as if it had been a member of the family." The wool, also, was spun at home. But an itinerant artisan came to the house, set up his loom and threw his shuttle until the homespun yarn was made into cloth.

As for traveling, people rode horseback or still more simply walked. In 1798 there was only one coach in New Haven. But a change was coming, with the dawn flush of the new century. An English immigrant, who had been a chaise maker, arrived in Ridgefield, and Peter Parley's father took the momentous decision to employ him. "A bench was set up in our barn and certain trees of oak and ash were cut in our woods. These were sawed and seasoned and shaped into wheels, shaft and body." The local blacksmith, instructed by the English artist, fashioned the ironwork. In only five months the chaise was completed—and doubtless created a sensation which reverberated as far as Danbury on the north and Wilton on the south.

There were, of course, barn bees and house bees—men of the neighborhood turning in communistically to raise the heavy timbers. Cellars were dug and ground cleared of stone by the bee method. The beneficiary was expected to provide food and rum—with which extremely simple beverage Colonial life was copiously irrigated. A half pint of it was given as a matter of course to every laborer by the day. At all houses, rich and poor, it was offered to male visitors as a matter of etiquette: and it was the general practice to soothe fretful babies with hot toddy, which was regarded as the one sovereign remedy for wind on the stomach. Probably it is to this that our forefathers—such of them as survived—owed their invulnerable constitutions.

Reverend Goodrich, father of the letter writer, received a salary equal to $400 a year during the first twenty-five years of his ministry, and $500 a year thereafter. He reared eight children in plenty, sending at least one son to college, and at his demise left an estate of $4000. But he was also a farmer.

There was plenty of land and everybody had, if not a farm, at least an ample garden, something of an orchard, some pigs, a cow and poultry. The cellar of a neighbor's house is described as containing, in winter, three barrels of beef, as many of pork, twenty barrels of cider and various bins of potatoes, turnips, beets and carrots; while the garret displayed a toothsome profusion of dried pumpkins, peaches and apples, which were hung in pretty festoons from the rafters.

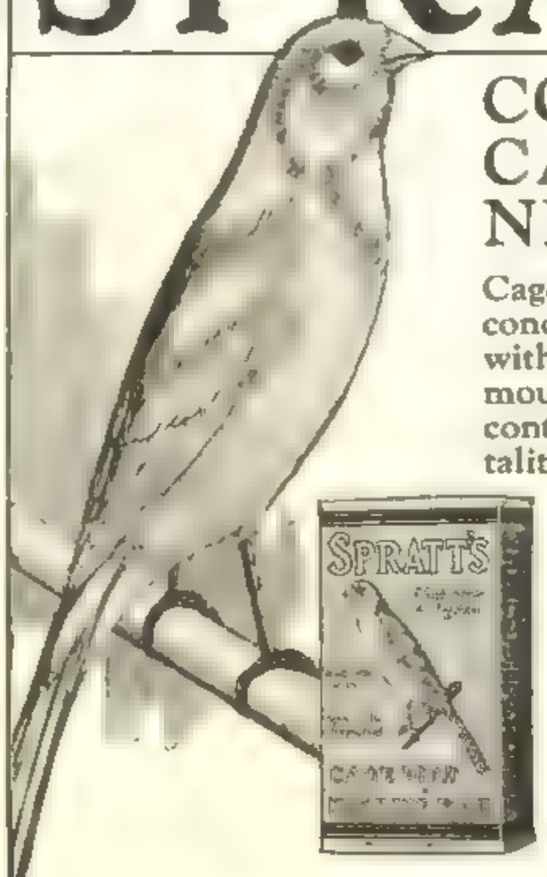
The clergyman not only superintended farming operations but took an active and muscular hand in them. His son says that every minister of his acquaintance did the like and he never heard of a preacher having bronchitis. Vigorous outdoor exercise and the fact that no congregation would dream of sending its pastor to Egypt for his health anyhow, kept them hard as nails.

Complications of Simple Life

As to literary complications, only three persons in Ridgefield—out of 1200 inhabitants—subscribed regularly to a newspaper, published weekly in Hartford, New Haven or Litchfield, for they had a choice. In all, four weekly papers were printed in the state. But they soon had the complication of partisan politics. For on March 4, 1801, Thomas Jefferson was inaugurated President of the United States.

A venerable Revolutionary fieldpiece, thrust muzzle down into the ground, served humbly as a hitching post in front of Keeler's Tavern, which still stands on Main Street. Certain obscure and unstable characters in Ridgefield celebrated the inaugural by unearthing this aged gun, swabbing it and firing it off sixteen times, once for each state in the Union—to the great scandal of all right-thinking inhabitants. Obscure and unstable characters—rabble, Peter Parley calls them—have a way of seeping into every community; one must put up with them as best one can. But Reverend Goodrich soon learned, to his grief and mortification, that a member of his own flock—none other than the itinerant butcher, who

SPRATT'S



COD LIVER OIL CAGE BIRD *and* NESTLING FOOD

Cage Birds need this strengthener and conditioner in order successfully to withstand the strain of breeding and moulting, to which many succumb. It contains in correct proportion the vitality-building elements which canaries need. When fed to canaries with young, it makes an excellent substitute for egg and bread crumbs which are very troublesome and wasteful to feed.

Successful fanciers everywhere use this food year in and year out. Try it and watch results. Order through your grocer, druggist, pet shop or seed dealer.

Write for new folder No. 65 —"Hints on Canary Feeding."

SPRATT'S OVALS

THE POCKET DOG BISCUIT

A wholesome "meat-fibrine" biscuit, made according to the regular, stamina-building, Spratt's formula, but in a new size and shape.

Spratt's Ovals provide a safe variation from a steady diet of Spratt's Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits. They are a rare treat, relished by all sizes and breeds. *Send 2c for book on care and feeding.*

SPRATT'S-PATENT LIMITED
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99 9/10 EFFICIENT PROTECTOMOTOR REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Perfect Positive Protection 99 9/10 EFFICIENT

Triples the Life of Your Motor

FILTRATION is the only method that removes all dust, sand and grit in the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gas. Protectomotor alone

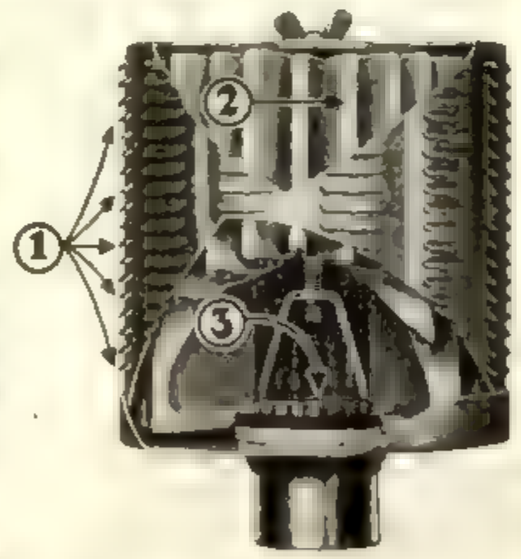
Prevents Wear 75% to 85%
Prevents Carbon 60% to 75%
Prevents Carburetor Noises

Five years' actual use on many makes of automobiles, trucks and tractors, tests made by the University of California, the United States Government, automotive manufacturers and engineers, prove every claim made in this advertisement.

If your dealer cannot supply Protectomotor, write us direct giving make and model of car and make and model of carburetor.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A MOTOR WITHOUT A PROTECTOMOTOR IS LIKE A WATCH WITHOUT A CASE

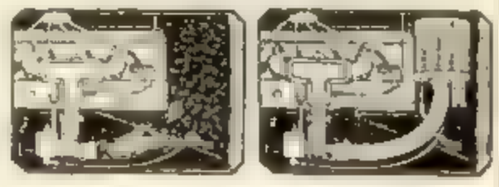


1 Air enters large number of small openings in outer shell at low velocity so the coarse particles of dust are separated by gravity.

2 Specially constructed filtering material, chemically treated, removes even the finest (those that cause wear) particles of dust but readily permits air to pass through.

3 Pure, clean, FILTERED warm air passes through this outlet to carburetor and motor, the fine dust (the cause of wear) entirely removed.

Important:—Protectomotor is made of aluminum and rust-proof material throughout. Due to highest grade of workmanship and material it presents an unusually attractive appearance.



Dusty Air that causes wear — Filtered Air that prevents wear

Most of us gave up wearing tin a few hundred years ago, altho some upstanding gentlemen still insist on the tin can for their tobacco. But who knows—perhaps in another century or so, even they will realize that the rest of the world has adopted the "Locktite".

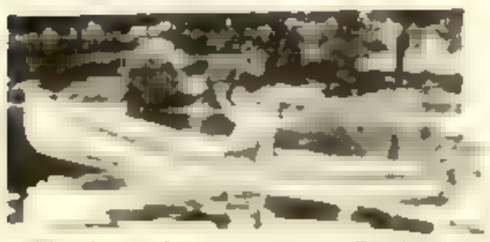
F. S. MILLS CO., Inc.,
Gloversville, N. Y.

Ooze Calf Kid Buck or Pigskin $3.00 | Ooze Cowhide Imported Capeskin $1.50 | Genuine Suede Brown $1.00

"Locktite"
TOBACCO POUCH

More Fun!

Out of Your Vacation This Year



Elto instantly converts any Rowboat into a speedy pleasure launch.

Today *real* vacations lead waterward. Here, away from dust and dirt and traffic jams, you get real rest. With the lulling music of water softly lapping the sides of your speeding boat, you forget your cares—you *play*.

Whether fishing, bathing, cruising, racing, or loafing, you find in Elto just the "companion in fun" you want. It's the playtime pal of a nation.

Ole Evinrude, long ago, foresaw it. In his latest Light Twin Elto he realizes it most perfectly. He has built for you a wonder Motor, at low cost, for the joy of all the family. Write for Free Catalog.

Elto takes you quickly where the fish bite best.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Ole Evinrude, *President*
Dept. 5, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto — *Ole Evinrude's New, Fast Light Twin*

served as bell ringer—had taken a hand in the disreputable celebration. It is a pleasure to learn by the testimony of Reverend Goodrich's son that the butcher lived to see the error of his ways, and died in the full flower or respectability.

These homespun cider-and-doughnuts letters describe in much detail exactly that simple life which everybody admires. But if you examine it carefully you will see how fearfully complicated it really was. In the course of a week Reverend Goodrich had to turn his hand and brain to a hundred and one different operations—all quite detached from the business of preaching—that his successor of today is freed from. The man who occupies that pulpit now has nothing to do but preach. He can concentrate on that. If he will do his one job acceptably, other people will do everything else for him. That is not complexity, but simplicity.

An automobile is a much simpler conveyance than Reverend Goodrich's chaise and gray mare. Any normally intelligent boy can buy a new automobile from the maker's agent and be sure of getting his money's worth; but to purchase a horse that can be depended upon to fire in all six cylinders is a recondite art. A man of my acquaintance has driven an automobile for twenty years and still knows no more about the insides of the contrivance than of the interior of Mecca. He doesn't need to, when there is a mechanic every three miles along every country road. The same man remembers a succession of family nags, each subject to more mysterious disorders than the last. An automobile takes care of itself, practically. You step on the starter, throw the lever and are twenty miles away by the time Reverend Goodrich got the mare fed, watered, curried and hitched to the chaise. That is simplicity.

An automobile is typical. Living is—or easily might be—far simpler than when the Ridgefield pioneers shoveled their own snow with a peel made by the local blacksmith and weighing ten pounds, as some extant examples show. More simple, especially for women. My grandmother was born while Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. Living conditions in rural New Hampshire in her childhood and youth must have been substantially the same as those described by Peter Parley. When she and her young husband migrated to the prairies of Illinois they took the simple life with them, having nothing else to take.

A Mother's Simple Tasks

I can remember seeing her sew by lamplight, and her telling me how she got the habit. Her seven children were all boys, and useless at needlework. She found that the best—and only—time to make and mend their clothes was in the evening after the rest of the family was in bed. The housework was out of the way then; it was delightfully quiet, with no one to interrupt. So she sewed every evening by candlelight, but never later than ten, except in some exigent case, for she had to be up before daylight to start breakfast. Thus it got fixed in her mind that evening was the pleasantest and the most proper time to sew. Doing the housework for nine, making the children's clothes, knitting their socks and mittens, with such incidental chores as naturally fell to the lot of a farmer's wife—well, I dare say that such modern complications as an electric sewing machine, a power churn, a clothes washer and a vacuum cleaner would not have daunted her.

Life doesn't get more complicated. It gets simpler and better. But especially in Florida. I first visited that state twenty-odd years ago. Fishing was then the chief recreation. They said Sugar Bowl Bayou was full of fish that were looking for trouble. The only tolerable means of reaching them was by water, for between the town and the bayou lay two miles of dense woods, undergrown with tough-leaved palmetto that made the path of the foot passenger resemble an angleworm with colic.

We engaged a skiff and a skiffer. On a still day any sort of craft could navigate the shallow water along the shore. Presently my companion nodded to the wedge of wooded land between bay and bayou, observing that that would be a bully place for a house. A house stands there now—nothing extraordinary in the house line; probably twelve rooms. But to get it there took several corporations and an investment of a million dollars for each room.

Twenty years ago the pathless woods about the bayou could have been bought for five dollars an acre. Four years ago it could probably have been bought around $150 an acre. Now, near the water, a lot seventy-five feet wide will cost as much as eight acres would have cost then. But nobody wanted to live there when the land was cheap. It was too complicated. Naturally they would wait until a corporation came along, bought the land, improved it and simplified matters for them.

Almost Pioneers

Two hundred years ago pioneers like those at Ridgefield might have attacked the sandy virgin land around Sugar Bowl Bayou. But nowhere in the United States today, I believe, are pioneers attacking such a problem. Possibly instances may be discovered of men and women going into a wilderness strictly on their own initiative with only such resources as they can carry on horseback, to make a settlement. But such instances must be rare. Not because there is no more cheap land. In Florida this winter literally millions of acres of wild land were bought by companies and syndicates at five dollars an acre or some such figure. And there are other millions still to be bought. But subduing a wilderness with the resources one can carry on horseback or in a wagon is as much out of vogue as traveling by stagecoach. It is far too complicated.

Three of us this last winter almost decided to pioneer—not really into a wilderness but ten miles out of town, under our own virgin pines, water oaks and cabbage palms, with our own seashore unmarred by paved roads and bathhouses. We very nearly reached the point of quoting Wordsworth about it.

But we should have to build some sort of road to our bowery, and we knew nothing about building roads. We should have to engage somebody who knew how to clear the house sites, drive an artesian well and put in a water system, and so on. Upon a calm review we could see how very complicated it was going to be. Three wives agreed that, for only one item, no cook could be induced to stay off there in the wilderness, miles from the nearest movie, except with chloroform.

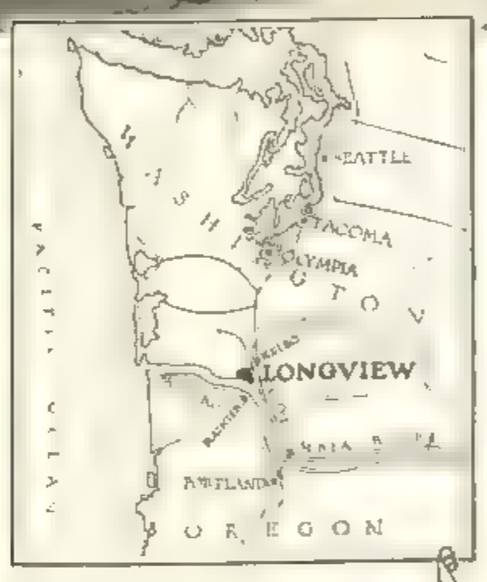
Presently a syndicate will buy the tract we had in mind, with a few hundred additional acres, and call it by some altitudinous name because it is only twenty feet above sea level. They will clear the house sites, make the roads, lay the sidewalk, plant the shrubbery, put in water and lights, build the houses and furnish them. The purchaser will have nothing to do except pick out the house he likes, sign a check—and a mortgage—and move in. For him the operation will be as simple as selecting a hat in a city shop and telling the salesman to charge and deliver it.

Consider all the motions our Ridgefield pioneer had to go through in order to get himself a habitation—heaving rocks, felling trees, lugging mortar, driving nails, and so on. They were very complicated people, applying with their own hands many different tools to many different materials. Their simple descendants, in Florida at least, just drive about in an automobile awhile and say, "I'll take the pink one with the green fountain in the patio. We'll move in tomorrow." That's all there is to it.

In Connecticut people mostly stick to the old-fashioned idea of building their own houses, or rebuilding them. But no matter how long you plan, the house never comes out quite as you thought it was going to; after living in it six months you perceive

(Continued on Page 189)

This illustration, while typically representative of present activities at the Longview docks, is an artist's conception of the scene and is not made from a photograph.



Longview has all the essentials to make a city, and its foremost asset is Transportation—three trans-continental railways, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern; the Columbia River with its ocean-going commerce to the leading ports of the world; two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—and a third, the Ocean Beach Highway, now being built. Longview is 50 miles northwest of Portland, 50 miles east of the Pacific Ocean and 135 miles south of Seattle.

A passenger station now being built at a cost of $75,000

A public library now being built at a cost of $150,000

A public hospital to cost $200,000, the first unit of which is now being built

Where Rail, Water and Highway Meet—

LONGVIEW

Washington

Offers ten essentials of successful industry

LONGVIEW, Washington, the new industrial city of the Pacific Northwest, has grown from nothing to a permanent, modern city of more than 7,000 population in less than two years' time without the use of "boom methods!" From the beginning, those who founded the enterprise asked nothing more of investors than that they make their *own* careful investigation—that they sift to the very bottom the facts as gathered by the engineers employed by the founders.

The results speak for themselves. Investigation of transportation facilities, markets and raw material, first led The Long-Bell Lumber Company to this broad valley at the confluence of the Columbia and the Cowlitz Rivers, halfway between Portland and the Pacific Ocean. A great lumber manufacturing plant was erected, and now, ten months after the first log was sawed, a second large unit is being built.

Other great industries and investors saw Longview begin to grow and sent their engineers and transportation experts to investigate. Hence, the recent announcement by the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, largest private timber holders in the United States, that it, too, has selected Longview as the site for one of its great manufacturing plants. A statement by a Weyerhaeuser executive says: "Longview affords economical water transportation as well as rail facilities not excelled by any other location in either Washington or Oregon."

Now comes the Fleishhacker banking interests of San Francisco and purchases the control of the Longview National Bank founded in May, 1923, and today with resources of $932,000 Says a Fleishhacker representative: "The purchase is a striking evidence of the impression Longview has made upon business and financial interests in other parts of the country."

Last summer Longview had, it is estimated, more than 200,000 visitors. This year the young city expects a larger number. There is more to see now—a bee-hive of city development and building involving millions of dollars—the dramatic spectacle of a city being built before your eyes.

Summer railroad rates of approximately one-half fare for the round trip to Longview and other Pacific Northwest cities in effect May 15. Stop-over privileges are easily arranged by consulting ticket agents or railway conductors.

MONTHLY PAYROLLS $800,000

Longview's payrolls will aggregate $800,000 a month as early as July, it is conservatively estimated.

1—Transportation by river, by sea, by rail and by highway.

2—Accessible markets, domestic and foreign.

3—Expertly planned industrial districts.

4—Reasonable land prices.

5—Raw materials.

6—Fuel and power.

7—Labor.

8—Unexcelled climate.

9—A beautiful city with all modern conveniences.

10—Community spirit.

The Longview Company
Longview, Washington

PLEASE USE THE COUPON IN SENDING FOR LITERATURE
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Gentlemen: Please send me literature concerning the new city of Longview. I am particularly interested in its opportunities for. *(Make a check mark in the square)*

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Address _____

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How important is the TASTE of food?

DELICIOUS flavor in food, rich color, and delicate fragrance—

These—we know today—mean more to us than pleasure; they fill a need in our diet much deeper than we dreamed.

No other factor so important, say our greatest food authorities, is so little understood.

For they awaken Appetite—this taste, color, fragrance we delight in. And so bring into play the whole delicate bodily system that digests and absorbs our food. Without the signal from keen appetite our bodies, unprepared, fail to take full nourishment from the best-planned meals.

That is why—quite apart from its value as fruit—food experts point today to Welch's. For in this fragrant purple juice of rare Concord grapes they find the supreme example of an aid to appetite.

* * *

Glowing purple, with the tart fragrant sweetness of ripe grapes fresh from the vine—Welch's makes the hastiest, the simplest meal successful.

No other flavor can quite compare with this—juice of the most perfect Concord grapes in all the world. In only two small sections in the whole United States do such grapes ripen—near the Great Lakes, where sun and soil are perfect for the Concord.

From the choicest of the heavy purple clusters Welch presses out the juice—a few hours after they are cut from the vine. That is why each exquisite glassful gives you all the healthful qualities of the fresh ripe fruit.

MINERAL salts that regulate the body, that build up the bones and teeth, vitamines, nourishing fruit sugar, and laxative properties that modern diets need. Natural fruit elements, too, that turn to alkalies and help the body to overcome the acidity so common today.

Invaluable, say hospital dietitians of Welch's, to coax back the fastidious appetite of invalids. At that trying time when children refuse to eat, mothers, too, turn confidently to Welch's. Delightfully refreshing as everyone knows, on hot summer days and nights.

But it is the everyday value of Welch's Grape Juice that experts stress today—the supreme importance of its color, its fragrance, its exquisite flavor that awaken keen appetite for the simplest, the hastiest meal.

AT BREAKFAST ESPECIALLY must appetite be alert. Try this tomorrow: Half-fill a small glass with cracked ice—then fill with Welch's—glowing purple juice. See how its tart cold deliciousness adds new zest to this important meal.

AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, New York's internationally famous hotel, where one caters to the most sophisticated palates in the world, Welch's grape juice is served for the breakfast fruit course in a slender little fruit-juice glass surrounded by crushed ice.

FOR DINNER these hot nights: Blend 1 pint of Welch's and 1 pint of cider. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving add 1 pint of sparkling water and serve in wine glasses, very cold.

This too, makes a delicious drink for dinner—Chill well 1 pint of Welch's and two 12-ounce bottles of dry ginger ale. Partly fill thin tumblers with Welch's—then fill with ginger ale.

FOR REFRESHMENT on hot summer days and nights these blends are perfect, when you serve them frosty cold, in tall thin glasses:

Welch's Sparkling—Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's, add to each a spoon of cracked ice, and fill with sparkling water.

The famous Welch Punch—Add to 1 pint of Welch's the juice of 2 lemons and 1 orange and dissolve in it 1 cup of sugar. Then add 2 pints of water (it is especially delicious if 1 pint is sparkling water). If sparkling water is used, add it just before serving.

Grape Rickey—Half-fill tall glasses with Welch's. Add to each glass the juice of 1 lime, sugar to taste, shaved ice and fill with sparkling water.

Welch's Gingeree—To 1 pint of Welch's add 2 tablespoons sugar and juice of 4 lemons. Chill well. Just before serving add 1 quart dry ginger ale.

Get Welch's today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner in quarts, pints or four ounces. Hotels, restaurants, clubs and dining cars serve Welch's; soda fountains serve it too. Try it at the fountain for luncheon or for refreshment between meals. When the children want a soda fountain drink let them have Welch's—pure juice of the Concord grape.

More about the newly-understood importance of taste, color, fragrance in our meals, together with new ways to serve this juice of fresh, ripe grapes is given in our booklet, *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*. Let us send it to you, free. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, New York.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Dept. P-6
Westfield, N. Y.

Please send me—free—your booklet *The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet*.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 186)

that you should have put the stairway on the other side. So why bother? In Florida, with a few rich and negligible exceptions, winter residents buy their houses ready-made and ready furnished, moving in next day. Coming into town, shopping around a few days, and buying a furnished home, ready for occupancy, is an everyday occurrence. A simpler method of getting a habitation could hardly be devised.

If the house or the furniture doesn't quite suit, it's no matter; the buyer will sell it again next winter and pick out another more to his taste. There is a fine philosophy in that. It is obviously symbolical of the transitory nature of man's residence on earth. It is in conformity with many more injunctions not to take much thought of material things. Diogenes in his tub, and George W. Smith purchasing his Florida home ready-made and furnished on sight, agree perfectly in refusing to bother about such merely earthy things as brick and plaster.

Maybe the important fact that there are no aged bed warmers, andirons, highboys and four-posters for sale every five miles in Florida has much to do with this fine emancipation from material bothers. A brass bed warmer with a couple of dents in it and a warped handle looks innocent, but such an object has led many a family on and on to a state where no soul would have any interest for them unless it was early Chippendale.

Over at Palm Beach and here and there in other shiny spots, no doubt a few people live with enough elaboration and complication to keep moralists supplied with texts. But they are the negligible exception. Only a small proportion of the everyday million of winter residents even bother to buy a ready-made house. They rent furnished quarters of one sort or another. It would do any sincere moralist good to see how very cheerful they are on grass rugs, stained pine furniture and chipped dishes. It is clear at a glance that their happiness does not depend upon material possessions. The physical object in an average, moderate-priced Florida flat would make but a meager and wabbly foundation for anybody's happiness. But that doesn't matter. I have known families to be happy as larks all winter with so few eating implements that coffee could not be served until the soup spoons had been washed and returned to the table. Nobody minded.

Geography of Humor

Also I have known women to weep over three servants in Connecticut and laugh over one in Florida who was three times as bad as any of the Connecticut lot. That laugh contains the secret. In Florida a tablecloth with a hole in it is a joke. Professional humorists of high standing have assured me there is no inherent reason why a hole should not be as funny at 42 north latitude as at 28. It is the same hole, but a different state of mind.

Climate has nothing to do with the state of mind. Summer weather in Connecticut is much the same as winter weather in Florida; but a more complicated state of mind seems to go along with it. Climate is only one ingredient in the attraction of Florida. People all along the economic scale live more simply there; and that is an important part of the reason why they go back.

The family that has one servant in Connecticut has none in Florida, but subsists on light housekeeping, which means getting at home such meals as are convenient, and falling back on the restaurant or cafeteria for the others. The two-servant family up North becomes a one-servant family in Florida. Six servants beyond the Mason-Dixon Line dwindle to three or two. If everybody was merely just as happy under this arrangement there would be little point in writing about it. Everybody, in fact, is much happier; there is so much less to bother about.

The Simplicities of Today

It is a historical fact, attested by numberless instances, that a man will buy a house, furnished, in Florida in much less time and with much less bother than he expends up North in deciding just what kind of mantel to have in the living room. One particular builder, this winter, sold thirty furnished houses in one particular subdivision, at prices ranging from $20,000 to $40,000. Usually only a few days elapsed from first sight of the premises to the signing of the deed. Everybody succumbs to the idea that, being in Florida, he is not going to bother. Apparently it would be as easy to eschew bothering in Connecticut. If people find simple living so attractive in Florida, the wonder is why they don't practice it up North. Nothing, it seems, would be easier.

Really, simply living is a modern invention. Reverend Goodrich, for example, "generally cut the cornstalks himself and always shelled the ears; the latter being done by drawing them across the handle of the frying pan, fastened over a washtub." His great-great-granddaughter steps into a grocery and buys a neat dust-proof package of cornmeal, or of corn breakfast food all cooked and ready to be eaten. How much simpler!

If you are an elderly person you remember a row of kerosene lamps on the kitchen sink to be cleaned, trimmed and filled; doubtless you remember what a grimy, smelly job it was. Now, to get a far better light, you simply press a button. And grandmother thought the kerosene lamps a far better and simpler affair than the tallow

The Romantic Couple Who Clung to the Sunday Stroll Through Shady Lanes

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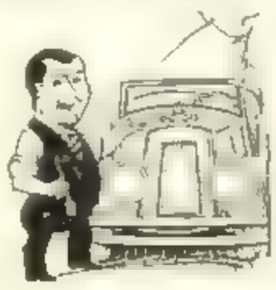

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REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

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candles that she made in a ponderous iron mold. Such instances of modern simplification meet you at every hand.

Glorification of the past is mostly hokum. In sober fact, people live more simply, and much better, in the United States today than any large number of people ever lived anywhere before. That is true all along the economic scale. A skilled workman, with his eight-hour day and Saturday half holiday, has much more leisure at his disposal than Reverend Goodrich had in blessed Colonial times. A man ought to be skilled at something—to be master of some one job or operation. Then somebody else will cook his breakfast food, light his house, make his clothes and deliver a 1925 model with balloon tires at his door. Florida merely carries the modern idea of simplification one important step farther.

To get a package of cooked breakfast food on a grocer's shelf requires capital and organization. Getting a collection of ready-made and furnished houses on paved, electric-lighted, palm-planted streets where there was only raw land or water two years ago also requires capital and organization. A corporation does it. In these simpler days individuals would never have undertaken it, any more than they would undertake to make their own shoes. Individuals now demand the finished product—made, of course, by a corporation.

The cost of the raw land was low—say $100 an acre as a rough-and-ready average. But the cost of manufacturing it into a ready-to-use state was much more. The investment in a subdivision or development of any considerable extent and pretensions will soon run into six figures. If it is an aspiring development it will have its own golf course, country club, yacht harbor, a ready-to-use street of shops and perhaps a hotel in more or less Spanish style.

Still, the price of lots and the readiness with which they have been selling make the industry look attractive. At this writing, no doubt, the books of many subdivisions and developments will show a gorgeous profit. But it is an old axiom that a very profitable line of business, unhedged by a patent or a corner, will tend to attract capital and enterprise until the influx brings the rate of profit down. This last year the lot business in Florida has enjoyed an influx of capital and enterprise that seemed likely to attain the sweep and proportions of Niagara. Certainly the present supply of lots is ample for all the population that the most optimistic booster can foresee in a decade. Some of the lots, of course, will be a long time in finding the ultimate consumer.

Lot making is no new business in Florida. I have in mind three developments of the pre-boom past, all very prettily situated and well improved by the more modest standards of ten years ago. One developer went into bankruptcy and the two others tottered on the edge for quite a parlous while. It is not, by any means, all profit. In fact, it is a hazardous business, and at present in an inflated state. Some will win and some will lose.

But the power of the United States to produce wealth is practically a bottomless well. In pursuit of the simplest, pleasantest mode of living, more people will go to Florida. The Florida idea may spread.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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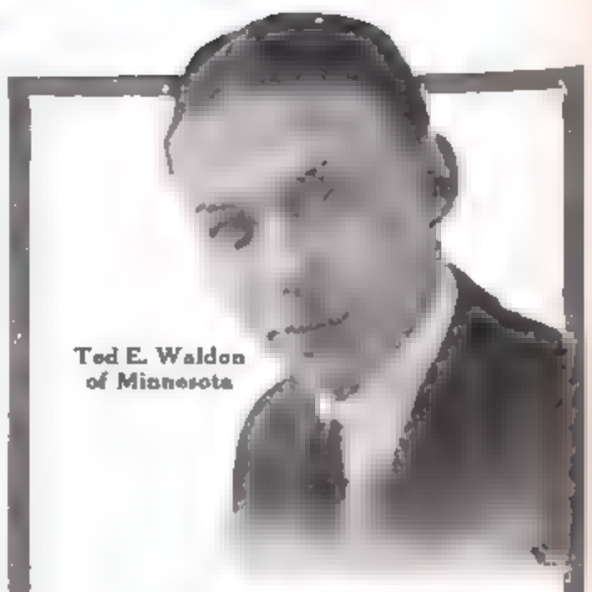

Ted E. Waldon of Minnesota

June . .	$236.50
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Would *You* Like as Much Money *This* Summer?

NOT so long ago Ted Waldon of Minnesota was employed in a grocery store, at $18.00 a week. Then he heard of our offer of summer employment. Last year he received the money tabulated above, stopping work in mid-September to enter the university of his choice.

"I have sold Curtis publications for three summers and a winter," said Ted, "and I always made $200 or $300 per month. More than that, I feel that my selling experience has been an education that is probably of greater value to me than any I will or can get in the university."

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We have an opening for you, in your own locality, to represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. It makes no difference whether you live in the city or the country.

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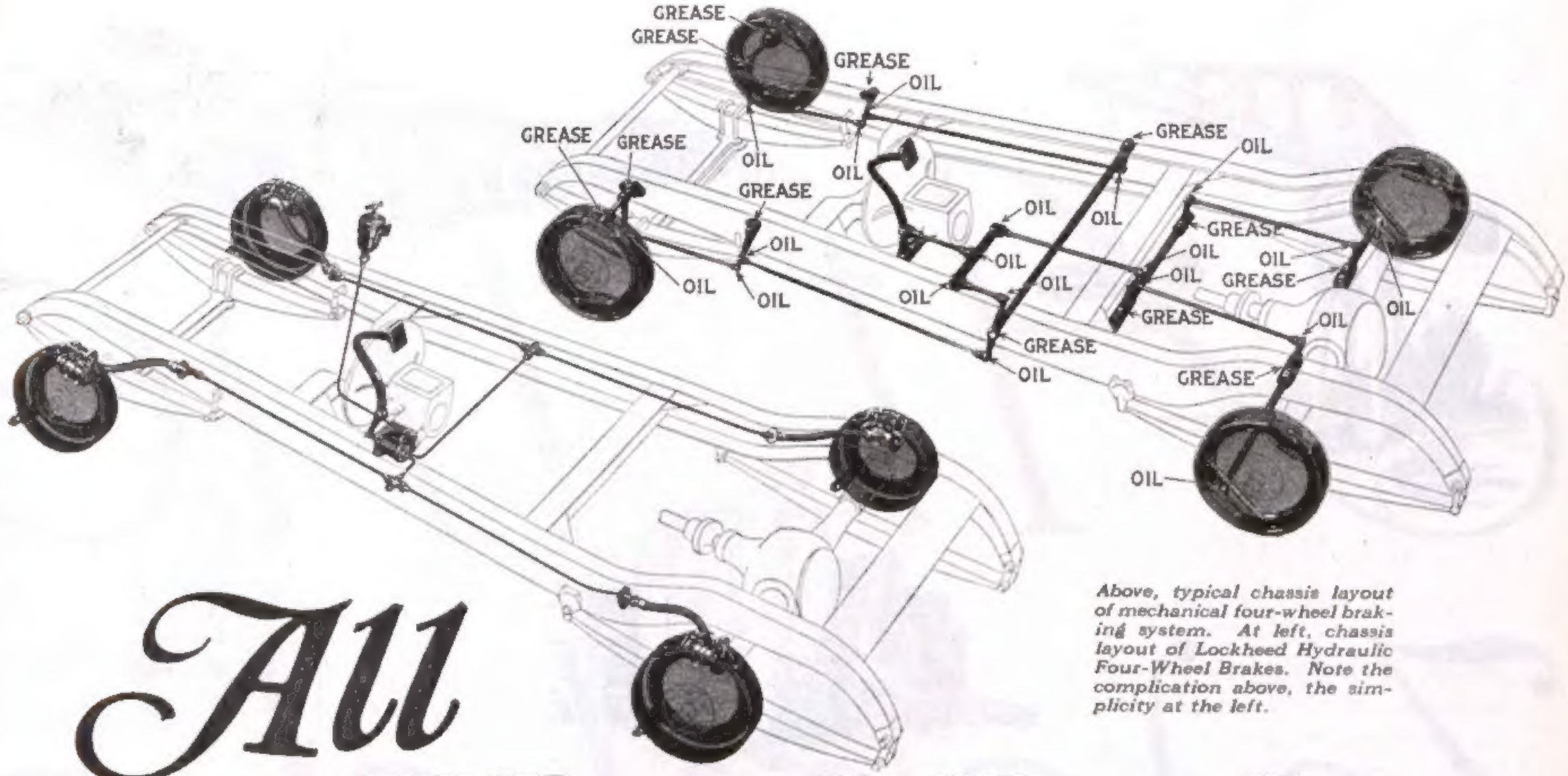

Above, typical chassis layout of mechanical four-wheel braking system. At left, chassis layout of Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes. Note the complication above, the simplicity at the left.

All Four-Wheel Brakes *Are not Hydraulic*

Today nearly every manufacturer of quality cars offers you four-wheel brakes. But the public should learn to appreciate the difference between Lockheed Hydraulics and the various mechanical types and to profit by Lockheed's greater efficiency. For Lockheed Hydraulics make braking easier and more positive because they deliver the maximum of braking power in proportion to pedal pressure. Lockheed Hydraulics are the simplest in the world, in design and in operation.

The Answer

LOCKHEED
Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

With Lockheed Hydraulics, pressure applied to the fluid in the master cylinder beneath your foot is transmitted equally to the four wheels through four copper tubes protected by the chassis frame.

This means that all 4 brakes are always equalized with the same pressure on all four wheels.

Lockheed Hydraulics are free from the necessity of any lubrication, for there is no need to oil a column of liquid.

Lockheed Hydraulics demand no adjustment for equalization, for no one need equalize a fluid under pressure.

Pascal's Law, which is to be found in every high school physics text, covers Lockheed Hydraulics: "The pressure exerted upon any portion of a fluid enclosed in a vessel is transmitted undiminished equally to all surfaces."

Above is a typical Lockheed Hydraulic installation. Note its simplicity.

Above is also a typical mechanical installation with its rods and toggles and linkages, with its possibility of wear and rattle and squeak, with its demand for lubrication and its constant demand for adjustment to equalize all four brakes.

Your own safety demands four-wheel brakes on your car.

Your own freedom from service and your ultimate satisfaction suggest that you look for Lockheed Hydraulics on your next car.

You are safe in following the trend of the industry and those many manufacturers who have found in Lockheed the final answer to every braking demand.

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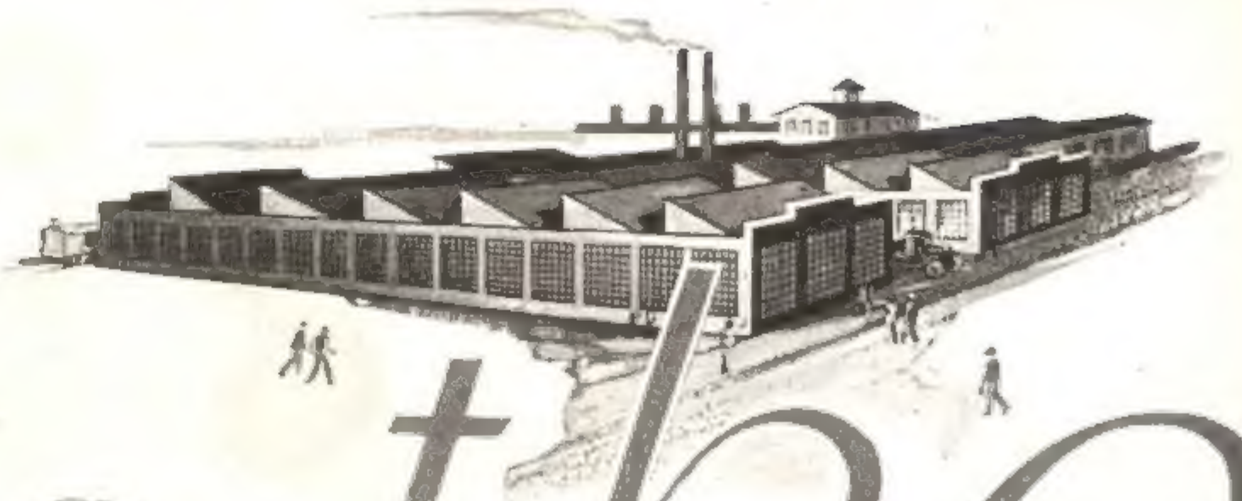
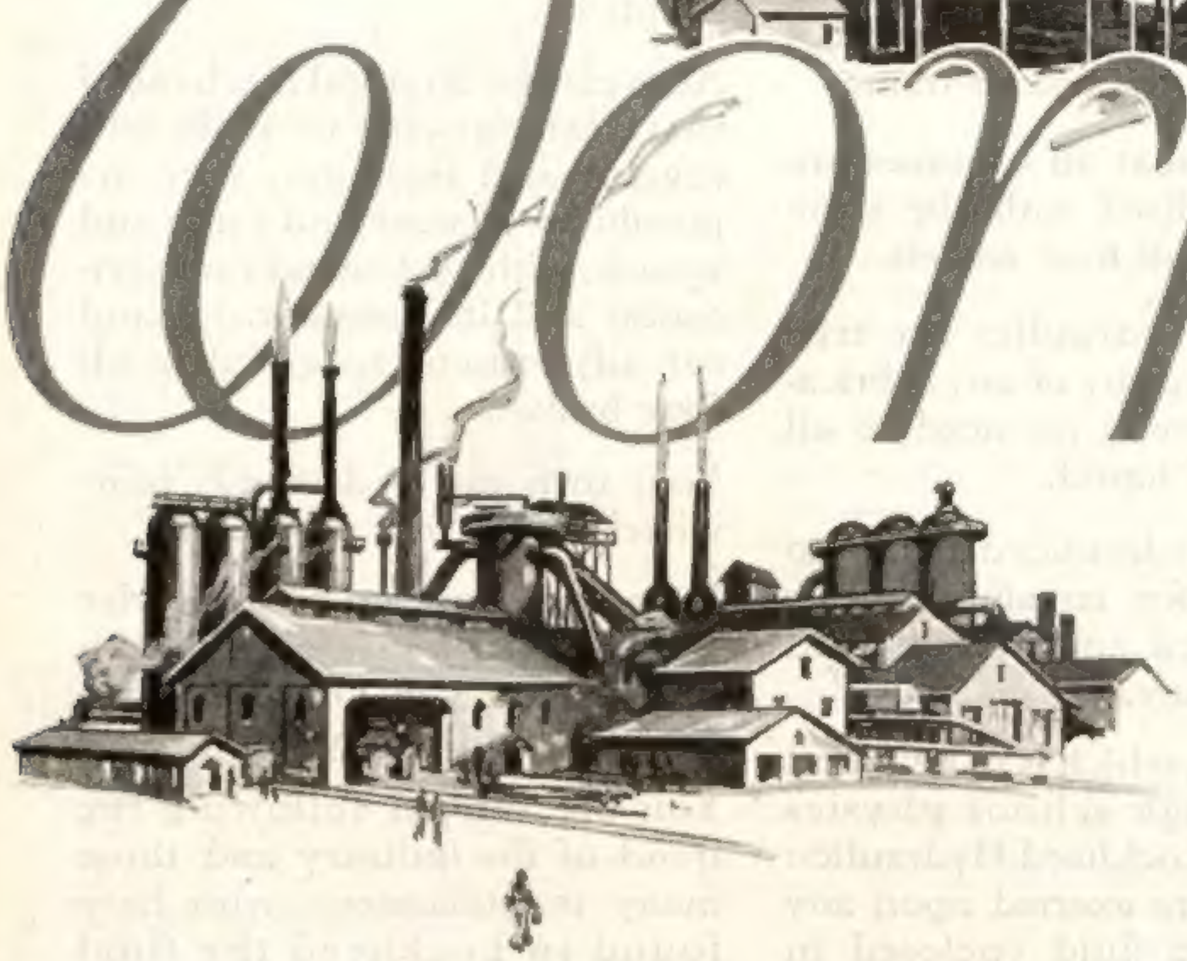


At the World's Work



When you see saw-tooth skylines of factories you see some of the places where Timken Bearings are at work in all sorts of machinery and power transmission equipment.

When you see a crane, hoist, or steam shovel "muscle out" its tons of material you see another of the great variety of Timken jobs.

In fact, you eat, wear, buy or use hardly anything with which Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are not concerned. For there is hardly a type of machinery, a phase of industry, or a modern industrial nation now without Timken benefits.

Timken Bearings are so eagerly enlisted everywhere for so many purposes of production because friction is allayed by Timkens; power, belts and lubricant are saved; labor is conserved; output is improved in quality.

Inevitably the plant equipped with Timken Bearings produces better goods for less money.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

As if he knew

the guarantee of happiness that every bottle holds

PET MILK in baby's bottle assures the safe food, the uniform feeding, the wholesome nourishment that are the guarantee of health and happiness in babyhood—in all the years ahead.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk of uniform, constant richness—made germ-free by sterilization—kept clean in the sealed container—more easily digested than ordinary milk.

The whole day's feedings prepared at once will keep fresh and sweet through the day without the use of ice.

Send for free booklet **"Baby's Milk."**

Do not confuse Pet Milk with condensed milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of evaporated milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Shave *every* day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

for better shaving

Many men have been good or great or both, in spite of whiskers that were as needless as four-wheel brakes on a wheelbarrow.

It is well, therefore, to approach the old plush album in a spirit of reverence. Behind Uncle Zachariah's bewildering begonias there may have been genial impulses that never got the publicity they deserved.

Try, if you please, to imagine how your own radiance would be dimmed if a tangled mass of whiskers made you look like a partial eclipse.

Fortunately there is no longer any reason why a man should permit a basketful of furniture stuffing to make him seem what he is not.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving so easy, and has taken discomfort out of it so thoroughly, that whiskers have ceased to crowd into society, and few of them continue to accumulate icicles.

A clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

TODAY—

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes a wonderful lather for easy and comfortable shaving.

It emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair of the beard, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

You will realize as soon as you try it that Colgate's gives a better shave. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Thousands of men are turning daily to this new comfort in shaving.

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4c.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* NEW YORK

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture